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Piñon

Donald Mace Williams

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Piñon

by Donald Mace Williams

Squat, bristle-boughed, too close to the ground for shade,
It darkens the foothills of foothills, the first pine
On the lowest land that is not plains. You gauge
The nearness of sweet country by it, of high
Mountains where leaves yield, cooling the skin,
When you walk small trails. The tree of getting there.
A traveler who makes piñon slopes his end
Must like heat, rattlesnakes, rocks, and parched camps,
Must choose terrain like a Hurd or an O'Keeffe,
To whose eyes truth means that which is sparse and bleached.



Photo (detail) by Joel Kendall

