

VI

The cedars above
the base of the cliff
in the shadow of Tahoma
are that much more impressive
when the fog lifts
in June but June

is still mountain winter
and winter forever for unlucky
hikers.

Some will never airport rendezvous
w/ seven yr old daughters
eyes fixed on ancient cedars,
while falling.

One muscular cedar
a model for you
in your flight from Slaughter

flexed, three points curled toward
Jupiter.

In our own weak way
we hang on
so concerned with survival

we don't recognize each struggle
conquered, each shadow bit
part played

IS the blossoming
until we wonder why
those petals are falling
wonder how the wrinkles
the gray and how large are
those things yesterday were just
tiny cedar cones

or little girls waiting for reunion with Daddy.

Fate's bent away from heroes
sometimes as much as an out
stretched hand

in summer that suddenly becomes winter
in the shadow of Tahoma.

¡Mi dios me ahorra!
¡No estoy listo para morir!
¡Dejarme por favor
ver a mi hija
una más vez!

We all smile at the flash
all who began in ecstasy
all who recognize a real hero
until winter makes it moot.

Burn a snip of cedar
petition antepasados
but who turns
back time?

How soon after
one large fall
does a heart stop beating?

Blossom at her feet
or in her memory.

Blossom at the bottom
of the cliff
or at the top of the Olympic
edge, still holding

foot hold, hand hold, or the view
of evening constellations. Sure, Saturn
in the sky this week

but at one time you held on
to that night swan

and no one hears the little detonations

like no one heard the fog-muffled
cry from the edge of the cliff
where Jeff Graves hiked the Eagle Peak Trail
in the shadow of Tahoma
not trying to become the newest blur
in the oldest constellation
that could have been you.