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The Sunday Swim,  
Comanche Trace  
NOEL CROOK

The canyon ledge was steep and stark,  
the pool below a patch of dark.  
The canyon wrens careened our names  
and from the narrow overhangs  
the lupines leaned and clung, like us,  
to any purchase they could muster.  
We grappled down the frowning rock  
then bolted for the swimming dock,  
slowed to strip down to our skins,  
the bullfrogs plopped to beat us in.  
Other children, dark and bare,  
had bathed and played and squatted there  
and left us shining arrowheads  
along the rocky water's edge.  
The velvet slime squeezed through our toes,  
the water greened our feet and rose  
around our hips and pulled us in,  
filled our arms and cupped our chins.  
Its coolness seeped into an ear.  
The minnows threaded through our hair.  
We floated there along with clouds,  
clouds our ceiling, clouds our ground.

A Healing  
LEANNE O'SULLIVAN

That first day of springtime thaw when the ice began to melt and pour down the mountains,  
I walked to the top of the old mining road  
to hear all the slow loosening and letting go;  
the kick-back of copper and clay from my heels,  
the steady blasts following like the sound of another person's footfall on the shale,  
spirited behind me; the streams that thundered down to disappear again underground  
so the whole place was all tremble and go,  
lightening into a stiller and clearer air.  
I loved the copper-lit, the downhill skid and slack,  
the water roaring out of time, turning back  
with so much sound and rush that it seemed to be gathering strength from ore and dust and clay,  
under the shade of that green and beaten ground.  
From The Mining Road (Bloodaxe, 2013).