

## 59.4572°N 135.3145°W

*Emily Shipman*

The woman of the mountains meets the waters of the icy  
passage, long fallen  
foliage gives way to rock terrain; a set of stairs carved and  
placed by Mother Nature  
herself, sticky sap-covered firs and mushrooms unknown, one  
campfire's glow  
bewitching strangers into lifelong friendships — right there on the  
edge of the world...

A footbridge that sways in the ever-blowing north winds; the  
mighty Taiya that rises  
with snow caps melting in summer heat, black bears covered in a  
cinnamon facade drunk on  
roadside dandelions, fuchsia flowers bloom from where  
fire's devastation  
once reigned — and evening air imbued with music and vaga-  
bond laughter.

Traipse through the glacier-fed waters as running salmon tickle  
by, and the night sky

dances in gemstone hues backlit by a storybook of constellations —  
a darkness that fades into

everlasting days of sunshine beams; the ancient soil always  
nourished by tears shed

from friends *see you later.*

A secret sanctuary kept by many no ones, because you're no  
one until you've been —

tucked away in a corner of nowhere once sought for its treasure  
untold, but the rivers

have since run dry.

and yet —

I left wealthy, no gold in my pockets.