

My Hollows

by Sam Rasnake

— for Gary Snyder

Let me say these words now,
in the light, before you go —
Wind across the North Cascades
is unbearably quiet this morning

I never hitchhiked a thousand miles
of summer highway, put up hay,
painted a boat, never stood beside
footstones in a garden near Kyoto, but

I have seen axe handles swim wide rivers
that couldn't be crossed, but the handles
didn't know they couldn't swim, so
they did, swimming on words —
big ones, small ones — words
so full of their own truth
I couldn't help but believe

