

**On Finding *Lord Grizzly*  
in Hemingway's Library**

In a land denied by America  
Hemingway's house in  
San Francisco de Paulo  
holds in its heart his ways,  
his dusty books--nine hundred,  
I'm told. His hands touched  
each one, opened, savored it,  
placed it in a hallowed spot  
among the others.

A random photo taken  
by a friend, her love of books  
urging her, unknowing,  
to move her hand, to aim,  
record the moment. She  
forgets her gesture. But  
later, her random act  
brings back fifty years,  
and two American voices  
struggling to be heard.

I imagine 1954,  
the year Papa won  
the prize for peace.  
I imagine his hand  
closing over this book,  
a journey, another voice.  
A story of endurance,  
of crawling over earth  
to avenge desertion.  
I imagine him  
reading, in this time of  
careful peace, the story  
once, then again. He  
pauses, looks into space  
a moment, imagines dirt  
and worms, beetles, the  
grinding pain of broken leg,  
the fury of clawed flesh,  
of maggots on the back.

He marvels at the courage.

He could be the man crawling.  
He would know  
how the land lies,  
how to endure the world,  
a place where wounds  
and pain light the rugged  
path over the next hill,  
the hiding behind brush  
until the predator gives  
up the scent. He would  
know what to say to the  
man, the other voice.

He would recognize a brother.