

MICHAEL DWAYNE SMITH

Walking Half Moon Canyon

Chizuko and I look a long while, observe
the gestures of the young branches
in the ironwood trees.

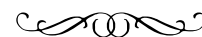
She says the wind exhales its dreams into their leaves,
which I almost believe.

Our eyes catch an elaboration of cranes overhead.
Their shadows skim the manzanita trail, urging
toward the ocean.

The path ahead winds through to a rocky bluff,
then up and over, where we can see the
sleepless Pacific, washing seaweed and stone ashore.

I say, It was a fleeting suggestion of cranes
that led us here.

No, she says, and the wind seems to exhale with her,
it was the fine-winged dust of our willing bones,
and belief in the whispers of trees.



ABOUT MICHAEL DWAYNE SMITH

Michael Dwayne Smith proudly owns and operates the English-speaking world's most mysterious name. His apparitions can be seen at *Word Riot*, *kill author*, *Monkeybicycle*, *BLIP*, *Cortland Review*, *Pirene's Fountain*, *Blue Fifth Review*, *Northville Review*, *Orion headless*, *Heavy Feather Review*, *Snow Monkey*, and other haunts. A recipient of both the Hinderaker Prize for poetry and the Polonsky Prize for fiction, he lives in a desert town with his wife, son, and rescued animals. Conjure him on Twitter @michaelthebear or on the interwebs at michaeldwaynesmith.tumblr.com.

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