

Susan McMaster Poems

The Naming

for Aven

I walked through mountains
in my sleep. There were
avens everywhere,
springing from grit and shale,
a kestrel wheeling,
a pica's whistle,
and so far I could hardly hear it,
a horned lark's cry.

Or was it you calling out
with the high, wild wind,
calling out your name,
spiralling mare's tails
across the thin sky,
rustling the stars
clustered at my feet?

Surely it was you
in the white rush of water
cascading in a blue tumult
towards me from the peaks –

exultant over stone.