

THE MYTH OF THE WEST

Off an island coast
the gray shark's embryo sinks.

A sudden storm
weaves a net of stimulation.

This velvet subversion;
a diver walks backwards into the tide
and listens from his heels
as the ocean hums
in the flat blue language of the computer screen.

On the frigid side of a mountain
a fern unfurls.
A man on horseback picks through a clear-cut.

Traffic lights weep from hidden lacerations
at 2AM
the freeway jangles its spurs
across the routes of the west.

Drought radiates from a sidewalk's whorled spine.
Ocean salt scours an inland parking lot.

And a river, cradle of the deciduous town,
is a split carcass bleeding sand.

One day
a fractured skull may break free
of the anthropologist's saline myth.
A glacial wind will pull the names
from the watertower's hunched shoulders.

Ninety-seven horses
paw out from fingerlights
of dappled ground.