**At Bighorn Peak, God Holds His Breath**

Nicholas Trandahl

Hush.

Knee deep snow

 between the pines.

Alpine lake

of leftover glacial ice,

 melted

 into cobalt blue

 into the evergreen quilt

 just beneath

 the timberline,

below

moraine boulder fields

at the mountain’s foot,

 all tucked in

 with snow.

Bighorn Peak

looms over everything

 like an altar

 where God kneels

 to pray.

Blood

pounds in my ears.

 Breath

 swallowed hungrily

in this crystal air.

 Healing

 ashiver in my eyes,

 swimming

 in the ice

 and granite

 of reflected mountains.

And God,

saints,

and bodhisattvas

all hold their collective breath

 in divine anticipation.

Alone

in this place,

I feel the love

 of a thousand

 thousand things

 I don’t understand.

But there’s one thing

 I do understand.

 In suffering

 I am made whole again.