

ERIC HOLZMAN

Dogwood 6, 2014
Oil on Canvas, 45 x 33 in



COURTESY THE ARTIST

CURT ANDERSON

The Golden Hour

late, rustling out of the woods,
short of time and film, I clank
around a stand of dim redwoods.

a host of large stones stop me,
behind them, a nation of boulder
and rock extending to the far hills.

the stones gray as gulls, gray
as waiting—clouds cradled between
shale hills and ridge, lit inside like tents.

tick of raindrop on my wrist, as sunlight
sweeps from stone to stone. here
I stand, a human mist on the air.

soup of cloud about the mountains,
darkening to drag its skirt of rain.
I drift slightly to the east—a spoke

of light igniting the middle ground,
burning acres in the mind. I still
to the lens, assume weight and position,

poised before the precipice of air— a
hunched figure, invisible to myself,
shadow cast down a copper gully.

lisp of wind in my ear, red-tailed hawk
dipping into view and gone, light
shifting, *click*, pausing, *click*, opening

Curt Anderson recently published his first collection of poetry, *The Occasionist*, from Hip Pocket Press. His poems have appeared in *Poetry*, *Poetry East*, the *Bitter Oleander*, *Exquisite Corpse*, *Good Times*, *Rag Mag*, *Barrow Street*, and *Porter Gulch Review*. Anderson graduated with a masters degree in Creative Writing from San Francisco State University.