

from Juked #5, Spring 2008

WHERE THE SEPARATION BEGINS

*Chena Hot Springs, Winter 2005*

The night we drove to our rented cabin,  
the aurora did not dance

outside the tiny window, and we  
were not dancing behind it,

and the only one left with some joy  
in this is the bull moose

beside the road that we swerved  
so sharply to avoid.