

# The HOWL

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## Nah-gah, the North Star

*Allison Churches*

The evening fire casts our shadows on the red rock;  
my hands silhouette wraps around your hair  
and weaves it into two braids matching mine.  
Your brother sleeps beside you on the ground,  
hardly ten, you still hold his arm just like  
when we were kids. You need not worry  
about him now; he'll be fine on his own.  
He will pass through life like the sun  
dipping below the horizon, the mountain.

Tonight, the air is silent besides the fire's crackle  
and the mumbled sounds of chatter from our mothers  
back up the sunset-colored rock. Your raven hair twists  
around itself in my fingers which seem brass  
in the fire's presence. In the dim break of night's darkness  
I can see your hand, glowing golden,  
pointing up to the sky. Humming with  
the fire, your voice rings out around the stars, flowing  
like the river that feeds the canyon.  
Tell the story again, I was too lost in your  
humming voice to understand. Goat horned star.