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LEE SHARKEY

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*When I fled it followed    when I froze it slid forward*

Standing in the wind    makes a wilderness  
for the tribe to wander    untethered by thought  
quieted    by mountains' grief  
the cold bracing    *whatever is to be seen of us*  
tableau vivant    *figure us as you will*  
black cloth    black oil and radiance  
clustering    in the wind  
a center    and a growing radius  
now and again a leaf    scratches a surface  
one tree is luminous    *we avert our eyes to a distant object*  
a towering father    *we avert our eyes to the ground*