

a spectacular machine. Hooray! Hats  
off—they're making a window in the sand!  
Mom's in the tree—picture this—all alone!  
Unforgettable kisses, comic book  
mnemonic kisses, O something's coming  
out of the ranch road heat mirage. That drone—  
an engine? Mom quits practice & looks  
east, cups an ear to the beloved humming,  
the hazy gold dust kicked wildly west  
ahead of something almost . . . in . . . sight. Vroom!  
It's the Future, hot like nothing else, dressed  
as a sonic-boom Cadillac. O mom!  
This land *is* your land/This land Amnesia—  
they're dropping some new science out there,  
a picture-perfect hole blown clear to Asia:  
everything in the desert—Shazam!—turns  
to glass, gold glass, a picture-window where  
the bomb-dead kids are burned & burn & burn

1/16/91

No matter how far we back away from ourselves  
this scene will not reveal itself as a movie set.  
Not the low building not the couple meeting out front  
& not the desk clerk who is sick of it all.  
The sign flashing dirty green/pink/off & on again  
eludes through its perfectness—a dull trick—  
the possibility of being a propmaster's deceit.  
STOP HERE / X-L MOTEL / STOP HERE.  
Because this is all there is to know  
we know that someone here is desperate.

By the Atlas Evening News it is almost morning  
in a different faraway city—a foreign city—  
while here night is just starting to lay out  
its necessaries on the nightstand:  
a slow gyroscope doubling as an alarm clock  
a lowgloss magazine & a certain number of shiny things  
unaccountably remembered as planets or coins.  
We cannot believe the desk clerk's radio  
has just said something like “diplomatic bombing”  
as it crosscuts between correspondents & home.

There is a brief statelessness in all this fluxing  
where we can be exactly everywhere.  
Lovers sliding in past the oily facade  
do not believe in each other as much as they believe  
in Valentino & some fantastical Casbah—  
signs for that part of it all before desire broke itself.  
The desperate ones know how all-that-refers  
must in the end rise from the bed of the real  
& ascend into the theatrical evening  
where our false light stutters neon neon none . . .

We are travelling into the new theology  
or rather this is what the couple is doing.  
This is the time—finally this is the time—  
that it will be miraculously sexy & last all night.  
The clerk will be stunned into a passionate life  
& hagiographers will surround the motel