

Three by *N Courtright*

Homecoming after Ten Years

Evening: the glass is just half, the history
is just half,
the grass is green only in patches

and the hills stand up hunched
like people waiting in line—

behind one cloud, a mountaintop
like a tooth—

and a man arrives home
after so many years.

Beyond the mountaintop

the crossing light of the evening
cuts the air

and he can see his leaving

in the cups his hands form
above the brow.

He answers no questions but his own

and if he wanted
he could be anyone here.