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## Primitive Gut

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TERRANCE OWENS

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## PRIMITIVE GUT

I lie down as an old bear lies,  
under three seasons of grief,  
gorged on the earth's  
grizzly sermons,  
wearing winter like a womb.

The mind  
dreams itself empty  
at the speed of balsam thawing  
high in the mountains.

The spirit  
carries its stone load  
to the Earth's core.

All winter the dark cave is the dark cave  
in the throat of the white hills.

The body  
buries the things it has done.