



## Castle Pass, 8000 ft

By Joanna Beyers

Mid-afternoon of the last day  
waiting for the first stir of the helicopter  
hammer in hand and alone  
a clearing deep in the focussed moment.

Nearby Paradise Creek drains  
last season's snow; marmots sound  
their one-toned alarm.  
Then the low stammer of the Bell Jet-  
Ranger, uncertainly heard,  
ahead of the dark shape that slowly  
grows against the mountains and which we approach  
later, from high ground, displeasing the pilot  
("you could lose your head like that").

This morning a loon sang on Tyaughton Lake  
near the dock on which the helicopter rests  
before the blades whirl and we lift off  
the water beneath us a momentary flower.

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