

## **Vestiges**

Already the light shepherds its spirit  
to the west; already the clouds darken  
to a kinder definition. I am better now,  
though my earlier rue is not lost.  
It has only moved on into distant hills  
brushed with indigo, snow and spruce;  
it has only stepped, like a small  
four-legged brute into the crèche of night  
and bedded down, reserving its final, lonely right  
to remain silent.

The world at such times is a furl of affirmation.  
Soon I will turn to go back inside,  
cross this bay of windswept ice,  
not even a star to guide me.  
And to those who've led me to believe  
in a trail of assurances they were unable to deliver,  
I give my thanks. I'll chance it home  
cleansed of the nascent smell of incense.  
Summer will arrive. I'll make a jacket  
of silverweed and wool.  
I will not kill the animal.