

"Eyes Like a Lizard"+

"I'm not special enough to run out
of ideas." *William Stafford

Some men don't know how to lose.
They ride along in the car singing
out with each glance, until the world
shines with their delight.

Ansel Adams
saw Hernandez, New Mexico, like that
at 4:00 p.m. on October 31 in 1941.
He'd been after a stump all day. It
would not give up its particular self,
real in the light. So now, he was driving
back, a day's pleasure unfinished.

When
he glanced out and saw the grave
markers glowing, that whole bright
little city on the twiggy sand, Adams
hurried to play the game the sun
suggested. How could he not remember
from the anthology of his joys? The moon
was 250 candles per square foot.

In that
perfect second his camera opened on
an astonishing sight, and the man
drove on with the secret of who had won,
Adams or the sun. Heads or tails,
he had tomorrow and the stump.

S. Hind
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+ from "Humanities Lecture" in Stories That Could
Be True

* from an interview in Roving Across Fields, 1983, p.17