



6-15-2008

Listening to Boggy Creek

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Recommended Citation

Adams, Barbara (2008) "Listening to Boggy Creek," *Westview*: Vol. 28 : Iss. 1 , Article 24.
Available at: <https://dc.swosu.edu/westview/vol28/iss1/24>

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Listening to Boggy Creek

by Barbara Adams

In the afternoon we go out to the pasture,
wandering to the creek
in a haphazard line
as crooked as the muddy water
that calls us out.

The dog is old now,
careful in her gait and deaf.
She does not hear the call
of red-tailed hawks or mourning doves,
no turtle splash, or cottonwood chimes.

But with twitching nostrils
she ponders echoes
spun out during the wooly night
and follows furtive clues to
secrets I will never gather.

The whisper of coyotes padding light as smoke
over grassy banks into the long chase,
the scream of bone and fur as jackrabbits sprint
for bramble cover—
the heavy cross of survival
or the small dying.

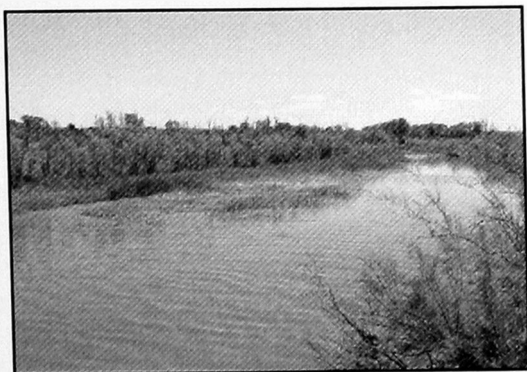


Photo by Joel Kendall

