

## **Bright Angel**

gloaming is the time  
of day when ferns  
become deer

the night hawk  
croaks at the bottom  
of a dive into mosquitoes

in my memory suddenly  
from the South Rim  
I'm hiking the Bright Angel

make it to Indian Gardens  
giant cottonwoods shade  
the creek flowing strong

when I look up  
the Milky Way  
is a prayer

blanketing the Tonto  
Plateau above  
in the wavering heat

I camp on the flat  
without a tent  
the deer are so close

I can hear them chew  
their evening browse  
because I wander

in and out of sleep  
daylight comes on  
in my own meadow

and the deer  
become ferns  
next to red alders