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## Two Poems

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**IT'S BEEN A DRY JUNE**

I was wrong.

Dark blood of dogs  
hunted your skin.  
Winter bones,  
given up for dead,  
circled the night.  
My old-woman anger  
could kill the quiet.  
I was sure we were on our way.

Now there is nothing  
to hide my face,  
my dark wall.

## THE YEAR I STAYED AROUND HOME

When I was alone  
with the heat of that old house  
the valley turned against me.  
I tried to find you along the river.  
Maybe you were playing a game,  
hiding from your father  
in the tall grass growing on the bank.

Then it got dark  
and the moon watched this earth  
like a rescue worker on water.  
Grass turned the color of the brown road.  
The river was going down  
and I could see the rocks  
buried by the hard run of spring.