

LAST STANZA

Blank volumes of snow and moon
fill the canyon floor.

I search for poems
in white that gathers all sound

Rolling down the slopes
between doe tracks and pine trunks.

A creaking lantern
halos my unbelonging,

Its aura translates
drag marks underlined with red:

Deer blood writes the theme.
A distant cougar cry rhymes.

--Glenna Holloway