

In the Wires Strung from Steel Towers

In the wires strung from steel towers
Trembling like lightning rods in expectation,
In the trees, the dark (the moon is new),

From unseen icy peaks in the blackened east,
Highpitched syllables just out of range:
Old Cactus Woman singing in the desert night

The song of Mosquito, the song of Bat,
Mescalito's rainbow played on the eardrum,
Choral mountain waters silent beneath

The fading voice of their nymph-winged young.
You must be lost by now, my sister,
The way we move, never taking time

To build a proper roof, make a proper
Bed, passing through wherever we go,
Never still enough for you to catch up.

Listen. Take my advice. It's a hell
of a life. You're probably better
off not being reborn.

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