FREE FORM

the lady
washes her hair
pours creekwater
from a bent saucepan
waterfall strands
run dark in the sun
the bay horse stops
watches suds
pile snow on the sand.

LAYOVER

the creek increased by forty loaves cut a new course plus the old and took the road. we waited three days in a line shack with two holes in the roof, one for rain one for snow before the storm moved on leaving the creek for dead.

FOOD ESSAY

today we shot four king jays for the pups, one apiece. they ate body beak and feathers. down, blue as lakes from an airplane, stuck to sam's paw. the flying feathers were large and dark, stiff enough for a quill pen or a hat band. we planned bear steak or a raccoon roast for ourselves. we ate beans and rice.

before first light there is an hour, maybe less, when the woods are silent. even the owl. even the ringtailed cat. i hear the city then eating pumpkin ice cream mandarin oranges and dark chocolate.

-- carolyn anderson
Jerome AZ