

## Vision Quest

By Eric Basso

shaman creeps into the niche  
on a ledge in the cliff face  
the flame from his oil lamp  
gutters under blood blots  
dancing off the stone where  
they've slept a generation  
dreaming of shaman's return

or this is the dream the scent  
of ash and wormwood as  
embers blink behind a paw

shaman blown back from  
the far side of eternity after  
years that are a single day  
to the tribal elders lying  
stunned in the brush below

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