

The Name of the Hunt

Fire is the name I'd have taken
to carry with me, but I stole
what I could: your bed,
warm sleep, all the easy dreams.
They've done me no good, left me
nothing but hunger, and I hunger
through this long winter, bare
even of snow. When the wind covers
me these nights, it tells me
you've hidden in a cave to wait
for spring. I warn you
it was there the wolves
found me with no fire to keep
them away; I lay with them
three nights, and now we're hunting
to kill our hunger. Hunting
for the first break of spring.
You must keep moving, keep
the night from your bones: when
we pause on the face of the hill,
testing the wind, it's your voice
I listen for, you and what
I couldn't carry.

NEILE GRAHAM