Richard Lyons

MONOLITH, WEST TEXAS

Peach on the dash, meaty compass I taste to the pit-stone, I barely reach for you the way, off-stage, an actor in black

hesitates as if his mother's room were always there before him,

before me, the white sky like a shade stretched to the horizon, the ruby fruit of the cholla electric with messages.

Six miles away, El Capitan, an austere piece of jade, pins down the bewildered edge of Texas.

I want to say my seeing has placed it there like a jar in Tennessee, but it's not tamed much, Nothing in its dominion, the seam of my coat a fast kiss, my body as luminous as a tortured soul in da Vinci rising & falling through apparitions of itself.

