

A photograph of a winter scene. In the foreground, there are branches covered in snow and small red berries. The background is a soft, out-of-focus snowy landscape. The text is overlaid on a white, cloud-like shape in the center.

...july 12, 1991...

uncle sven

**shadows – in a distance
i almost understand –
gather – as in storm clouds
interrupting sun –**

**past and present tree lines –
past and present winds –
an overlapping purple dusk
creeps along the hills –**

**never quite expecting
this time of no return
to where i once traced cougar tracks
until they disappeared –**

**i feel again that winter sun
of breathless silences
where evening trees grew skeletons
and fields rose in snow –**

**but i am here – in shadows
that do not disappear –
whispering rain promises
that you will never hear.**

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