

## Coming To Be

*Whychus Creek, Oregon*

Step softly and leave few tracks

Become wapiti, as the shaman did  
—cloven hoof, pale rump—

Ease into lowering evening light  
Flowing from firs

Like a shadow  
Or a memory dream

At the joining of streams, drink

Raise your crowned head  
Mist on shaggy neck

Flare nostril, open mouth  
Tongue air and taste what is there—

Bear scat, reedgrass, wild rye, larkspur  
The mean promise of snow prodding you to go

In the meadow, find your oracle bones glowing white  
Scattered across yellowed sedge like yarrow sticks

Such divination, such auguries  
Calling you home