

encompasses all steeples  
 as she lies,  
                   orient moths  
           flying from her mind  
           making a mockery of the clock.

we know the stories,  
                   of nuts and oil,  
           our hand-strain measured  
           by the wrench;  
 building structures  
           with our failing bones --  
           still the sun shines through them,  
 and we  
           cast no shadow ...

and look toward the sea  
           where a figure,  
                   star sunk in its head,  
           rises, waist-deep wading in ...  
 stand up, master us, oh man, beast,  
                   or woman ...

### Galleons

Outside the flowering oleanders  
           become insidious,  
           grow eyes

girls pass:  
   a snake climbs the wall  
           and licks his lips at the clock

the desk slides across the room,  
           cannons rolling in a ship

on a bald hill  
           a mongrel  
           pitted with mange  
           wags his head at a white moon.

### Arizona Highways

World famous it can be had  
           almost anywhere, in supermarkets,  
           in drug stores piled next to True Confessions  
 for sale in billiard rooms,  
           and even (I must imagine this, having  
                   never been there) on the stalls  
           beneath the greasy green lights of New York

a jocular prose telling our conditions,  
           historical anecdotes, and articles teachers

can be safe reading to their high-school classes;  
even poems.

pictures of snow on cactus.

the Governor cited it: "the major  
impetus building our tourist trade;"  
then lapsed back grunting  
into his smoke.  
snowbirds ask for "The Bible of the State,"  
send yearly subscriptions  
to crippled Aunts hacking  
and blizzard-bound back home

with a note,  
"picking oranges at Christmas,  
arthritis all but gone ..."  
in their spongy air-conditioned cars  
ride toward the locale  
of a recent article,  
flushed and knowledgeable,  
ride through our forests ...

our eyes following them, the soul's  
needles knowing  
of it all the pictures  
lie the least,  
the account of a virgin's  
internal organs, about to  
be ravished ...

### Soft Tacos

If someone could stop  
the locomotive that pulls every  
day at two toward Paisano Pass,  
going backwards and  
white volutions of smoke  
pouring from its rear,  
a solid tearing into  
puffs that circle counterclockwise around us  
from the rickety village we watch,  
poorly armed with rakes  
and straw swats; on the hillsides  
springs stop. cows stand eaten  
by rust and wired to the stubble.  
it never reaches the top

midgrade Mescaleros  
attack it, whooping  
from burrows, shoot rubber arrows  
that grow on our roofs.  
sit astride its back  
stuffing themselves with cake