

## Gordon Turner / TWO POEMS METAPHORS WHERE COHO

To swerve and vanish in the river  
is a way to life. (So many fish  
seeking the same shoal.)

I'll send you messages on a ripple  
of water, a tremble of leaf. I'll find  
metaphors where coho are hurrying  
to spawn.

I'll stroke a dapple of sunlight  
each dawn till a purring fills  
your city room. I'll strike my latent

senses against these cedars that seem  
to darken the sun hoping  
for a fire that can be seen  
where it matters.

## IN A MOMENT / BECOME LIFE

Not wanting to leave this valley, these  
mountains I am glacier moving on  
not wishing it. Could I

take this thin thin air into my  
lungs, hold it forever in a moment  
become life, would I  
find the vertebrae of rock-slides  
reforming along my spine, tree-line  
ridged into the folds of my neck, could I

rearrange the scars of logging cuts  
gashed across the timbered slopes into open  
sores along my ribs, would I  
reassemble my tissue and crystallize it  
silver-white an early-frost poplar  
against the sun, should I  
allow snow-laden firs to etch  
themselves fossil-prints  
upon the mind's days ahead?

remain still, let the avalanches  
rumble where they will, a distant  
heartbeat