

Petroglyph

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Petroglyph

Snow falls that night,
spreads heavy and smooth
like stone, like white granite.
It takes the sharp cut of deer tracks.

In nightgown and bare feet
she follows them, a string
of cloven hearts wandering up from the woods,
past the barn with its scents of straw,

cats, cobwebs; lapping the length
of the skinny tin trailer
where the girl had lain curled
in dreams of slow words; past

her father's red truck
asleep in the driveway, dents filled with snow,
tools covered in the bed made
fresh and clean, no traces

of labor, his sweat, jumbled scraps of lumber; down
the long driveway, to enter
mute pines and bare maples
at the mouth of the road that leads away.

She stands breathing in silvered swirls, heart
thumping; *this is as far as I go*. Snow
takes her print, curved half-moons
cut by the heat of childhood in her skin.

Deborah A. Miranda