

Green Moments of Separation

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Volume 34, Number 1, 2018

Focus on Laudato Si'

URI: <https://id.erudit.org/iderudit/1060954ar>

DOI: <https://doi.org/10.7202/1060954ar>

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Publisher(s)

Athabasca University Press

ISSN

1705-9429 (digital)

[Explore this journal](#)

Cite this document

Anderson, C. (2018). Green Moments of Separation. *The Trumpeter*, 34(1), 155–156. <https://doi.org/10.7202/1060954ar>

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I.

The plastic tyre hung from the red-bud tree.

When bee season was over,
the purple canopy having dissipated,
I revolved; the diameter of me
resisted the centrifugal.

The nearest stable bodies – bushes –
stretched into green
moments of separation.

I've filled a need:
flying without flying.

II.

Legs working like hummingbird wings.
They are short. They are mine.
Hills are the hardest, the tensity at odds
with what I am supposed to be.

I ended up on my back, bits of the tor's scree
giving me up, bouncing my head
off winter-wet grass and mud.
I sucked in biting breath, laughed

fast as two wing beats.

Vision became my childhood tyre,
all the while your footfalls settled
print by print. The Mother Hill held you
but had shivered off the roads.

III.

At the Crushing Stone, the ewe held up a front hoof
as if in pain. With measured steps
on the three remaining limbs,
it kept its distance from the site's many visitors.

You said she might be put down.

We'll never know.

Both are causes for grief.

IV.

We found the farm after the rain tapered off;
roots-like-bones delivered us as a limb
running from flock to shepherd.

The intention was to let the owners in
on the secret limping through the underbrush.
In the courtyard, the black cat met us alone.