

CONVERSION

You can't deny anything:
you say that this high up
a climber has to carry
even his shadow.
You pass one snow line
after another. The rock slides.
You resist that, but the rock
kisses the foot and moves on.
On the side of the mountain,
near the highway, the county
has laid a veil of century
fence, but even the veil
cannot stop the rock.
Try to deny the snow
its place to land.
The wind will find the holes
in everything. The fire
will build a nest in the air.
When you put your hand
over it, warm air will rise
and pass under it like a wing.
You can't deny that,
but you can't deny the ground,
the footprint you keep
leaving and the one
you keep coming to.