



BACKTRACK

One fall when he was
in his 60s my dad
packed into high sierras
east of Philbrook lake,
built himself a lean-to
& stayed a week
hunting with his bow.
We always went hunting
together with friends &
I never understood why
he went into that
wilderness alone until now.
I'm feeling the urge
he must have felt.
To get back to basics
& backtrack. See if I
can put together the
puzzle pieces of this life.

Phil Weldman