

## **Last Month Someone Stole *The Scream***

Last month someone stole *The Scream* and now  
my shoes how sadly ignorant dumb as clouds  
over the moon walking off without me and the light  
a fragrant breeze reminding me so to speak  
it is after all spring not summer despite the jagged  
lightning above the Chiricahuas earlier tonight  
forecasting what promises in this heat to be  
July before long the sky flooding with violent excuses  
for being itself instead of standing there waiting  
for you to call in the post mortem like that stone tower  
on the postcard outside Jacumba sticking up in the blue  
between the boulder-strewn devil's playground  
climbing toward the exurban west and that flat  
alkali below-sea-level depression  
to the east where the muddy Colorado slides towards the Gulf  
compounding grey Mojave with red Sonoran  
where something thin and hungry wanders through the Joshua trees  
we saw for the first time forty years ago there  
with our Indian alcohol suicide fantasies  
and other facts of death far from our nubile minds  
imagining something like but wonderfully unlike  
Christian salvation in the touch of our wet red-skinned dreams  
under the shimmering diamond sky and earth we came  
of age on remembering where we had never been  
our bodies released by longing simple as molecules  
worn down in the sand's ancient interstices  
reaching towards each other even then crude  
necklaces hung from our fingers offering peace and goodwill  
the most that love is allowed to give these latter days  
when words like unclaimed baggage fly back and forth  
a many-headed monster caught in mirrors on either side  
of the down escalator dwindling out in either direction.