Mountain Lion Paws

Mountain lion paws
in the drops from truckers' oil pans
in smears on the asphalt.

We lost our own way years ago
and now wait for the lion
with the static on TV
and the San Andreas Fault
right outside our door.

Come play, come play,
lion of the dusty mountains
lion of the killer of oaks
lion of the dry pines
lion of the dying lupine
lion of the agapanthus.
I am calling you from the deck
of the cabin:

come for your feast, lion--
come for the girl
who has not found her way
come for the girl
who has not found her way
come for the girl
who has not found
her way back home.

Denise Dumars

Denise Dumars has been a fixture on the science fiction, fantasy, and horror poetry scenes for the last several decades. Her current book of poetry, Animal Gnosis, from AlienBuddha Press, is nominated for the Elgin Award for Best Book of Speculative Poetry. Mainstream poets may know her from publications such as *Pearl, Blue Unicorn, Sheila-na-Gig, Poets on Site*, and the anthologies from The Southern California Haiku Study Group. Her work has been nominated for Pushcart Prizes, The Dwarf Stars award, and the Rhysling Award. She has performed her work at colleges, universities, and conventions and conferences throughout North America and recently in Scotland. She was a college English Professor until her retirement and was formerly the poetry columnist for *The Writer* magazine. She is currently a columnist for *Star*Line*, the Journal of the Science Fiction and Fantasy Poetry Association. She lives in L.A.'s beautiful South Bay area.

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