



Glacier Lilies

Green-sweet afternoon
on the volcano we call *The Mountain*
—as if there's only one—
snow on the otherwise docile trail

I climb a bank
but then I'm stuck—
a lamb in love
with a mountain goat

Hikers pass me by
back to alpine lupines beargrass veil waterfalls
melting out July's remaining snow

Digging my bootheels into this iceberg
I hear
Would you like a hand?
And for the first time in a year
or was it a lifetime
—and we must not lose this joy—

I say
Actually sure I'd love one

I've forgotten the word
for the first breath upon waking—
spark breath? nebula breath?

Maybe it's *stem breath* or the name
for a seed's first leafing
Cotyledon that's it

Meconium is the word
for a first excrement after birth
—*poppy breath*—

reeking with opium dreams and
absurd determined
new life

— Lynne Ellis