

## Wilderness Meditation

High in the wilderness forest  
off trail and drifting freely  
the tracks of elk and deer

I arrive exhausted and out of food  
at my final destination.  
Here I'll sit and wait.

*I will not take my gaze from you.*

Mosquitos still rise from the wetland by the lake  
and high above, Indian paintbrush  
burns on the ridge line

but winter's promise already shows in yellow spots  
on the huckleberry leaves,  
the fruit still heavy and blue.

*I will not take my gaze from you.*

Nights already cold and windy,  
I'll wait for the snow to come  
when bears have gone down to slumber.

This year I'll not come down.  
I'll face the icy dance  
of blizzard nights and freezing days.

*I will not take by gaze from you*

I'll lay me down when the meadow is snowy  
let the drifts rise high around me  
let my meat feed some coyote

let the large hooves  
of a great wintered elk  
crack my skull and split my bones.

*I will not take my gaze from you.*

When winter ends,  
let no one seek my remains  
if they seek may they never find

if they find let them pass by  
or scatter my bones wide  
across the wilderness

*We'll hide then, in the open, you and I,*

Spring will be me  
and you will be  
the scent of spring.