

touched by day

sunset after day-long storm
the woman passing who said
the rain was heaven-sent
the scalding tea that made me
swallow quick and blow
the wind in the window
the cottonwood in the wind
outside or the stars
beyond motion it seemed
something eased sleep
and night began without sadness

S. Hind
oct. 14, 1984

January

He swiveled his head
in the manner of owls
and stared upon me.
The black centers of
his gaze looked well,
yet he would not reach
up for the cold air
over the frozen river
where he stood. I kept
to the rocks and saw,
he could not fly,
bid him goodbye, and
pulled two triggers on
a white day in January.

S. Hind
Sept. 25, 1984

A Hundred Plus in the Shade

Satisfied
at the twang
of the new barbed wire
I plunge through the brush
and horseweeds
to the river. Barefooted
I gasp
at the water's cold teeth
on my ankle.

S. Hind
Aug. 3, 1984

these from a collection I have been putting together called Scar Tissue.
And I wonder if that title has been used. Probably.