**Skookumchuck**

Huckleberries grow on three foot bushes

Cascade foothills covered with frozen mist

first rays of sun hit tent’s open window

wake to see separation of mouths

on each sleeping lady

his x mark means light gathers

is stored in locked box

next to bed of Elliott Bay

**After Commencement Bay**

Because she woke before them mountain beyond window,

Because shallow eyes follow through fire,

Because they stir in the lake where she bathes beneath hummingbirds,

Because teeth erupt from child’s smile.

Because moon behind steel guard,

Because hair slips down palm outstretched.

Because fences do not to stop me reaching your blue curtains,

Because smooth sheets await us,

Because tilt causes friction,

Because elk,

Because your uncle behind door.

Because rain hits parked car,

Because rough hour falls while we sleep between black walls,

Because memory is not enough to make me,

Because ankles itch, her foot slips from sheet,

Because antelope herd stumbles through arroyo,

Because constellation of stars become soldiers pages,

Because seeking me out her favorite game,

Because ships on spiders web.

**Medicine Creek**

Yellowed walls, empty space where pictures used to hang,

hospital bed where he drew his last breath; cowboy hat fell from wall,

across street couple doesn’t speak blows smoke rings,

she plays with lighter in red hoodie pocket

lint catches fire,

mold grows on three weeks old plate underneath bed.

Brother kicks bark toward crying sister, in frustration she

kicks him in shin;

mother grasps at chest before falling

to couch, father doesn’t move.

Man pulls weir from water from White River to remove salmon

hummingbird flutters nearby,

child watches and assists aunt pick blackberries.

In car strain necks to see who got pulled over,

moon reflects off breath

their x marks were made by someone else.

**Duwamish**

Wake I hear quietly. Wake. Wake.

Before light emerges over Rainer,

black walls bleached,

elk drinks,

fog lifts.

Name whispered into sand,

pebbles hit fluidity of skin.

Whisper names as you slip under,

emerge chilled,

run to fire beyond my sands,

take from me another bucket,

start breakfast for sleeping children who

rouse with first ray.

Arroyo hasn’t felt my presence lately,

blooming pink flower above prickly pear,

cowboy hat at my bank,

smoke rings dissipate quietly,

create yellowed walls.