

I Won't Be Back

by Con Chapman

On my snowshoe walk today
a man leaned out his window and
yelled at me to go away.



His wife was upstairs, he said,
shampooing her hair—
she could see me from there.

I didn't think I'd been offensive,
walking lonely, downward looking,
slightly pensive.

He has a pasture empty but for snow and my tracks.
It is just one place I can go—
I won't be back.



I left his field, it was a minor thing,
not worth a fight.
I won't be back—until the spring—
to fly a kite.

