

SKY COVERED WITH CLOUDS

**CAROL
DAVIS**

A tourist in a cowboy hat,
feather, pony tail past his shoulders,
slams his car door and walks into
the trading post.

Probably a rawhide cord around his
tanned, lined neck, a horseshoe
with a turquoise stone bouncing
on his pale chest.

He's come to buy a rug or a soda
or nothing at all.

Another stop on the map to check off,
hours between this reservation and the next.

What makes me so superior?

I too am a spy, sitting in my hogan,
watching him.