

THE SUMMONS BY LYDIAH CLASS-ERICKSON

The moon rose full, a cornflower
Blue in a paler sky, the Indian
Patiently sitting, and I, watching.
Smoke from a wood fire drifted
lazily eastward, I waited
In the timid air, it sounded
Tracing my back with a tingle
Somewhere behind me, his call
Head tilted, antlers draping
His back, the hairs of his chest
Course, quivering with an intake
Of breath, rising into a smooth whine
Climbing till the heart breaks
Then plummeting, deep within
The recesses of memory
Dropping through shadow
A bellow, cello-song, whale-call
Soulful and alone, blown from his
Dark mouth...he called again
And they appeared, old friends
Those with whom you belong
And have missed. First one,
The others following until
The Big Dipper hung
In the cradle of the canyon.
I think of it now, because at times
I have forgotten, when I first fell in love.