

Andrea Moorhead

THE CARVER'S DREAM

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Contents

Return	9
Susquehanna Ridge	10
from the Hermit's Journal	11
keeping the hermitage warm	12
hermitage nights	13
working wool	14
hermitage fields	15
lightning at the hermitage	16
Lighting the Body	17
The Hermit's Song	18
The Hermit's Dream	19
outside the hermitage	20
the hermitage shed	21
a small wooden bowl	22
hermitage in winter	23
hermitage in mid-winter	24
the hermitage in early spring	25
early spring at the hermitage	26
the hermitage in late spring	27
poem from the hermitage table	28
a new site for the hermitage	29
Along Cedar Brook	30
Ancient Stories	31
Eavesdropping	32
At the Edge	33
Winter Anatomy	34
Perceptions	35
Somewhere to the West	36
Head Beach at Dusk	37

Small Point	38
The road to Head Beach	39
Head Beach	40
At Small Point	41
Katahdin	42
James Bay Figures #1-7	43
The Carver's Dream	50
White Heat	51
Pacific Dreams	52
Mount Wilson on Fire	53
Above Pasadena	54
California Dreaming	55
California Meadow	56
Sierra Fires	57
San Francisco Nights	58
California Reverie	59
Arizona Blaze	60
Colorado Winds	61
Tinder Gulch	62
Marin County, 1998	63
On the Mesa	64
Pacific Fires	65
Western Shores # 1-9	68
Night Walk	77
The hermitage at dusk	78

About the Author

Return

Somewhere down in the hollow
and the creek still flows
running smooth-stoned and purely
disguised
the ferns falling first
and the scent of hemlock
in the cold morning air
you found the deep unknowing
in the inner recesses of the night
in the still photographic memory
of trout and rock
in the curved delight of thistle and
hawkweed, somewhere in
the hollow places behind the heart
the scent of hemlock rises
in the snow-soft rain
beyond the light-fringed dawn.

Susquehanna Ridge

Lugging water up the hill in case it's needed
the slope slippery this morning, all mud all ice
oak leaves adding to the sheen,
the water weighs down my shoulders
pulls the wool against my wrists
I can feel the rock stir under my boots
but the shape at the top of the hill is still indistinct
I'm lugging this heavy galvanized pail up the hill
just in case it's needed before the light falls
and the snow picks up again.

from the Hermit's Journal

fir boughs and the gentle
steady pulse of snow
accumulating behind the eyelids
swaying as we walk without destination
the amber residue too stubborn to remove.

Katahdin

Single steps on stone
the ridge has cracked
feet slowly plodding on
the skin stretched to include
what has burned or withered
I cannot say the name of this place
the syllables coat the tongue with wild garlic
braise the edges with fast-moving storms.

Night Walk

by the side of the sea
by the blue-green veins of night
descending into the trees
washing out the stars
winnowing as we walk
these awkward words
set by the sound of the stars
disintegrating although
and frequently without
sound of the rain by the side of the sea
stirring in the blue-green veins above,
sound of the sun streaming aside
these broken words by the blue-green sea
by the startled strand of forgotten night