

# Path

by A. Pseudonym

Where the sharp white ribs of cattle stand  
and stake the silent rust-red land  
and pierce the rocks amid the sand  
a man sees salamander bands  
a-cracklin on the scree

Where the sun has hit their lizard skin  
and dried them from the outside in  
and stopped the pitter patter din  
of feet so fine and the unshod shins  
of what had tried to be

Wrapped white against the seer and glare  
he scarce can bare to tarry there  
so steps around and on to where  
the footfall takes and brings to bear  
the path that makes him me

