

it seems that we never
see the mountains move
sloughing off skin
in seasonal
colors
the flow
of water altered
or the bodies
of living
through death
on its slopes
do not count
unless it is
a transfiguration
rage.

we see mountains
move in perspectives
of time
redrawing maps
we no longer
believe in.

maps fix nothing in place.

they are reminders
of warnings
and promises
largely deific
making our
footing
less sure.

evil surrounds
the highest

campsites
in the high country
with the breath
of obscurity.

good makes
it difficult
for breathers
to breathe
in the breath of
clarity.

it was
not
the comprehension
i thought
about
until i stumbled
on the whale bones
next to small fishing hooks
and delicately
placed
beaded
ceremonial shoes
and part of a jaw
no longer attached
to the face
of a prepubescent
village child
across my path.

did the mountain move.
did we move.
does it all move together.

i work
through

the perspective
that permits time
with excavation tools
made in darkness
for the darkness of time.

it seems that we never.
wf.h.
2026