

Wilderness House Literary Review 7/1

carol lowell

CHRISTINA

She shields her eyes to watch them
As they deign not to see her, lying

On her belly in the grass. She
Observes what she can, feeling an

Intruder to their matter-of-fact
Indifference.

They bare themselves, washing
One-another's limbs with soil and

Uprooted grass. Her eyes, like
Berries in a patch, look up to feel

The sweeping winds, discretely and
Without disgrace, come

To fetch her--out-of-place--another
Out-cast, home