

So Far

1

Dizzy Captain
García López
de Cárdenas

—orders
three good
men over
the rim in
advance of
some godless
thirst

["they had
no European
analogue so
no concept
for the size"]

commands
the river
is roughly
three meters
across say
a four-hour
hike into

his nodding
Hopi guides
peering into
the canyon
for three days
of 1540
in the year
of their Lord—

falls back
to Cibola
to Francisco
Vázquez
de Coronado

2

Flying
over the
Grand Canyon
under my
scrutiny
my son
finally asleep
on my lap
I order
receive
a whiskey
on the rocks

we feel
bound the
conquest
of some
unspeakable
depth

what faith
does it name
yet refuses
to quantify

a voice
'here's
a hint
asshole
it nearly

rhymes
with *move*'

the
Colorado River
is a flashy
blue ribbon
half of
a delicate
split
finish line

Cibola
is nowhere
in sight