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Mendeltna Creek: Down From Old Man Lake

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Mendeltna Creek: Down From Old Man Lake

Morning. Four small clouds breaking trail across the horizon. The air chill now, caught between fireweed and frost. The timid sun poking around the eastern sky—he can afford uncertainty at this latitude. You can't. You, whatever you do, keep on. There may be a tundra lake covered with ducks, lake trout up in the shallows spawning, a cow moose standing in the willows along the creek, dark and huge. Or maybe nothing in hundreds of miles but black spruce, the humping hills, muskeg bog after muskeg bog, ponds reflecting sky, the cowardly sun, lost and lying to himself that nothing more will ever change.