

Our Art

It snugs the curve of flow,
molds morphologies of swamp,
and stirs the cock of mongrel ears
as we recognize survival
of our image.

In virescence of spring,
continuum of autumn,
and winter summer sine
we recognize survival
of our time.

Nontextual balance shifts
as the singularity tips
desire's icicle from a roof
that faces the other limit
of our own.

It imitates imagination,
sensing shapes that whorled
within casings of bone
the first night in that seaside cave
of our home.

Is Old Tom Frost a Gypsy?

The narrow ruts that led from under the Juniper
to the sneaking lane drank the day's first shadows
and appeared the vintage of pulp cutter years
although yesterday the earth had been unblemished.

It was late evening when they hailed me to the fire.
At the time I had six foot stanzas stacking
in my mind but now they have vanished
like nomad wagons over high winter passes.

I have sought that ethnicity ever since
to find the bandannoeed mustachioed man,
the coal-eyed color wheel of teasing zills,
and the one-eyed vigilant clucking crone.

I suspect Tom is one; a stickman silhouette
with a squeezey box writhes in branches at dusk
and lurch-spins under the heart of Saturday night
like a drunken scarecrow on the run.

Once, an eco-terrorist's wife and daughter
shopped beside me in Safeway's candy aisle.
The mother had hacked old-ivory hair
and a jutting elbow-hooked accusing nose.

I know the difference between witch and rover
but I thought she might know of the hydden roads.
I didn't ask since the young woman's lucent bloom
struck me dumb and only now I compose from it.

Sundown Rides in an Evening Sky

They mosey 'round the tipi rings up onto Longview Hummock.
Comanche Champ III low-sets his head as is his wont these days.
The grizzled rider squints towards the south and thoughts of Texas,
the Goodnight Loving Trail, Wyoming, Montana, Whoop-Up,
and Johnny Ware's Bar U drift over him like smoke and dust and rain.

Beyond foothill shades the Rockies edge red clouds and by the hooves
a fieldstone carved: *Bill Yomers 1820-1909*, camps with one old boot
and a coil of rusted barbwire. Yonder, a pair of steers still graze,
some Mulies bounce along the coulee's draw, a Golden Eagle dips,
and silence holds a final remembrance between sun, prairie, and air.

Yet, beyond the dome a transcontinental thunders stampede echoes
and news from over the ocean flashes and troubles like saddle bones.
His thoughts seem to manifest then, like storm scent will kiss a cheek.
A distant low growl now grows, now shivers, now shatters the moment.
Champ's ears slant back and the cowboy gapes up at a flying machine.

Legacy

We sow ghosts in dreams of dust and sea;
tempest hail blurs submissive mud,
wake wave inklings shimmer-titter
down the shore of a balmy night.

The Highland Heart

The highland heart ascends
moraines of pulvered stone
past where a ragged fringe
has cast the highest cone.
It sings on fishbone cols,
it calls the herring sea,
old culture gasps thin air
and coughs up gritty scree.
We emigrate to sky
and chute down age's face
eroding imperatives
of soul
and lords
and race.
An esker wind of blood
beyond the ebb of stream
will flow so white and blue:
last glacier's
last dream.