“Refuge”
By Laurie Hailey

Under a muted blue and gray sky and white arc of clouds, sits a hallowed home, perhaps abandoned now, evoking a distant past when so many came to strike it rich.

Someone found refuge and true treasure in this wilderness ravine, cradled below a dark pine ridge, where lupine, fiddleneck, and poppy unfurl their colors each spring, and built this wooden house, plank by plank, each nail echoing escape.

We cannot know what cruel and joyous memories lie pressed into these walls where, like the wood, they decline with decay.