

## STRANGER

He has gone down the street, and I know he will  
not be back.

Our street was too walled a place, too tooled a track,  
For him to find or to lose himself; he will not be back.

There was that in the ride of his shoulder and of  
his head,  
That cried for the fumes of a background deeply red.  
There was a demand for fullness in the breaking of  
his tread.

When I see him again I shall see him, not seeing him,  
Carved black against the line of a hill's hot rim,  
Finding and losing himself in the space that has  
lured him.

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