on a train, rushing through america
the last light in the observation deck
to feel the sun on your face again
the sun is normal again, no longer a gift
trees crackling as if already burning
remember blue lizards on white rocks
remember snow at sunset
eyes on the road, ruthie, hands on the wheel
the lights of climbers moving
like fireflies against the rockface
the aspen trees, tremble tremble in the sun

this landscape is making me thirsty
all that sky
and naked pain

sunfish
lie heavy in the water
the crackle of electricity
from behind the light switch