

Of Pith and Marrow

KIMBERLY BLAESER

Leaving, you paddle with tickle of danger
a breeze on your cheeks. Let it take you.
Yes, study the obtuse angle of trees lining shore
mark carefully your belated return—fool yourself;
evening's changing light will surely shutter that door.
Now taste how we hunger, lean in to fierce corners—
holy lodges named solitude, coals of forgotten fires.
Sprinkle them with the rough of cedar needles,
this scent map, memory marrow of oldest home.
Again follow: river otters, the flight of shipoke,
echoed call of loons—in the wake of a sweet bewitching.
Soon pulse of day quickens, shadows cannibal themselves;
so reach, inhabit fear like air in fluted stone, like belonging.
Here each sun lengthens copper on the water, copper
too, your exhaled breath, formed of thinnest shale.

