

Ash over Utah

That day in June, too
close to the day spent

blinking bone from my eyes,
where desert willows flip

their hair like silver coins
& hummingbirds work the wombs

of thistle & primrose. In the Valley
of the Gods, we are without

a want for chaos, for jutting steeples.
Here, between red ridges of wind-

worn sandstone, in the remains
of a parched landscape, I watch

rock wanting to part—
a chicken balanced on an egg,

you in a black plastic box. I bury
what's left, stall, then toss you

to this wind that breathes
a fire of flowers out.