

## The Guide

Our ancestors are marching  
single-file  
into the mountains.

With them walks my brother  
carrying a sack  
of scalpels and old photographs.

It is an old song  
he is shrinking into,  
the accordian of distance.

And if I should stumble on him  
only rarely —  
in which I am to travel  
by the left wall —  
how am I to recognize him? Head  
of mine, I think you know the words  
to this one.

Kim Maltman