Tom Sexton

Hurricane Station House

We moved in an endless canyon carved in snow that winter. When the nights were clear, we understood why the Chinese once called the Milky Way Heaven’s River as it seemed we could hear it flowing overhead, but what keeps returning to me again and again is how one night near the station house a handful of willow ptarmigan, whiter than new snow, rose at our approach, how our breath caught, how the universe slowed.