

Leave Your Skin on the Highway

Coyote country—
where sandstone bleeds
drawing the wet desert.

What is no longer here
asks you to imagine
the bedrock of beauty.

Looking over our shoulders
these rocks care nothing for us—
handsome passageways,

subversive trails preaching
ghostly flashes and starlit
skin walkers, shadows carrying bone.

The wind is talking of guns
and chants like an old truck on a mountain road.
Like a small bird trusts the sky—

an ash-throated flycatcher
depending on the desert.

I too find myself seeking refuge:
to be spared the thousands of years of damage,
I hide under the arches.
I perform each ritual under
your rotation of stars.