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.