

Metamorphosis

Somewhere in the distance
there is always receding,
a snowy, blue peak
where I long to be.

I long for desolation
And the stillness of being
In the bare, lonely places
Where wild things go.

There where the silence,
Like blue ice breaking,
Shatters as shadows
come into the light.

Where young, craggy ridges
Brittle, black, and gleaming
Claw at the sky,
And howl in the night.

Where the air bites—
Cold-fanged, burning—
The softness from flesh
And the weakness from bones.

I long for immolation,
And in the moment of ceasing
To look into the stillness
and find what I lack.

Somewhere in the distance
There is always receding,
A high, lonely peak
From where I long to come back.

Regeneration

The mountainside burns first in fall:
When ragged things, the old, the dead—
Last year's glory burns gold and red.

The mountain burns in winter next:
In every starry, searing breath—
A quiet, cold, and bone-white death

The mountain meadows burn third in spring:
A gentle flame, a desolate birth—
Lupines bright in the ash-black earth.