



1986

Eleven Lines

Gary Frazier

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Recommended Citation

Frazier, Gary (1986) "Eleven Lines," *Inscape*: Vol. 6: No. 3, Article 16.

Available at: <https://scholarsarchive.byu.edu/inscape/vol6/iss3/16>

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Gary Frazier

ELEVEN LINES

On my grandfather's farm
there was a hard water well
covered with boards curled
at their edges from the sun.
I wasn't to go near, but
the air came too cool between
the cracks and against my skin.
On my belly in the warm dust,
I pushed pebbles and clods
over the rim counting 1, 2, 3,
slowly sounding the dark.