Fall 1975

Like a Coiled Wire

Ray A. Young Bear
LIKE A COILED WIRE

i am sitting in a hallway
ahead of me i feel the sound
of my legs brushing against
each other through the stiff
new pants

like a coiled wire i am walking
through friends and relatives

we each had to tell each other
that we didn’t belong
to be far away from home
away from the idea of what
we should be

in this hallway i woke up
into a fog wearing brightly
colored clothes and i found myself
again

even then i couldn’t believe
the presence of mountains

and when after three days
had gone into my life
i decided to walk
to the mountains

i kept walking over and coming
upon hills and rows and rows
of houses
and the white rocks on their roofs finally made me realize that the mountains were too far

i thought to myself
they're going to take that away from me too

trying to fill the empty spaces in my mind
i became the train i rode on

racing through dark tunnels
gently asleep
my body still believing itself to be home because of the way the birds sing and that echo telling me this has to be home