

## Kulning

by Cindy Watkins

Away on the mountains the silence beneath trees will not come to us  
I have been nothing more than the mechanism for a single wide eye

The body tells itself how to lean into a turn, the grass how to green  
Always I lose not myself, but a sense of myself in relation to

There is the sense of home, the knowing how to get there, the when  
There are so many things that do not knot themselves by nature

There have been afternoons on the acreage, the remains of a still  
Hay neatly browsed around rust bone evidence of a cornwhiskey past

I love a field as much as I love what grows in between the stones  
The way the body animal moves as much as how it chooses to be still