

### Four Square

Here's a photograph of you dancing  
and singing on a rock beneath the north face  
of the Vignemale; the highest point,  
two sticks raised, your hair blown back  
by the updraught of the columned valley;  
I was the only onlooker that day  
as the spiral rocks parcelled your voice  
and amplified it back or caught the clack  
of your sticks on the bone-hard scarp.

Your subject was the wild horses we stalked  
as they scraped their backs on the cedars,  
Ibex steadying as we ran toward them,  
the solitary gypaete circling for marmottes;  
all of it understood, but not described  
as when the season drives down the snows  
into rivulets and calls up twelve orders of flowers,  
wild mountain strawberries and herds  
of yellow-chrome butterflies nosing the Buddleia.

You could not describe but only sang out,  
stepped out, with no words and only  
with a scratchy out of focus chant  
that split and stopped the mountain,  
then fell itself silent and set you in this  
charcoal square image in my fingers,  
four stone-struck centimetres by four.