

Daughter of our desert tribe  
runs in the bed of many streams,

proves by dropping one after one  
that stones do not stir the bottom  
she sifts between fingers and toes.

She chews the autumn watercress.  
She looks to see if no one watches.

Thus was averted the Great War—  
the father under a tent of leaves  
teaching the son to taste air.

From *Hunger Weather 1959-1975*