

Refuge



Long I am away, thinking of the land.

My hands grow large and ancient.

A diamond shard, broken triangle of light

Formed from that vibrant air of our home lodges

Between my heart and solar plexus.

Each side, this mirror, holds futures.

Now its pierce widens the girth of my ribcage. Always

We ask, *has it rained?*

Feather Grass. Coral-throated Whiplash. Great-Horned Owls whose calls

Tremble to warble when January courting.

From snowmelt Cryptogammic Crust blooms irish, acid-orange and black, gluing dust into soil.

My love mops the floors.

A young pinon roots through my lower right back-most molar.