

That poem, "Coyotes Playing Tag," in Trick --
I knew it was a kind of cop-out, but I could
never think of how to get at what I did see.
This came as part of my defense of my animals
can "do" metaphor, on the way back from the Mtns.
to LaJunta:

Performance Metaphor

The storm hung a sparrow
in the wind on a bush.
Down bluff by the river
the coyotes, a pair of declared
pests of course, disguise
conversation as play.

His nudge at her shoulder
asks. Perhaps, waits in her
pose, pointed upstream.
When she moves with haste at last,
he steps in her steps of consent,
and they thread a mock chase
through the rocks.

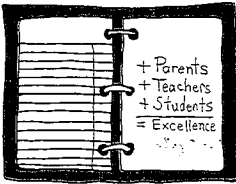
The river deepens its ice
and sycamores stiffen
to the force of the wind.
The fine-coated pair tag
and re-tag, turn and re-turn
in the rocks.

When she stops and touches
his nose, and turns to sleep,
he stands in the cold. He tests
the wind and turns downstream,
then up. He stands
by the muff of her rest.

At last she rises. He touches
her ear, their pause, a line
between lover and hunter,
and they step over that line,
past the sparrow, brown and alone.

S. Hind
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(over)



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--which makes me think of something that has come to mind repeatedly of late: I may be one of those guys who writes one book his whole life; almost never do I write anything that wouldn't fit into Trick somewhere. Leaves of Paper?

It seemed that this could only work in terms of tones, sounds, repetitions. I can never really get what I saw; it was real magic, and there, "Byates Playing," is still on target.

*Take care,
S.H.*

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