

The Time White Lightning Busted Out

Inside our guts a jitter.
Inside the jitter a ribbon
the color of a January morning
curling past the wood box
and through the shed door,
to the packed dirt floor,
the rusted-out hinge.
Inside a velvet black
the empty water bowl
and inside that lack
a lost pony in a blizzard,
out on the hill or down
a two track to the river
winding along our worry,
the frozen car battery,
'til finally our tires
slip the slant road
to the high pasture.
We scour the storm –
ice crystals hurtled
through the eye of a needle,
threading our hearts
with gleanings of tracks
beside the snow fence.
And inside those tracks
recognition, a small hope.

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