

## UTSA Featured Poet: Alexis Haight

### Scales on the Harp

Fingers ripple into the palm,  
dive under her thumb and  
reach out for the next  
strings, but they always  
fall short of the incessant  
tock, tock, tock.

Each hand a spider, fingers  
tumbling up the red, white,  
white, black, white, white,  
white, red string, rolling  
one over the other,  
clutching each finger,  
fourth, third, second, thumb,  
to her palm after it strikes  
its string. But crossing under  
the thumb, fingers tangle and fall,  
tripping off the nylon and gut  
like unraveling braids.

*“Slow down.”*

Now she clenches her fists, waiting  
five beats before touching her fingers,  
cupped and tense, to the strings.

*“Patience. You must have patience  
for the crossings.”*



*Alexis Haight is a graduate student in UTSA's M.A. in English program. She has published a flash piece with The Flash Fiction Press and penny fictions with Haunted Waters Press. She is also an editor for UTSA's literary journal Sagebrush Review.*