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Erosion; Chase

Brent S. House

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Erosion

BRENT S. HOUSE

In a hill behind my house is a cave made by children who lived here before. It is falling

Roots are hanging in the air, craving the rain, soilless.

I will not bring a spoon and cup into its hollow, shape a place for myself to play.

Water breaks ground. The wash cuts asunder.

Pebbles exposed for the first time glow bright against a clean desert red.

Chase

In the middle of the morning a coyote pup stands on a hilltop, watches me cut eight-foot swaths across the back forty.

Hesitant to step beyond the security of fallen limbs, he bides his time until I fall into the flats, away from his vision.

As he threads through newly mown grass, the centripetal rounds of mowing bring us closer.

Pursuit dulls my boredom. I shift into a higher gear, roll across the field, leave the blades engaged.

The pup still watches, waits until I near, then runs into the branches.

I watch him hurdle pine limbs and sage brush before I go back to my work.