

In Yan Teopa

Ken Meter

He faces away from Lake.
Eyes gaze south like dark moons
Yet hide from the sun.
His voice is a wintery one.

Vaulting from the center of his forehead
A layered arch wedges to the bluff
As if his thoughts
Held the earth in place.

This sedimented arch
Transforms itself
From an axe blade
To a lightning bolt to a feather.

This face was born immersed in water.
Eyes hollowed, teeth ground,
Nose sharpened to an arrowhead
By icy rushing torrents.

I sit in the shadows on the bluffside
Questions flood my mind like a river.
I ask and ask, but he turns his head
Answers only with new questions.

Frontenac, Minnesota