all of it crying calamity
"Just this. (rest of thought continues in next sentence...)"
You cannot doubt the earth's promise on such a spring day.
He was spared 00. Spare him 00.
Bring it on.
"Food's better. Not so much oink to it."
Trouble was tusking at (him/her/them) again.
The great river of my childhood flowed in the sky. The valley's own dab of stream only nosed and dithered along the flanks of the mountains, like a puppy shadowing its mother. Beyond the Big Belts and across a second valley from ours lay the Missouri, but so new and narrow from its headwaters that it too lacked the proportion to touch and turn a life. But overhead, all such stinginess was turned around. There, mountain rim to mountain rim and stopless as time, the true confluence cut its course--the tidal force of weather shoaling in across the mountains, in blizzard and thundersquall
and chinook and trembling heat. I remember the skewed rhythm of seasons it set: winter, then a pale spring of spring, then summer, then an overnight autumn, and winter once more. And remember, more clearly than the family storm breaking under our roof at the same time, the long ninth winter of my life, with its shadowless snow across a thousand hills. And the crinkled dance of air as July's sun snaked moisture up from green windows of hay.

And, those currents of the sky drum in me now, and, and
There, then, was the course of flow that counts:
the torrent of valley weather that so much of memory charts
itself from.

But this other flashing run through the mind: her.
She counts too, counts so strongly in those years that I
wonder at the space of silence my father later managed to
keep between her life and our life. I know now, as far
A blind horse might be traded with the casual remark that it didn't look very well today.
unused in Owen's "nighttown" scene:

--And among them, the shifters and grifters...

--Birdie gave the shrug of a veteran miscreant and claimed he didn't know diddly about Hugh's whereabouts.
I could see how it might send a man to blue ruin.
...all of accumulated history yawns back, Why not you?"
One of those moments that stays on in the heart.
Anna, naked, 00, 00, 00, 00--00 etc. (Angus' schoolroom memory)