## CutBank

Volume 1 Issue 29 *CutBank 29/30* 

Article 27

Fall 1987

The Lure

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## **Recommended Citation**

Garcia, Albert (1987) "The Lure," *CutBank*: Vol. 1 : Iss. 29 , Article 27. Available at: https://scholarworks.umt.edu/cutbank/vol1/iss29/27

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## The Lure

Up ahead, a mother grouse clucks her chicks off the path and warns them to stay still. I veer around to observe from a stump, wait silently for spotted down to peep out from the bush.

The hen tries to lure me up the hill, fanning her gray tail in the open.

These things always happen when it's hot, when air rings with gnats and dry pines stand drooping under the weight of their cones. As I watch, I can't help feeling the danger I present, the hen's small heart fluttering in her eyes.

She wants me to follow her.

Everything quiets in the brush, but I know better. If I walk up and pull the branches apart, they'll be huddled in the dust, shivering, cowering away from the shadow of my hand.

Albert Garcia