

Poem—

Lupa

(EDITOR'S NOTE: Oliver Everette, Poet Laureate of Alaska, died last week at the University of Alaska. Through the last several years, Everette has sent Tundra Times quite a few of his poems for publication. He submitted the following poem, "LUPA", not long ago. We would like to contribute to his memory by printing it.)

I did not open my door
to the gray apostle.
Through my cabin window
his eyes searched me,
read me. He understood me
and the dark fire
that he kindled in me.

With a toss of his head
and flick of his plumed tail
he left me. —The Dogs
howled at the gray shadow
gliding under the birches;
they did not love the sage
of outer darkness
who had enriched me in wisdom
by his silent visit.

OLIVER EVERETTE
Fairbanks