

chorus 8 / Ojito Canyon

light advances up the canyon named Ojito, little eye
black scatter of magpies in deepening blue
two flags trace the wind
one flag says America one flag says gold
aspen leaves flicker all the way from the trunk
i open my palm to the cold day
but my fingers
curl slowly in
a comma a
soft
clench to bracket
the sense
of this land as
a lamina of ghosts
its haunted slivers stacked

do it right demands the royal blue bucket under the sink
do it right *most curious to me the visible world*
in that it has no motive when lost in the visible world
beware bending the map
be careful around water
note the eye watching from behind
the eye that cannot close
note light's tidal scrutiny
and the black, shiny eye that cannot close
not unkind, neither kind unblinking
note which direction water flows
away or towards sight