

## Mountain Goats, The "Snow Owl"

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you came down from heaven to the branch outside my  
window  
your feathers were the color of snow  
the dice were loaded against us ever seeing each  
other  
but one of us had nowhere else to go

in your eyes were all the colors that the rainbow forgot  
your wingspan was three feet wide or better  
with your voice practicing notes from time's own  
beginning  
you took apart the alphabet letter by letter  
and here where it all stops for good  
where the cool waters run  
thought i saw a mouse kicking in your beak  
it was only a skeleton

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