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Monolith, West Texas

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Monolith, West Texas

Peach on the dash, meaty compass I taste to the pit-stone, 
I barely reach for you

the way, off-stage, an actor in black
hesitates as if his mother’s room were always there before him,

before me, the white sky like a shade stretched to the horizon,
the ruby fruit of the cholla electric with messages.

Six miles away, El Capitan, an austere piece of jade,
pins down the bewildered edge of Texas.

I want to say my seeing has placed it there

like a jar in Tennessee,

but it’s not tamed much, Nothing in its dominion, the seam of my coat
a fast kiss, my body as luminous as a tortured soul in da Vinci
rising & falling through apparitions of itself.