

LYNDA MONAHAN

## MESSAGES

you wrote me a small poem on a scroll of bark  
the night my father died

winter trail where only the animals have gone before  
stepping into small tracks I am the snowshoe hare

a milky sky crystal crusted lake this silent  
frost dusted world where paper birch line the shore

empty cabins decks knee deep in drifts  
on their kitchen countertops cold coffee cups

coyote calls me to see the snow moon  
hoarfrost shivers to the ground

rigid waves of ice ripple the shoreline  
flash frozen you and I in that old photograph

imprints of deer passing ghostlike into the forest  
these small messages tell us we were here