

Aleutian Blue

Silhouettes rise toward the waxing moon
while undulate folds soothe the horizon.
Wings flutter and settle against the darkness,
bare feet covet warmth and slip beneath.

Shifting shadows of fabled dreams
inhabit hollows worn
in rivulets upon the berth.

Ice cracking in the straits echoes
the sound of blue bells standing
sentinels of spring.

Umiak bows strung like arrows wait
dispersed upon the sea
floating palettes of blue and blue-green
heaps set free by polynya, tide paths of spring.

Hand to brow the women gaze
across waters sing! the hunter's jubilee, sing!
the flora from the earth hastening to seed
before the snow returns.

Moon-curved backs along the hillside roam
eyes peer parting rays of sunshine play
midst squirrel grass golden fronds
hidden ptarmigan treasures.

Paddles ply the lacustrine surface, ripples dividing
radiance bend the seekers vision peaks form
seen but unreachd, mapping illusions trail
fata morgana. . . the natives laugh.