

SOUTH TETON, HYPOXIA

Leave the rabbitbrush and low larkspur,
the harebell and northern sweet vetch,
fireweed in the burn
blooming in blunt uproar
as if the world's wings were red
but light as the song being made
by the sage thrasher.
How unfair that romance
means only idealized remoteness
when wild blue flax flames
through rimrock snow,
sweet hunger, threshold, full grown
berries. A midnight earth
is not orchard enough for me.

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