

## SHINING BACK

To Marlene

I see you there, shading your eyes, the evening Serengeti sun  
shimmering  
In the day's remaining heat. Something is out there, soaring,  
or gathering around  
A carcass, or knee-deep in a watering hole. It doesn't matter.  
It's all too  
Far off and lost in diminishing layers, the plain blending into  
the sunset  
Beyond the farthest point that you can see. There, in that farther  
landscape, is what you came for:  
The other, the out-of-place, the grain that is the least and most  
of what can be seen.  
And it is there, shining back with its own light into your eyes.  
I see you turning,  
Climbing into the truck, the dusty road, the clear, cold earth-  
circling air, touching down  
In our green Northwest, what you've seen still there, as you come  
toward me and your eyes meet mine.

-David Filer