

IN THE GREAT QUIET

charades

battling a wildfire	churning butter	canteen of sun tea
Stot glowering	cayenne pepper	vaulting onto a horse
hairpin	shaking out bedsheets looking for a rattler	a tall tale
gun holster	shivering during an ice storm	buried bodies
hammering up a barn	voices in the wind	wildflower
Stot adjusting the brim of his Stetson	red fleece petticoat	oh, my dress is so pretty