

and mountains, she is there
moving steadily in her own brightness,
sometimes beside him,
sometimes in her own path.
And she is the one who waits.

Amazed and glad,
he lies down over her.
Wrapped in her body,
comforted, he sleeps
and finally feels
a stillness, as of deep water.

He does not drift away.

Vision

The snow falls
leaving black holes
in the shape of the feet of deer.

The wet snow hangs
from the shagbark hickories;
the deer drift through the dark below.

They will bed down under the weather
that rages in the tops of the trees.
Their calm eyes will close.

And from my high bedroom
the late light slants alone down the air,
piling up gold on the snow.

I curl up, tolerated
among the warm bodies of the deer,
offering them nothing.

The gold melts from my clothing.
The comfortable dark comes down
all white, and covers us.

I will stay out there
as long as I can, dozing,
smelling apples under the snow.

That is all I know now
of the dreams of deer.
Mine do not matter to them.

I have slept among them;
that is dream enough,
And the dark scent of apples in the silver wind.