

Fall 1975

Like a Coiled Wire

Ray A. Young Bear

Follow this and additional works at: <https://scholarworks.umt.edu/cutbank>



Part of the [Creative Writing Commons](#)

Let us know how access to this document benefits you.

Recommended Citation

Young Bear, Ray A. (1975) "Like a Coiled Wire," *CutBank*: Vol. 1 : Iss. 5 , Article 23.

Available at: <https://scholarworks.umt.edu/cutbank/vol1/iss5/23>

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by ScholarWorks at University of Montana. It has been accepted for inclusion in CutBank by an authorized editor of ScholarWorks at University of Montana. For more information, please contact scholarworks@mso.umt.edu.

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