

## A UTAH CAMPFIRE

Of course it is luck, whatever flame  
jumps at the time: the rest  
of the mountain steps back. It is luck  
that the moon is no larger, the  
shadows their shape that they are,  
and you come toward me, your shape.

But look—the world is changing,  
flames finding taller tongues  
and the moon asserting bright  
sparks in the trees that leap  
far into clouds, like fire.  
And like fire the world sweeps on—

Past this place we have found,  
past you, the stranger in my arms.

## CAVE PAINTING

It was like the moon, the open before us,  
when we came out of the last hills  
we had to cross, to be tracked by the stars.  
And whatever we said, we knew could be heard.  
Then, we learned about caves, where you have  
now discovered us, even these places. But  
for awhile we painted our hidden lives  
deep here, and we always tried—like  
this I am doing now—to find ways  
even deeper, with rooms that would  
blaze only for us and those of our kind.  
And even now—because a picture is a disguise—  
you may never know our ultimate home with  
Earth over it, and the silence, where without  
power or worth—with nothing—we first  
learned to huddle together and foil the stars.