**Bring Me My Sky-Canoe**

a small apology of light

between the clouds

then it evaporates — the sun ogles the hills

the bears continue to hide in the shadows

and we keeping driving our cars into the harsh glare

which species will see the second coming?

we could travel in sky-canoes

if the air wasn’t so thin

or if our canoes were built with feathers & breath

the trees below are perfect.

the sun up here has a way of lighting everything slantwise

strong arm of my paddle —

strong arm of my paddle —

strong arm of my paddle —

take me safely along this ancient and fearful river

*from “This Isn’t the Apocalypse We Hoped For”*

*first carved into a canoe by Phil Morrison (see photogallery)*