

Winter Comes

*Inspired by the rituals
of the Cree Indians of Northern Quebec*

Bellies appeased
we always return to the spirit
beak, feathers, boar snout,
hoof and goat horn:

tail
teeth
nails
&
skin
we hang

from the death tree.
Thorny acacia guards
for the wind and rain their portion.
Once, we found a carcass
swinging throttled
where it tried to steal.
That night the wind
in the stripped mouth howled.
Still unmourned, the lone wolf twists
from its limbs.

From Eve's Diary
by Kathleen Moore