



LITTLE DRY CREEK

—SHANN RAY

My grandma sent me
down to the creek bed, knowing
I'd find wonders
I'd never find in the city. Little Dry
full of snakes.
Muscular, thin, green and yellow bright,
they coiled around my wrist
and almost glowed
with peace as they warmed themselves
against my skin. Oh the tensile and lovely body
we all share when the sun makes
our backs shine and we dip our hands
in muddy water to draw forth
serpents. Every Saturday night
my grandmother danced like a storm. A whirlwind
rises on the open plain from nowhere
in sheer delight, and her eyes
when I carried my treasures back to her kitchen
smiled, and she laughed,
that gorgeous old woman
whose kingdom was great.