

Rivers Of Clouds

I think of you
air lines away from me,
circling
around your part of home.

The breeze blows ovals around
my face like a picture frame.
I try to write the shape in letters.

Each day, the night is full of sparks:
I watch the angular strands of lightning
writing fires into the pines.

I can't make you see Arizona.
There is too much orange;
there is

the blue jean blood of the sky.

You don't know me
with a moonrise behind my neck,
in a canyon traced by horizons.

America is wider than you
thought. It goes on spreading
like a rumor between oceans.

The longest highways
have gone
down my throat
with rivers of clouds.

You have to come this way to find me.