

Ghost Dog

*Hiking grey hills, a nesting place for raptors,
only dry trees all around but he stops: You see
that meadow over there?*

*It's unfurling, the way people come and go, the way the ravine
sun heats our backs,
the mountains shimmer in haze. Green hued
cactus brighten as the sun descends.*

*In the meadow, just a trace at this moment,
but I see her trotting,*

*white gold through lavender grass, ten feet away,
a ghost dog, beside us.*

Buried in the meadow years ago,

*but here she walks. A breeze ruffles her transparent fur
and shakes the leaves of a mountain oak.*

Circling the mountain crevice, a red-tailed hawk,

pale above us, gliding

toward the highway. You see the meadow?

We walk his dog back to where she is buried.

We all stand here in the blowing grass.

Lindsay Ahl