

## FROM LAKE LOUISE

Darkness ascends, caught  
in the mountain bowl.  
If this mirroring lake  
can invert glaciers, flip  
moraines deftly up  
gravity's chute, can  
it deny me the loner's  
spring of desire, to impel  
my word past these cliffs  
to newly blinking Sirius?  
How else can I reach you?  
The intent of love travels  
at superluminal speed;  
its ray reflects, making  
you, two thousand miles  
away, you who stand in  
the driveway, having forgotten  
to turn on the garage  
lights, lift your eyes  
to meet the selfsame  
lord of the star-brood,  
my messenger.