

About Us: http://www.the-criterion.com/about/

Archive: http://www.the-criterion.com/archive/

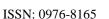
Contact Us: http://www.the-criterion.com/contact/

Editorial Board: http://www.the-criterion.com/editorial-board/

Submission: http://www.the-criterion.com/submission/

FAQ: http://www.the-criterion.com/fa/







Filling New Ground

Keith Moul

This hard journey teaches truths of our survival: Sniff gamy scents in company of noble beasts; Sometime rest at verges of defeat; stir of breeze Enlivens ever new prospects of safe arrival; those We have lost tasked themselves to aid our wills.

We plan an advent during days of a mild spring Like the birds to yank out the first worms. This Has not come to pass, so build your fire and keep It now; cut trees for a cabin to be up by cool fall.

Force each nail into a seamless wall of possession; Slop each caulk as warmth; each kill stokes the pot; Each minute of survival exalts odds; tempers mind.

Geese honk. Sibilant saws hiss their determination. We disturb this space greatly with our tracks, noise Of possession, cheer of thanksgiving with goose. Death after such exertion would fill our new ground.