

LYNN DAVIES

BREATHE

We follow a trapline under the aurora borealis. Spot an Arctic hare lolloping through drifts gauzy as the curtains that rustle when the spirits stride into our world. Shoot a ptarmigan in snow tinted sage, carry it home under a sky propped up with spears, citrus and whispery. What the aurora can paint: an emerald ear, beams of light straighter than the cabin logs, a trail out of here. While carrying a pail through the half-light to the water-hole, I see gnats rise like a dim column of smoke over the frozen river. On the coldest days, the air we breathe is rose-pink and madder, as real as our dwindling cache of candles.