

## Small Favors

Turquoise Coyotes and copper Kokopellis, cowboy kitsch  
and Navajo bling, revival tent religion, *Arizona Highways*  
sunsets and two-faced bolo-tie politicians,  
wells going dry, family farms bankrupted  
by global market industrial agriculture brought in  
under laws and regulations that encourage unlimited pumping  
(thousands of gallons/minute from thousands of feet down)  
passed and kept in effect by commerce-monger true believers  
who have no doubt the world was created solely for our use  
or that Providence will provide until the end days  
prove this world of flesh blood and water no more than a phase  
on a preordained path to immaterial eternity.

Thanks for small favors: the rancher who holds the grazing lease  
of the section of State Trust Land along the north fence  
is out there with his excavator now that growing season is past  
grubbing up the mesquite and whitethorn (chasing off the birds  
and animals who lived there) to provide grass for his cattle  
in coming years, assuming the drought lets up (trees I've known  
for decades on that horizon disappearing one after one  
to the growl and mechanical clunking of his long-necked machine)  
ripping them up by the roots and leaving them in piles of dirt  
instead of spraying herbicides as cattlemen commonly do  
but he, for whatever reasons, didn't. Thanks for small favors.