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Stephen Davenport

UP FROM THE WRECK CONJURING MONTANA SONNET

No more diving into the wreck. From this point on,
move outward, over, through. Think prairie grass, badlands.
Think mountains. Trade your harpoon for a Remington.
Conjure Montana. Call it Buffalo Eden.
Give up the genius of the sea for the dark myth
of Tonto and the narrative of open fields,
but understand this first. Drawn tight as tom-tom skins,
you want the bang bang of it drumming like blood noise
in the rush of your loins to violence, though later
you'll deny the dumb animal grunt of it or,
worse, claim it comes from a dark place apart from you.
Tonto is the name we give to unchecked desire,
the place in us that understands dismemberment,
the open fields in us that resist narrative.