

PILGRIMAGE TO BLUE

The ripe moon mounts a steepled tower,
hailing the appointed time for celebrants
of some ancient rite my cells seem to remember
here in the high blue watching places.

A summer-shedding coyote flings itself leanly
into the chase of shadows, silent as a star shooting.
Tollways vanish in the ash patterns
of a potter's cold fire. Custom-made cacophony
is buried under the humps of hogans
listening to Venus rising.

In the morning I'll inhale turquoise horizons
unscaled by tall containers stacked together
by corporate cliff dwellers. I'll move slowly
through granite halls posing for the centuries,
staging endless similes under the direction
of wind and water, enclosing nothing but samples
of light and a lone hawk's treble. I'll search
for the shine and sharp of obsidian and ocotillo,
I'll touch sand, pinyon, and a sweating pinto.

Leaving, I'll stop, turn and stare at pronghorns
just as they wheel back to stare round-eyed at me.

Undiluted azure anoints me now, my mouth tastes
of royal. And the crimped mass of wires and coils
within me loosens like the brittle clench

of a resurrection plant in rain.