

## Siblings

*Ken Meter*

*For Don*

Dawn. As I turn from the old field road into the clearing  
A doe bounds through the tall grass,  
White cloud vaulting towards the thicket  
Whose crown flames gold.

I stand, my hand a visor  
Gazing up a river of light  
Searching a grey deer in grey woods.  
I am lost until her breath erupts like water on a rock.

With acres of brush a step away,  
She lingers to stare at my billowing breath.  
Sister and brother, we inhale each other  
Six feet rooted near the grass.