

Return (for my father)

Anita Tanner

Over the terra cotta earth
your truck like a cleft-foot goat
grazes homeward.
The down of trees in the hills
reads the dogma of winter coming,
engines winding down and wearing out
even as they whirr,
and the shadows of hawks swooping
overhead, a dissolution.

Riding, a monotony
easily accustomed to,
little altered but the tread
in the tires, lines scored
in your face, how your affections
perceive silence.

Your heart's mewling
urges return.
Heard in the hushed hours,
the moan of homeward.
Things running down, a doom,
but your turning back
into the still of a faraway sun
needs no reputation.

ANITA TANNER resides in Colorado where she enjoys church work with teenagers, a local writer's group, tennis, four-wheeling, poetry writing, and reading. She is the mother of six including one missionary in New York City, wife of one, mother-in-law of two, and grandmother of Brittany.