

South Out of Silver

South out of Silver where they still dream,
half a moon past midsummer,
last night's full moon performance:
lovers confused by an old man's desire:
a changeling boy his fairy queen
had nicked and meant to keep for her own.

Dropping down from the high pine
into oak and juniper woodland:
mountains of copper-mine wastes,
carcasses of unlucky deer.

Over the continental divide
into the alkali sinks:
dust devils raising hell
on both sides of I-10,
the signs before the cutoff
to Animas warning: EXTREME CAUTION
VISIBILITY MAY BE ZERO.

South again at Road Forks:
the chaparral giving way to mesquite-
grassland the blacktop runs through
leaving small game for buzzards and ravens —
their wings against the sun-bleached fields
and robin's-egg sky keeping us
from being hypnotized by
the literal meaning of everything
as we head out of the Land of Enchantment
into this corner of Arizona
where one old timer after another
is having dreams they don't remember.