

## Wilderness House Literary Review 10/2

*Gene Twaronite*

### SHADES FROM THE CHASM

Gazing down At Bright Angel Trail, I see no angels here—only shades from the chasm: hikers dutifully descending into hells of their own creation, then plodding upward again, as in a Doré Purgatory; naked terraces laid down long ago like the backbones of ancient sea creatures; swallows darting across the layers like thoughts too fleet to recall; splashes of red in the receding scarps of canyon walls like wounds of a bleeding earth.