

Wayfinding

by Helen Dring

He chose her for the way she could,
Eyes closed, nose to the air,
Find her way North.
North was where the wind stopped
And held them in its grip, safe. Broken.
He chose her for the way, fur against
Her collar, she could coax seal cubs
From the ice, fry them without
Gagging. And for the way she held
Her knife against the rock to sharpen it,
More than for her kisses, moist and
Sour against his half frozen lips.

