

J. Ramsey Golden

First Memory: Anaktuvuk Pass, Alaska

For Dad

only breath moves
the tundra curls
 upward around the edges like paper

the horizon is a margin
separating white snow from whiter sky

rocks
 disrupt like verbs

silence

our tracks
 are scribbled

indentations

as if

 we'd failed
to coax ink from
 a pen

 me, a comma
barely four years old and

amazed by your height
 like the only

I

upon a page

 like the world was always waiting
for a declaration of

you