



HITCHHIKER'S ORACLE

Blow on blow from diesel trucks, big
hands, big winds, the gust
of the intermountain express comes on

through gun-sights blasted in granite
& slams down on me. Collapsing
radio waves, the monsoon of public

mother love, invisible hands, all
the voices of a murdered man, explode
the throat of a medium, thirsty crone.

Shook & mistook, my eyes swing across
on another truck. Between her cracked-up
lips, a phlegm puppet jumps

as she speaks, a blur bouncing above
the sequined words reflected on windshields,
a rattled die, a half-digested

white man. This is me, deep in the maw
as is one who walks the concrete
& waits for happen, a rim to dance on.

And in time my beaked totem lover
will devour my visions as dirt-grained hamburger,
black by pine fire in a circle of stone,

grit in the serpent's mouth, in the mountain
spine of the continent. There will I lie
in the new earth, in isolate silence:

astral turbines, trees of light
and, seen from out of the crack
in a empty, porous, sky-blue egg,

mornings of spiders & ants in the hands of the grass.