

WILLIAM STAFFORD

Our Journey, a Story from the Dust

Every town came true. Every person
stared. Hadn't they seen a boy before?
—and a little dog?—and a bear? It was miles for us,
mirages, heat, cold. We loved each other.
We had to find The North, where Grandmother told
about forest and river—old stories of bravery and friends,
where the world began. It was hundreds of miles. That long
road may never end: a boy, a little
dog, and a bear, in a story so true that still
this dust has to tell it like this again and again.

