

ABBY CAPLIN

Wallowa Lake Tramway, Oregon

Yesterday a gondola carried me
four thousand feet to the top of Mount Howard.
I wondered how it would feel to fall
if the bucket's hold were to fail.
Fail and fall hundreds of feet
to crash in the white pines.

At the top I passed a café selling
pulled pork sandwiches,
followed the trail past dwarfed
bonsai pines, looked out
over the stolen Eden.
Long ropes of silver flashed
in the sun across the canyon,
rivers racing to the lake
to smother kisses at the edge
of Old Chief Joseph's
burial site.

A silky chipmunk posed for me
and I took its picture.
On the warm bare peak,
I rested in a startling whirl
of white butterflies,
just me and the fluttering,
the quilted farmland, blue lake, melting
mountains.

I pressed a hole the size
of my index finger
into a pristine snow patch
and felt ashamed.

Today a trillion tons of ice
broke from Antarctica.

Abby Caplin's poems have appeared in *Alyss*, *The Binnacle*, *Burningword*, *Common Ground Review*, *Crack the Spine*, *The Healing Muse*, *McNeese*, *Poetica*, *The Round*, *TSR: The Southampton Review*, *Tikkun*, and *Willow Review*, among others. Her poem "Still Arguing with Old Synagogue" was a finalist for the 2015 Anna Davidson Rosenberg Poetry Award, and she is an award recipient of the San Francisco Poets Eleven 2016. She is a physician and practices Mind-Body medicine in San Francisco.

ZARIA FORMAN

Errera Channel, Antarctica, No. 2, 2017
Soft pastel on paper, 40 x 60 in



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