

When the Poisons Begin Doing Damage

You Pause

in the doorway, look back, observe.
Inside the stucco is a house, inside the house
is where you live -- a dwelling smeared with lime,
the air dusted with cement product, and so
your swollen throat, inflamed lungs.

You Flee

Stain your composure:

rattle away in your blue Subaru aplomb, a less
and less tight assemblage, the dirt road

another form of imminence. To the west,
the gorge: its beckon and shale.

To the East:

town. It's buildings composed
of %\$@!+ and metals stolen from the ground.
Everywhere disorienting reflectors.
A crew of convex mirrors. Red, blue, brown.

Synthetic is the glue that holds
the straight up. Pastes it upright. Bond beams
and floodlights. Walmart and Walgreens.
Only the Pueblo and Church of St. Francis de Assisi
seem made of their natural impermanence.

Forest. Straw. Clay. Sand .. .

A bucket of water
from the spring.

Revulsion, Sets In

You are (a little) afraid of your whirlwind,
it's counter-clock-wise movement from the past,
so you head responsibly east, to the town, to the job. ..

You intend

But at the edge of

At West Romero Road & Hwy 68, you can't

(I mean it isn't what –

okay –

it repels.)

The Unconscious Issues a Warning

[the dream snaps you awake.

Says: get up now, pack toothpaste, your black cloth bag
with local market insignia, books,
lucky underwear, and favorite all-purpose cup.

Says: refuse a brain-full of lesions,
a liver full of lead. Panicked? No --
focused, with an edge.]

In Order to See –

no, not *see* –

In order to *enter*

her, you

whirl – make a u-

turn, set off

across

the open mesa

to the eight-hundred foot deep

gorge

You Press

with your toes in their

shoes at the edge of the snake-slit

tear into the immediate

cracks dark entering places

between rocks
absorb through
each iris
the undulation
shimmer of stone
composition cliff sides in
movement
winding
in sea-like waves
below and all around until

Now
you can give it full rein
this that you feel
for her
in her wilderness form
her ancient and nearly waterless
ocean floor, overcast,
benightedly undercast

You can

breathe

her air, its cataphatic movement

against skin, your hands

*What a relief to open her garment
to enter her raiment: its sophia and sage*

*Blue hills rise to mountains
The roll and curve, if earth
be her
in the round*

