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"Close Range"

Jay Speiden
Denison University

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“Close Range”

Juice of a ripe peach
runs down the windburned face
of a little Hopi girl.
It drops off her chin
and spatters against the
desert floor.

To the ant, the drops come
as bombs of delight.
Dust mushrooming on impact,
filling craters with sweet nectar
to be savoured.

The redtailed hawk is circling,
miles above
against the sky of liquid turquoise.
He floats, silent,
with the wind.
The pearl of his
brown eye rotating
moist in the socket,
spying out first
the girl,
and next the ant.
From up here juice
hitting the desert floor
sounds like mortar shells
impacting
at close range.

Jay Speiden