

Circusing Christmas Eve

Soft in the sliding winter sun,
Sheep Mountain calls out,
"Welcome boys."

Waltzing upward,
Paul partners a willow that
dances gingerly on the frozen ballroom.

"Careful," I cry,
"That pitch dies above. Try it
over there."

On top, the ridge falls into the winking
valley. Between ponderosas,
a bosky Christmas Eve.

Down through the dark we slide,
wild, like blind tight-rope walkers
circusing.