

Poetry Porch: Poetry

A Dream

By Beth Brown Preston

Where the day-blinding white snow lay across the fields so thick and deep
we stepped thigh high into a drift. Where the sharp red glint
of a redbird's wing flashed above our bowed heads.
Or while jogging up the mountain road one night during the spring thaw,
where we squinted our eyes to perceive that dark place on the roadside
where a grizzly she-bear spied on us, the length of our footfall from the shadows.
Up the mountain path to our cabin on the hillside,
all the simple dreams of life came true.
On the woodstove, a kettle warmed to a shrill whistle
while the wind created tornados among the leaves.
And where we watched, very still, through the open doorway,
the black she-bear crouching on hind legs beside the creek teeming with trout,
Where she scooped out a helpless fish, its blue gills trembling with death.
Where you stripped me naked in the chill,
wrapped my shivering body in your heavy lumberjack shirt
and a ragged flannel blanket. Too frozen to make love,
we brewed tea. In the cracked teacups filled with Earl Grey,
the comfort of the warm liquid spilled onto our China saucers.
Our souls came to reside in those woods,
to grapple in the silence of growing things,
where the trees each added a year to our own brief lives.
Where no one knew the secret we withheld
from those below in the valley. Where the broken dared not dream.
Where we huddled together in the night beyond speaking.