

Buck

The point of the birch leaf is blown backwards
indicating south calling back to the start
of your windswept pilgrimage to the
unexpectedly numb fingers of early June
even as the gray and white pushes into view

and even on the bare rock a cracked glaze
of lichens spreads out cell by cell searching
for new meals and dumb excitement.
The likeness kept close to the model in tune
with an emerging grammar that gushes anew

towards the East Fork Black as night
on the summit's fungal Tongue see the tones
shaded on the slopes coded in your mind
wondering what to expect far off and soon
jumping to conclusions about the beautiful and true

If you can find your friend a pair of antlers
here or down by the pond you can wear them
like permanent men like borrowed crowns