

## 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, rumorously

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.