1981

Meditation on Friendship: Getting Lost in the Woods with Deena-Jamesville, NY

Judith Minty

Follow this and additional works at: http://ir.uiowa.edu/iowareview

Part of the Creative Writing Commons

Recommended Citation

Available at: https://doi.org/10.17077/0021-065X.2744
Meditation on Friendship: Getting Lost in the Woods with Deena—Jamesville, NY · Judith Minty

You think I am like your grandmother because I’ve been so far North. But even a wolf marks territory, even she sets her teeth, lets no one beyond.

We stand at the edge of winter. The desert beats in your blood. I haven’t lived here long enough, though I tell you I’ve been here before, though in fact not exactly here. These are civilized woods.

You try to put on the skin of this place, but it doesn’t fit, the pelt stretches and binds. Oh friend, we aren’t animals after all. We’re troubled women, unable to see clearly.

These are the oaks where, in October, migrating robins rested. Now chattering half-truths, we step off the path into mud. We know better, still we wander a thread of a creek to bark and dead leaves, musty soil. We’ve not been touched for so long.

Almost dark, and we’re turned to repeating mistakes. I’m ashamed of my feet stumbling, snapping twigs, grown clumsy as old women. They sense the circles we’ve made.

We’re lost and we know it. There’s no farmhouse, no cabin. We’re locked in these woods, the trees our markers, the setting sun our compass.
We need to speak from the heart again, to listen for the river. It's our way out, that water flowing. We need to be led downstream to the bridge, we need to reach the other side touching.