

Glacier

Jared Carter, 1981

Last night I saw it form again
Along the woods' dark edge;
Heard it gathering out of a wind
From the northwest. Cornflowers
Bent to the earth in its wak,
Animals delved in their burrows,
Leaves stiffened and fell.
I searched through the grass
For a stone scratched by ice,
But could not read its markings
In the faltering light. Found
Another stone smoothed by water,
Opened it to a page of wings.
Lastly an arrowhead. Left
All these things together
In a level field, to be kept
By snow, and raised high or low.



BROUGHT TO YOU BY INDIANA HUMANITIES

*Jared Carter is a poet and Indiana native. This poem can be found in his book *Work, for the Night is Coming*.*