

Sama Hut

**Resting against his burlled shoulder,
steady against the westerlies gleaming
over scrub meadows, olive green
saddles sunk below the horns of scree
shredding Collins' hair, mere steps
(with one eye) to the ranges
that empty into surf pavilions.**

**Two wide hands
of iron steeple darkness, our spud fire
sloped from the glow of pink fingers,
bottles blowing candles into late light
flickering the log's pages. We picked
the splayed bedding from a branched beam
and climbed to deckled sleep, waking
to many dark mornings until thin sunlight
slipped into the hut like gas.**

**Tiny stories, ink spilling
through the valley; a pile of wooden years
since we found an attic in the snow
and unwrapped gifts in coals.**