

Turnout, Highway 200

There were limestone boulders dappled with lichen
and moss bedded into their ridges.

We pranced beside them like fabled bears
in the gravel half-moon of the turnout.

It was supposed to be June
but the mist wouldn't let it

and we loved the upset of the physical world
the physical world enacted on itself.

The river oxbowed below us;
it had a name but it had washed away.

And the green slope wasn't after all
but also yellow and purple and mauve

and from the mountain a bear watched us disgusted
and from the cars on the highway the people rolled their eyes

but I needed a home I could leave in a moment
and that misty half-moon was it.