

*Laura Nichols*

GHAZAL: CHAMA

Late fall in the mountains  
between Colorado and New Mexico.

Rust running like sap from a barbed wire fence.  
One gun-metal Ford Tempo on the left side of the road.

Peripheral vision is a taut wire  
at the timber line. Fingernails of rain.

A bullet rips a trident deep into the trunk of an aspen.  
Three fingers' impression on the wrist.

Orange-red columbine, deer tracks, and cow shit?  
Rocks, soft ochre and blanketed with moss in the palms of the hands.