**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.