

THE HAVEN

Lightly as falling, I slipped bodiless
Through gaps in the branches, through stand after stand
Of cedars shouldering each other close
On the low blonde hills or sinkhole slopes, and wound up
Winded near a sunken, snowmelt stream—
Along its banks, the frozen grass lay folded
In waves, and still hid patches of snow. A drumming
Of wings passed overhead, and I shivered there,
Swept with the memory of you as you woke.

The creek itself was a dark stair of pools linked
By a small, clear-spun strand in the bird-tracked silt.
Though I felt no wind, a murmuring ran through the bark
Of the sycamore trunks all around—more shadow
Than substance—staring out through the milky air.
You were rising in a distant hour, in a warmth
Of sunlight. Then the dull bronze haze of daybreak
Loomed over the next ridge, and from the town
Beyond, the sounds of traffic rose to the ear.