

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.