

The still pilgrim invents dawn

by [Angela Alaimo O'Donnell](#) in the [February 3, 2016](#) issue

The still pilgrim climbs the Mountain of God.

She somehow has not lost her way.

Her feet find the prints where they have trod.

The sun feels less heavy today.

She holds him in her wind-chapped hands.

She shoulders him like a child.

She hoops him along the basalt sand.

She heaves him high against the sky

where he gilds the field gold.

The pilgrim watches his slow rise—

She loves the shadow show he throws—

salutes the blue and shades her eyes

and turns her back and goes.