

IN A VALLEY

The sun clutches the gray rim
Of the mountains
Like a man climbing out of a well

The down on my wife's face
Turns to a skin of light

I nudge her awake
As the owl above us turns his head
Preparing for silence

We hold a silence too
But a pine knot pops in the fire
And he glides off to a further tree

We'll be alone again today
Teaching animals how to keep a distance

We bow to drink at the creek
Rise with the green blood
Of grass on our knees