

Milagres

"Moose Collision"

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Through Montana on my motorbike
I was actually alone
Nothing with me but my climbing boots, a sixer and a
knife
I couldn't tell you
If I saw the moose stepping out into the road that night
If his eyes looked like two fireflies, or reflectors on an
ugly sign

But when I opened my eyes again it had been
removed;
an ancient, angry antler from this punctured lung
It had narrowly missed a beating heart and an electric
spinal cord

Awake some nights
I think about the moose stepping out onto the yellow
line,
and if he saw a bright white headlight or if it looked just
like the moon
moving in towards him for the first time in a long life of
solitude

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