

TOD MARSHALL

Describe Manifest Destiny to High Modernism

Waking to white mountains,
toothy music, a soothing
settling into the saddle,
or long strides through the twiggy landscape
of a fading painting,
Meriwether Lewis
despairing
in Tennessee.

Wagons whisper
through sand, prairie schooners stuck
near stacks
of buffalo skin and barrels of tongue
to sing the blues
of Meriwether Lewis
like nothing else
from here to Tennessee.