

*Ghost Town*

He highballs into Yuma and

the desert is looking at him,  
its dry eyes sizing him up  
not saying where she is,

but howling her name  
contrapuntally against chants,  
rattles, the wheeze of old metal

until he would have been the grit  
in doorways, between layers  
of clothing, any irritant

To adhere where she might come