

## Gold Pan

By Adam Lafayette

Cloud volcanoes spruce blue ash sky aura simmers my sight on Gee point

Finney creek roads lead to terrain trapped recluse vision vision is—pine needles lightning strike temple

I wear greased leather boots to pray on ridges scragged evergreen plunged down to Quartz creek question answer—gold pan splinter shod hands shake the solitude the gold

chant grip me here at the valley bottom—blood snow-melt menstruate deep thin sudden glacial birth of bedrock dug and carved unconscious I am buried

this I never leave behind forgotten sudden seizure pulse rest death wilderness

—old growth cedar worship stands spun in power waste or allow

natural span to grow cut the seedlings out of light rainwater shade and no warmth

the canopy above below on moss mushrooms boots mumble and elevate the ridge descent

hiatus brush—clumped lesions of infected thimble salmon huckle elder berry sword and turkey fern I am lost I am god and gold pan here

buried spirit held the shovel survive sustain—gold alone dense metal

always the lowest depth no shine no sugar at bottom at myth just atmosphere interactions with Cascades do not move hold still I must come here god alone—movement

no vow no bound not tied up in money no money no gold spirit earth me here

just you and a gold pan found not up cloud sky but down

God I down.