

the distant hills

There are hills, rounded,
squeezed up out of chaos, chrome and vermilion
painted, aspiring to the snowline. Between the hills lie
full of intolerable sun glare, or narrow
valleys drowned in a blue haze.

After rains water
accumulates in the hollows of small closed valleys,
evaporating, leaves hard levels of desertness
Where mountains are steep and
rains heavy, the pool is never quite dry, but dark and bitter
. A thin
crust of it along the marsh over , which
has neither beauty nor freshness.

The sculpture of the
hills here is more wind , though the quick storms do
sometimes scar them past . In all the
Western desert edges there are miniature at the famed,
terrible Grand Canon, if you keep on long enough
, you will come at last.

a hill country one expects to find springs,
are often brackish
, or maddening .

Here
winds on the tilted mesas
dance, whirling up into pale sky. Here you have no rain

. A land of lost rivers, with little in
it to love; yet a land that once visited must be come back to