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The Myth of the West

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THE MYTH OF THE WEST

Off an island coast the gray shark's embryo sinks.

A sudden storm weaves a net of stimulation.

This velvet subversion; a diver walks backwards into the tide and listens from his heels as the ocean hums in the flat blue language of the computer screen.

On the frigid side of a mountain a fern unfurls. A man on horseback picks through a clear-cut.

Traffic lights weep from hidden lacerations at 2AM the freeway jangles its spurs across the routes of the west.

Drought radiates from a sidewalk's whorled spine. Ocean salt scours an inland parking lot.

And a river, cradle of the deciduous town, is a split carcass bleeding sand.

One day
a fractured skull may break free
of the anthropologist's saline myth.
A glacial wind will pull the names
from the watertower's hunched shoulders.

Ninety-seven horses paw out from fingerlights of dappled ground.