

Inkopah

Suburban cowgirls with rainbow lovers
flat out across the sand in little pickups
eyes smooth as tetraethyl lead
shimmering in the air exhausted, lethal:
thin as the sky they plunge into sulphurous sunsets
radioactive chemical wind,
crystalline peaks of ore-ridden bodies.

Slick as a razor in their boots
down through political seas
slicing the cats-eye moon
this alkali desert
salty as Lot's wife
looking back on deluvian times
twenty-mule teams
driven by a B-actor

gem-like sand skirting the foothills
dry as oblivion boulder-strewn
devil's playground a moonscape of faces
mouths gaping idiotically into the sky.