

J. Michael Yates / THREE POEMS

SA 2 JUL 1988 3:11 AM

5

The numberlessness of northern green.
Silver of dead yellow cedar flames high across cobalt
sky.

Detail of young summer abstracted by winter dying in the
altitudes.

Panic bullets low: an ashen bird flashes over the snow.

SA 2 JUL 1988 10:52 AM

6

Photograph of me holding in both hands the pierced heart
of a grizzly bear.

The laughter and death of grizzly pumped what was north
of north into north.

The holed-heart of the grizzly has become me.

The ears work fine, the nose is sharp, the eyes
unreliable as always, but the massive adrenals still pumping, the
beast keeps on coming.

Wet you can bear being wet Cold you can bear being
 cold But never both wet and cold The idea of plant
 growing on naked rock under ice falls with difficulty on
 naked mind