

# From Saddle Peak

Dry trail after two weeks without rain—  
old grass gone colorless, waiting.  
There's an ease in the afternoon:  
air empty except for two hawks  
writing on the uplift of wind.

I am drawn to the coyote ahead—  
its tawny, winter-rich fur dares me:  
Come on. Then it turns  
its narrow, questioning face  
to confront me. We're not the same.  
But no hurry. Coyote moves off  
to the cover of brush, into story.

So much seems distant,  
as though I've grown farsighted  
and hold the page of the hill  
beyond arm's reach—the tiny houses,  
the cars, the music-box bark  
of some household dog.  
And the sun, turned low to the south,  
throws shrill, reedy shadows, so long,  
so long, trying to reach me.  
But I pull away and walk downhill  
to the family I know.



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