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Flat Hills

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FLAT HILLS

Browning: Flat Hills



ANNAH BROWNING

I went a long time into the disquiet.

I called my names out. Skies

were clearing. Stones like jawbones
covered the field. There

was a long crease—the place
where hills had met. I said,

I'll try and lie down here. I'll try
and get some sleep. Murderers

stood on the edge of the deep
and were lonely. They waved

all their shovels at me—goodness—
goodness, I said—it must

be something like this.