

Exit Glacier

When we got close enough
we could hear

rivers inside the ice
heaving splits

the groaning of a ledge
about to

calve. Strewn in the moraine,
fresh moose sign—

tawny oblong pellets
breaking up

sharp black shale. In one
breath
ice and air—

history, the record
of breaking—

prophecy, the warning
of what's yet to break

out from under
four stories

of bone-crushing turquoise
retreating.

Peggy Shumaker

Wings Moist From the Other World. University of Pittsburgh Press, 1994.