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## *Jeannette Svoboda*

I hike slowly up Rocky Peak Road  
it is seven on a summer morning  
one hundred and thirteen degrees,  
there's a snake laid long  
across the middle of the dirt road  
I throw small pebbles  
near its shiny black and yellow skin,  
I throw small rocks  
on its spread strength,  
it won't move  
it is fat and full of night mice  
I throw a big rock  
it hits hard thickness,  
muscles twitch, slowly it pulls itself  
into the crackling dry weeds.  
when I get home, hot,  
I grab the shiny green hose by the neck  
turn on the pent flow  
stick my face in the cold water  
and stay all afternoon