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Ghazal: Chama

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Laura Nichols

GHAZAL: CHAMA

Late fall in the mountains
between Colorado and New Mexico.

Rust running like sap from a barbed wire fence.
One gun-metal Ford Tempo on the left side of the road.

Peripheral vision is a taut wire
at the timber line. Fingernails of rain.

A bullet rips a trident deep into the trunk of an aspen.
Three fingers' impression on the wrist.

Orange-red columbine, deer tracks, and cow shit?
Rocks, soft ochre and blanketed with moss in the palms of the hands.