

High Desert as a Hollywood Hoax

—*White Rock Overlook, New Mexico*

If I stare far enough up, *out*,
tilt my neck like a silo,

it's clear you're phoning
it in. Horizon

like a ripcord, & sky
begging belief—

the bulk, wool bluff
of a thunderhead

that, if I'm honest now,
is *too* lonesome,

too acrylic-on-canvas
for anyone's good.

What's the point
of looking

like a matinee if nothing
ever rides into frame?

& what I really mean
is, you're too much

of the right thing.
Air, rumorous

as a belfry; your dry-
ice light, pinning

& parching, until every-
thing seems one

good kick from
crumble,

& the Rio Grande
below no longer

slips like a smoke

into stone, flint,

angel exhalations
of mesa-pine,

but flows to where
soundstage ends,

& back-drop begins—
the exact acre

I could reach
to touch your ply-

wood. Press palm
to a horizon

not yet dried,
a distance,

too soon. *Thermals. Clay.*
The cloud dragging

its flat shadow,
a lake

over rock & pan.
This ersatz

yonder that makes us
feel we're always

just now galloping
into scene, off-

script, & miss-
ing cue.