Donations **G**reatly **A**ppreciated



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From - richfed.wordpress.com Origani Posar Project M

Cover: Aurora Borealis near Banff. Alberta

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Please recycle... to a friend.

Hold it lightly in your hands Respect this tool.

:Vitneicitte dol edt egenem nec uov bne

ις can τυrn on you. pecenze jike a prayer

no hacking, no false moves.

Start in the right place

fillet

cage the worldly weight. like wings; the bones White flesh unfurls

Douse a fire twice, then cover with dirt: but the expectation of an open palm.

the longer they are carried, the tarther But mistakes, hollow as bottles, get heavier

Carry it in tull, take it out empty:

crawls with snakes knotted around nothing A rock ledge on a warm March morning

Place no hands where eyes haven't been: ussempling the doe, dead upstream. - səbis vəlade, minnows flashing silver sides -Creeks and rivers murmur of white quarts,

lories

Valerie Nieman

Trust water only trom springs:

LOre

boughs, trunks fingering fire straight to the sky.

to flame that runs to bedded leaves, spruce One ember can smolder a resinous root

you try to haul them.

I'll have to cross trom those barrens tiniqs trost a to

sgniws albaan ant won by the earth's magnetic heart. trom true north, lured A compass is known to stray

or good boots.

without advice,

at the approach

or a harness of wolf-dogs,

'uoiuedwoo e thoutiw

Approach

glacier flea, snowy owl.

polar bear, arctic tox,

Everything will have

to tundra, to permanent ice.

,tdgin leutneve brewot ttel

, nweb ant of bred thgin

Arms stretched wide,

:blop to smen e

torest to taiga,

, səsin əbutital zA

:snettelt etil

I tace north.

Father Showed Us the Aurora Borealis

On lawn chairs sunk

we sat bundled in blankets,

parrot fish, shallow seas,

mandevilla, bougainvillea,

tropicalities weaving

ineffable between earth and moon,

flametree.

in the airless

to the webbed seats in snow,

faces tilted to the unrolling scroll:

Colors of a hummingbird gorget,

glories we couldn't yet compass,

our eyes since birth whetted against sun

knowing only north.

on snow, a palette

of twig and bone,