

ROBIN BOYD

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Shaconage

*(shah-con-ah-jey) or “place of the blue smoke,”  
the Cherokee name for the Great Smokey Mountains*

I could lose sight of myself  
here in the damp air  
that presses down  
into the hollows

then rises in plumes  
in the cool of the dawn—  
a soft filter to loosen  
the horizon and muffle

the shout of rock exposed.  
The ground yields as in  
sleep when thoughts  
lose their edge, morphing,

melding with whatever  
stirs nearby. I could give  
myself up, enter the mist,  
measure the odd

nearness of distance in  
increments of fading color,  
a constant unwinding.  
Even a seer would accept

this bargain—foreshortened  
visions for these rounded hills  
folded with smoke  
the unlikeliest blue.

HERON TREE

30 November 2014  
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## ABOUT ROBIN BOYD

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Robin Boyd is the author of *Among the Slow Roots* (Gap Mountain Press 2007). Her poems have appeared in *Whole Terrain*, *Yankee*, and *Zone 3*, as well as in the anthologies *The Soul Unearthed* (Sentient Publications) and *Ad Hoc Monadnock* (Monadnock Writers' Group). She earned an MS in environmental education from the Audubon Expedition Institute and Lesley College, and she lives in New Hampshire, where she serves as the director of a foundation which works to improve the quality of life of people with disabilities.

