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LILACE MELLIN GUIGNARD

My Bigfoot Theory of Love

"... the very wildness from which the Bigfoot myth emanates is disappearing fast. . . . If we manage to hang on to a sizable hunk of Bigfoot habitat, we will at least have a fragment of the greatest green treasure. . . . If we do not, Bigfoot, real or imagined, will vanish."

—Robert Michael Pyle

Whether or not he exists is not the point.
Enough wilderness still remains.
A shadow, a longing . . . knowing could disappoint.

Because I can imagine our worlds adjoined
I know it could be so. My hope's sustained.
Whether or not he exists is not the point.

And so it is with love. The clairvoyant
offers less than what my fantasies contain—
a shadow, a longing. (Knowing could disappoint.)

If I'm to be alone, I don't want to know it.
Without the habitat for hope, all's pain.
Whether or not he exists is not the point;

it's worth it to me to preserve a place for giants.
My heart's wilderness must retain
a shadow, a longing, which nothing can disappoint.

If you've got a better theory, go for it!
My world of possibilities won't be tamed.
You see, he *does* exist—this is the point—
as a shadow, a longing. Knowing could disappoint.