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Wyoming Entry

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WYOMING ENTRY

Somebody half-asleep knows this,
a broken-field runner still
dreaming of the Rose Bowl, understands
this early fall, the crisp weather
we've moved into rummaging our hedges,
a last bee outside our mullioned panes
rummaging the pale leaves and berries.
My Eastern sense of foliage and stone
is burdened by the full yellowing top
of cottonwood, the issue of stone ranges,
snow whitening stone and pine fire
luring my dry hands. No matter how I
force resemblances, these flat roofs,
burnt orange or turquoise eaves and windows
are not East, these winds channeled
down off stone, broken where the high plains
drop off into Nebraska. Wyoming then,
dream risen up from sage, stirred up
in this house raised a little after Statehood:
I am at once and temporarily here by contract,
taken by these sharp integral blues
dreams rise to, this woman bearing flowers
into the face of traffic, this plenty
of subversions at the fringe
of desert and tall peaks.