

Ghost Ranch

How beautiful to be.
Alone.

Clean and sere
dune and mesa—

the empty road.

My music,
just the fluted owl,
howl
of the coyote.

Countless wheeling suns
my comforter.

Nectar of the cactus rose
enough
for sustenance.

I choose this spare
and elemental place,
choose
this body, weathered
as the piñon—
honed
into an instrument
of unapologetic
truth.

This scalpel, now
can carve
the hard architecture
of bone,
reveal

the beating
flower's

heart.