



11-15-2008

Hair Filled With Sun: the Colorado Rockies, Late 19th Century

Robert Cooperman

Follow this and additional works at: <https://dc.swosu.edu/westview>

 Part of the [Fiction Commons](#), [Nonfiction Commons](#), [Photography Commons](#), and the [Poetry Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Cooperman, Robert (2008) "Hair Filled With Sun: the Colorado Rockies, Late 19th Century," *Westview*: Vol. 28 : Iss. 2 , Article 37.
Available at: <https://dc.swosu.edu/westview/vol28/iss2/37>

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by the Journals at SWOSU Digital Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in Westview by an authorized administrator of SWOSU Digital Commons. For more information, please contact phillip.fitzsimmons@swosu.edu.



Hair Filled With Sun: the Colorado Rockies, Late 19th Century

by Robert Cooperman

When we escaped Gold Creek,
for a life of wilderness wandering,
I cried at first, for my bed,
a bath, clean fingernails,
but soon saw them as fripperies.

The first time I snared a rabbit,
I clapped hands with the joy
of a girl mastering ice skates.
When I learned to make fire
from twigs, dry leaves,
and my inspiring breath,
I watched, rapt as God—
forgive my blasphemy—
calling the sun into existence.

Soon, I could sniff out deer,
the rank brutality of bears,
could brazen wolves
from their kills.
We never attempted those thefts
on wolverines: more fierce
than any creature save Mr. Sprockett,
God rest the troubled angel
of his soul.

Soon, I could find
a trail or bushwhack one
through what a white man
would deem impassable brush.
The years have sped by
in our delight and hard work.

And soon, so very soon—
my aching bones
and rasping breaths inform me—
I must tread the trail that ends,
I pray, in mountains untouched
by toadstools of white settlements.

May we walk to that Good Land
Like trusting children, hand in hand.

