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Tahoe

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Tahoe

by Joann Gardner

Across the valley, they are watering the greens—tiny men with giant hoses that arch and spray and soak.

Threading a dun-colored line through the pines, a caravan of horses patiently plods, selection of anxious tourists bouncing on their backs.

The sky's glass has been cracked; now wispy, tie-dyed clouds trace stress marks on the blue, and below me, almost out of sight,

a woman smokes and sits, the scant scent of tobacco mixing with fresh air.

I rise and clear my head; my nose, bloodied from altitude.

I sit on a rock in the middle of a stream and watch the water feather, weave, in its long cold journey around mountains.

There are bugs at work: beetles, rock crawlers, ants; a water strider balances on the fretted surface.

I press my pen against the page, push a narrow line from its tip (spider spit, bolus of sense appearing).

The spotted minnow in the shallows shoulders the current. Sometimes, his tail propels him suddenly upstream.



Photo by Carlos Gauna

