

## Jim Green / POEM

They had been five days  
in the small snow house  
tinkering off and on  
with the ancient skidoo.

The man, with his  
grandson about fourteen,  
used the last of the gas  
when he heard the plane,  
tore off his windshell,  
doused it, adding oil  
to the tiny blaze.

They had a hind quarter  
of caribou, were going  
to start walking  
next day for home,  
a hundred eighty miles  
dark twenty four hours  
wind north,  
and a little west.

*Fort Ross  
Jan. 1972*