

Sarah Biggs

HER COYOTE SPIRIT

Her coyote spirit summoned wild cries outside the courtyard. Stood over Turkey Canyon and gazed out to Cochise stronghold across the Sonoran sea. Deformed columns of rock struck out against supple mountain islands and pivoted will against fate amongst metallic Mexican jays phosphorescent in alligator juniper.

She hunched like a dog and called out in the courtyard. For a moment, a stoic moment split like an embryo, fur rose up on her neck and lips curled back to reveal incisors.

In the mountains they say that Cochise is hidden, his body underfoot protected from grave diggers in a secret place. His spirit is said to wander, maybe in the Chiricahuan rocks where rhyolite totems cast grey shadows and refine gravity's fist.

Her haunches tensed, a dry sea rose up to submerge her, a screech- a waning, gibbous moon, silent but for the pack of hungry coyotes outside. They must have found a jack rabbit, or redemption.