



XVIII.



OW this is the end.  
It is three years since  
I first became a wo-  
man-who-goes-hunting-  
with-her-husband. I  
have lived on jerked  
deer and alkali water, and bathed in  
dark-eyed pools, nestling among vast  
pines where none but the four footed  
had been before. I have been sung  
asleep a hundred times by the coyotes'  
evening lullaby, have felt the spell of  
their wild nightly cry, long and mourn-  
ful, coming just as the darkness has  
fully come, lasting but a few seconds,