



10-2013

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Recommended Citation

Young, Darlene (2013) "Trying to Have a Moment at Capitol Reef," *Inscape*: Vol. 33 : No. 1 , Article 34.
Available at: <https://scholarsarchive.byu.edu/inscape/vol33/iss1/34>

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TRYING TO HAVE A MOMENT IN CAPITOL REEF

by Darlene Young

1.

I don't begrudge the flies a drink of my sweat; it's the squabbling I hate—tizzy blather. Shut up! Let me hear the red rock sitting, a brooding hen.

2.

Freckled, minty breezes.

3.

Why is it that the edges of things are more interesting? Sour-dough, sideways glances, dusk.

4.

The hills like a lover, waiting, barebacked.

5.

The thing about getting old is the realizing that it's just you and the sky, and has been all along. My neck aches from trying to eat it.

6.

Sage against the sky like tangled hair.