

“Tracking”

By Johanna Ely

The storm has passed—
the ground already dry and cracked.

You walk the trail
in and out of shadows,
search for clues
as trackers do.

The shoe prints
don't match—
one is larger,
the other has more tread.

A dog
with sharp nails
has scratched a message
to its coyote relatives.

Bicycle tire marks
resemble a snake's vertebrae,
a repeating pattern
of connected bones.

Two small leaves—
autumn red,
spring green,
might've gone unnoticed
had you not stared at the ground again,
imagining what the dog looked like,
or the color of the bike.



“A Walk in the Mud”
by Tibby Lerner