



*In response to Deborah Llewellyn
Into the Vortex*

Just south of Chinle

I saw a cloud
from the cavernous sky,
fall like an egg
and crack on the black red mesa
Antelope ran out
like scurrying spiders
A black dog gathered
white sheep with black faces
rapidly past the arroyo
running to high pasture
This is monsoon
monster sized
and the warm brown woman
leans into timeless winds,
her bony fingers scraping
at her sheltering headscarf

Melanie Faithful
Roaming Writers



Deborah Llewellyn, *Into the Vortex*, encaustic, shellac, pigment, on wood panel, 36 x 36 inches