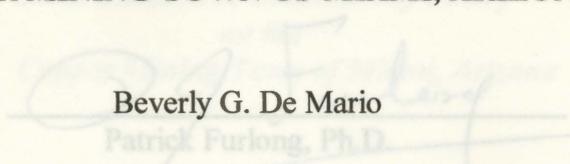
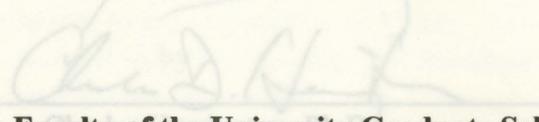


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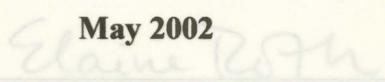
**IDEAL CLIMATE: A COLLECTION OF POETRY  
ON THE  
COPPER MINING TOWN OF MIAMI, ARIZONA**

  
Beverly G. De Mario

Patrick Furlong, Ph.D.

  
**Submitted to the Faculty of the University Graduate School  
in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree  
Master of Liberal Studies in the College of Liberal Arts and Sciences  
Indiana University South Bend, Indiana**

Monica Tetzlaff, Ph.D.

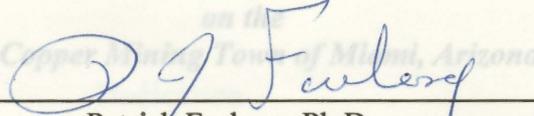
  
May 2002

Elaine Roth, Ph.D.

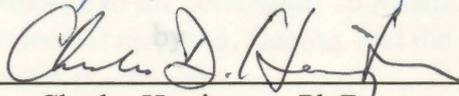
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*Ideal Climate: A Collection of Poetry*

*on the*  
*Copper State of Arizona*  


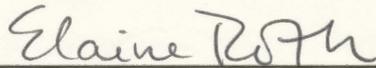
Patrick Furlong, Ph.D.



Charles Harrington, Ph.D.



Monica Tetzlaff, Ph.D.



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April 30, 2002

*Ideal Climate: A Collection of Poetry  
on the  
Copper Mining Town of Miami, Arizona*

**Dedication**

*Ideal Climate* is dedicated to the community of Miami, Arizona which has taught me the values of meaning, naming, and the importance of memory by which these poems exist.

Beverly G. De Mario

**Introduction**

**Acknowledgments**

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...to Sue West at Naropa Institute in her constant inspirations... to Rebecca Brittenham for expressing a genuine interest...to Randy Coleman, Darlene Catello and Dale Gibson who have supported me as true friends in my greatest needs. All of these individuals and many more have assisted, directed, and supported my efforts to produce a collective work honoring the importance of place, metaphor, and communal imaging.

The poems in *Ideal Climate* are intended not only as challenges, but also as providing a partial re-examination of the reader's own perception of human dignity in a changing environment, whether external or internal. It is my hope that the reader will gain new awareness of the importance of the peripheral, and how boundaries must be crossed to prevent the potential from being reduced to a mere interpretation of the language.

There are two distinct elements in these poems that determine the way of reading: one is pre-conception, the other is human participation. It is my hope that the poems will provide the necessary direction for readers to re-examine their own voices by which the unique, vibrant spirit of place, culture, and tradition may be restored. The true history is the

## Introduction

## Acknowledgments

My appreciations to Monica Tetzlaff, Elaine Roth, and Charles Harrington who graciously accepted and encouraged me to focus my MLS project on Arizona...my deepest thanks to Consuelo and Antonio Chaidez who continue to support my poetic sensibilities and have patiently awaited my arrivals...to Delvan Hayward for sincere efforts to maintain communal memory...to Sue West at Naropa Institute in her constant inspirations... to Rebecca Brittenham for expressing a genuine interest...to Randy Coleman, Darlene Catello and Dale Gibson who have supported me as true friends in my greatest needs. All of these individuals and many more have assisted, directed, and supported my efforts to produce a collective work honoring the importance of place, metaphor, and communal imaging.

## Introduction

All humanity has a deep need to understand not just each other, but the evolving image of the community to which they belong. Poetry, I believe, is the ideal vehicle by which to examine the inherited metaphors that result in that image: discipline, passion, resistance, and courage. Such communal metaphors can render apparently simple rural experience as a universal restorative element, in the process distinguishing specific sensitivities and sensibilities of individuals in that community. The poems collected under the title *Ideal Climate* examine the thematic metaphors of a community I know and love during a particular time of my own experience: the 1950's, 1960's and 1970's.

Because of the strength of the communal metaphors, the poems are developed through a community persona, a collective "we," in order to provide the emotive measure of the community's sense of its landscape, varied inhabitants, and collective industries. The use of communal images in these poems provides the reader and persona with a common bridge of experience, connecting surface images with unconscious acts of individual imaging. Through this sharing, the reader is encouraged to take part in the creative effort.

The poems in *Ideal Climate* are intended not only to challenge, but assist in providing a parallel examination of the reader's own perception of human fragility in a changing environment, whether external or internal. It is my hope that the reader will gain new awareness of the importance of the peripheral, and how boundaries must be crossed to prevent the persona from being reduced to a silent fleeting shadow on the landscape.

There are two distinct elements in these poems that determine the act of remembrance: one is preconception, the other is immediate examination. It is my intention that the poems will provide the necessary directives for readers to experience the inter-connective voices by which the copper mining spirit of Miami, Arizona has survived and may be restored. Because memory is an

important vehicle to incorporate and transform communal imaging in place and time, I have chosen to alternate the personas of a collective “we” with the individual voices of individual miners, prostitutes, ranchers, foresters, store-keepers, waitresses, cooks, and the children of this copper mining community.

In the 1950's Miami, Arizona produced three-quarters of the state's copper, but by the 1960's the ‘booming’ community was historically altered by a ‘bust’ economy. The town itself is set on the margins of its copper enterprise on the Upper Sonoran Desert, a setting with a flora and fauna as varied as the landscape and its inhabitants. Miami's elevation varies from 3,500 to 9,800 ft. at the base of Pinal Mountains Madera Peak. Pinal Creek meanders down the Pinal Range and through Miami. A series of bridges arch over the creek, joining Miami's major streets Sullivan and Live Oak, otherwise known as Highway 60, a major artery that links the eastern and western boundaries of Arizona. Miami is approximately 96 miles east of Arizona's capital city of Phoenix and 96 miles directly north of the city of Tucson.

As the Arizona Salt River Project oversaw the building of Roosevelt and Hoover Dams, an otherwise grueling journey over the Apache Trail was shortened by the Salt River Canyon Bridge, Queen Creek Bridge and Tunnel, which provided a modern and safer method of travel outside and into an otherwise isolated community. With this new access an influx of immigrants settled around the booming town of Miami, building hotels, bars, and churches. Miami soon became a multi-cultural center of activity.

Qualified quarry workers were paid passage from South America, Eastern Europe, Canada, Ireland, and Italy to mine silver and copper. The town soon was the richest in the state of Arizona in its offerings of labor and entertainment. Hardworking miners, ranchers, and loggers were provided various forms of entertainment in music and dance halls, theaters, a well-managed house of prostitution, as well as the independent off-shoot of prostitute cribs, and a variety of ethnic stores, steam-baths, and restaurants. Schools, hospitals, and a YMCA

were maintained and owned by the local Miami Copper Company. Various Union Halls and the Miami Copper Company store were the centers of activity.

Houses in Miami are balanced by stilts on the slopes of the surrounding hills, and communal pathways are etched to schools, stores, and the center of town. A stairway set at a thirty-degree angle is based at the town's main street level and anchored to the underground shaft of Miami Copper's Underground Mine. Miami is a town providing walkways which intertwine and meld the entire activities of its community. Paths lead up to houses which end at a neighbor's door. The town has placed a billboard welcoming all visitors, announcing an ideal climate with a mean average temperature of 78 degrees.

For this collection the ideal climate becomes a metaphor for the community, as Miami hovers between hot and cold periods of an acceptance of their boom and bust economies. The poems within *Ideal Climate* are the result of *looking back* to a childhood filled by the richly diverse elements of Miami's environment in the 1950's and 1960's. Having been a copper miner myself in the 1970's, I was able to trace my experience and celebrate the unusual opportunity to work in the original site of such a strong communal image. Once again I could be a miner, this time working the ore of a surviving metaphor.

In the opening poem *Coming Up 1700 Shaft* a copper miner laments the loss of his communal images as he meditates and spirals up to a surfaced level of recognition. The poems in the entire collection move from past to present, through paths of history, nature, and the activities of everyday life in a copper mining town. Miners surface from underground activities and the images of hard labor in *Antechamber*, *Fringe Benefits*, *Comets*, and *Pantomime*. The poems *Holy Trinity*, *Casualties*, and *Catching Raindrops* represent the relationships of the town's citizens and its prostitutes. Miami's children weave through the town activities in *Phantom Limbs*, *Little Hollywood*, and *Shrapnel*. Ranchers and Foresters announce the forces of nature in the works titled *Writing That Same Day*, *Free Passage*, *Coyotes' Element of Surprise* and *Passions of A Naturalist*.

The Grand Theater was a communal source of entertainment for Miami's children. *Dousing, Glass Canyon, Comparable Ranges* and *Working Outside the Home* consider the children's capacity to transform imaginative images in their coming-of-age as young adults. In addition, since Miami's community has been a location for many films and several of its citizens have become Hollywood actors, the poem *A Body of Land Forces* reflects on the phenomenon of so many actors from such a small town.

In the *Ideal Climate* collection, independent voices are woven into the collective "we" delineating communal legacy capable of balancing life and labor between past and present, grief and joy, embarrassment and celebration. In essence, these poems are a tribute to that communal and unified spirit of recognition, survival, and constant resurfacing of the strengths needed to overcome boom and bust economies.

Beverly G. De Mario

Films

The Baron of Arizona, Dir. Samuel Fuller. 1950.

The Bridge on the River Kwai, Dir. David Lean. 1957.

Frankenstein, Dir. James Whale. 1931.

The Night of the Iguana, Dir. John Huston. 1964.

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water steams  
spreads from puddles.

Go down the ancient waterway  
where particular hands  
knowledgeable  
measure the heights of drowning.

I say protect them  
the disappearance of those trees  
gnarled shadows suddenly replaced by angled roofs  
-Neon is the inevitable image.

To say we have it  
the peaceable kingdom  
oh Lord don't bring us home  
up to inexplicable deaths  
pornographic exits.

What oh what is our obsession  
to entertain one continuous fire?

Yes, we'll burn in all that light  
follow the sounding shadows  
cross the territories of frightful mammals.

We'll trap the melody  
bring it to town  
take it to the House of Prayer  
let the flashing GOD of the doorway spread its light on the windows  
let the dogs  
the polished porcelain of their eyes snarl at us

Oh where is the **Coming Up 1700 Shaft**  
that floats us up?

Go down to creek side  
to the bridges west of town  
Go down to Mackey's camp  
to those glorious Cottonwoods  
where the breath of crowns cascade the hills and us.

we are down the 1700  
At once the hot July is holy  
water steams  
spreads from puddles.

Go down the ancient waterway  
where particular hands  
knowledgeable  
measure the heights of drowning.

I say protect them  
the disappearance of those trees  
gnarled shadows suddenly replaced by angled roofs  
-Neon is the inevitable image.

-to say we have seen all the greened bones.  
To say we have it  
the peaceable kingdom  
oh Lord don't bring us home  
up to inexplicable deaths  
pornographic exits.

What oh what is our obsession  
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let the dogs  
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Oh where is that magic air tube  
that floats us up?

No company rebates  
no company store.

Turn us in the tumbler  
call out our names  
we are down the 1700  
drunk wide-stepped  
water-well fanned  
and spinning.

Caruso rose and faded among the Organ Pipe and manzanita

We hold our mouths open  
file in the tunnels  
reach the surface  
of this—  
to be scenic  
a part of prickly pear  
a part of the thousand night eyed  
to crawl upward  
to swell down those hundred steps  
--to say we have seen all the greened bones.

As Francisa and Angelo held the oars of a shrimping boat  
the water churned in armadillo iridescence  
they wetted the maps of the Arizona territory  
and as they rounded the Sea of Cortez  
they circled what they held as the four peaks of Rome.  
Mario Lanza had long explained  
Devil fish and octopi were offered up as folded books  
Francisa and Angelo ate them voraciously tugging  
at the edges of their teeth.

Along the Tucson border they watched from their horses  
Yaqui Indians harvesting prickly pear  
bleeding crimson through baskets  
down their backs and heads  
through gathering hands  
and these fruits split in offering a softness  
filling Francisa's burlap bag.

Angelo **The Stone Cutter**

Angelo left the marble mines of Italy  
to carve granite  
out of the Superstition Range  
between the convergence  
of the Gila and Salt Rivers.

Angelo rode a burro along valley walls with a Victrola strapped to its back  
the Victrola that he wound  
spilled Italian opera

Caruso rose and faded among the Organ Pipe and manzanita

and the shrill squeaking of javelina  
all fell in a connective posture  
pyramidal shaped backs confined as one shadow  
the burro  
the javelina  
pick and shovel.

Angelo married his first cousin Francisa  
she resolved to name her children *Santina* and *Maria*  
in memory of Columbus' ships.

As Francisa and Angelo held the oars of a shrimping boat  
the water churned in armadillo iridescence

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through gathering hands  
and these fruits split in offering a softness  
filling Francisa's burlap bag.

Angelo forked for a well  
dug for gold  
picked and blasted granite for Roosevelt Dam  
and the blasts were heard through the seven hills of Globe  
the Dominion opening shaft  
through Angelo's dreams  
to stake claims in the upper Pinals of the Tonto Range.

Angelo carried his dam-issued axe and dynamite  
stockpiled it the bunkhouse away from his children  
away from the main house  
kept a shotgun at his side when packing the burro.

The children were told that all the other ships Francisa had named  
were sunk in her canal near the Equator  
on the streets of San Francisco  
and every night the other children imagined their father's digging  
trying to lift them out of the depths of the canyons with sudden blasts  
and trembles.

Angelo had hired Mexicans who hid in the high desert  
between junipers and cedars  
he made camp for them up the creek  
served grappa as the Mexican families helped brand cattle  
built a fence of Cholla.

One cold morning Angelo gathered up his dynamite  
walked up the hill to dig for gold  
the opera was flaying out of the Victrola's shredded silk cornucopia  
Mario Lanza had long replaced Caruso  
and his voice strained  
from the Arabian's back its tail strung in Mexican silver.

Francisa was picking rosemary and basil  
her dress bundled above her hips  
the children were shoving mounds of dough into the adobe oven with a shovel  
and as she passed the ovens  
her skirt caught on the shovel's square blade  
and she tumbled under a showering of rosemary  
needles pressed and twisted with the flames in her head-scarf  
and the flames followed  
the rivulets of an earlier labor of oiling the sharpening stone  
and the flames burst through her dress

spilling and twisting threads  
her legs folding under as squeezed pomegranates  
and the children fanned around her  
drew in through quick dashes of bucket water  
wrapping her in doused woolen blankets  
but the flames spiraled as a dust devil.

From the hill *Ave Maria* grew faint  
as the children pulled their mother down  
and the ground where she fell  
remains scented with oil, rosemary and burned bread.

Magma forces us to strip our clothing  
our bodies latticed with the powder of malachite and azurite  
we appear as three-dimensional petroglyphs  
signaling warnings  
signaling recognitions  
signaling our desires.

We interlock  
the blasting crews long shafted drill  
the hovered air hammer  
the ascent of the ore car as a small tendon of our communal backs.

And here we wait patiently for the small tremor of our heart  
to beat in this chamber  
join with the ventral voice through the phone box  
as it flashes its red dreamed warning  
calling out our numbers  
as we pull off from our sweated chests the metal tag  
the numbering of our silent gathering.

## Antechamber

He was not always quiet

Underground we have shared sleep with cairns of rosaries  
snapshots of children  
candles which somehow remain in flame  
shadows of a thousand milagros  
assume the postures of bent and shattered teeth.

We move in the incandescence of these lanterns  
names spilling in the rising silica  
and we rise as praying mantises  
our bodies bent under the shafts.

Magma forces us to strip our clothing  
our bodies latticed with the powder of malachite and azurite  
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as we pull off from our sweated chests the metal tag  
the numbering of our silent gathering.

never knowing it held such silence  
but waiting for the word  
gas.

We leave the air wilderness of the mine  
we are  
we are  
we are

## Fringe Benefits

He was not always quiet  
as a youth his lips quivered  
he left home for war  
returned without tattoos  
or wallet-size photos of German girls  
but worked deep-down in the mines  
with an air-hammer shaking his legs and hands  
he said it relaxed him.

Each year he learned to stand  
to listen for the whistle  
came up the dark shafts to rinse the silica from his hair  
his face  
and rush to the showers  
sit nude and wash his partners back.

But in early evening he wandered the fence line  
seeming to fumble for air  
crooking his fingers  
over the wire.

He whispered he could not sleep  
that nights frightened him  
he thought of fire  
how the shovels lifted jagged teeth  
clamped boulders spewed dust.

He thought of how he belly-crawled over bones  
touched against spinal cords  
against heads  
clutched rib-cages and felt the opened mouth  
never knowing it held such silence  
but waiting for the word  
gas.

We lance the air with leaves of Abor vitae  
we are conquistadores  
we are fathers  
we are relocating our borders before curfew.

In the back end of pickups  
we share *Nellie* red  
orange **Phantom Limbs** wafers as sacrament.

At the USWA hall the clinking of projectors hurries our conquests

All night the mine has rearranged our dreaming  
to collective bargaining.

We swing at pinatas and plastic horses fly  
needled legs stiff in the air  
we picket for wax tongues  
and moustaches.

And we are work-in-progress  
But we are intent on resurrections  
the alpha dig a hole of our foreign names  
knotting our treasures *red-Pegasus*' coupons  
static in the sulfur air. *Rocky Marciano*.

In the *Ollie* move as mercury agency  
Ollie Ox *ring* silver dollars as nerves  
we hold *and Free*. *ars* and flip for spins  
all face-ups free lunches.

We run though Glass Canyon  
our mouths full of sunflower seeds  
we break the shells on the edges of our teeth  
loop in our precious salt  
until raw. *Day of Gunn language*.

Under sycamores *e* moving houses down the thirty-three degree angle  
quince hang heavy *drowned* itself in a bowl of water  
Valleri *as* pencilled orders. *like* swallowing a lizard

We take phantom limbs *ched* over form  
bite again on our moustaches  
pull scarves as beards. *attempted rattle*.

We lance the air with leaves of *Abor vitae*  
we are conquistadores  
we are fathers  
we are relocating our borders before curfew. *red dignity*

Mario is making turquoise  
In the back end of pickups  
we share *NeHi red*  
it's a *orange Crush* with *Necco* wafers as sacrament.

At the USWA hall the clinking of projectors hurries our conquests  
we run down to Sullivan street  
our fathers pressed against  
our uncles of the company store window  
our brothers all lean at the doorway  
common in speech  
common in currency.

All was purely conceptual  
And we are work-in-progress wires  
leaning to hear  
the alphabetizing of our foreign names  
for *Mobil winged-Pegasus*' coupons  
and photographs of Rocky Marciano.

at the detritus  
In the ring we move as mercury  
lifting silver dollars as nerves  
we hold the dollars and flip for spins  
all face-ups free lunches.

It is Saturday  
the Juke Box plays Mariachi  
then Elvis  
then Doris Day.

In Jerome they are moving houses down the thirty-three degree angle  
Ballanger's turkey drowned itself in a bowl of water  
Vallerio spotted a rattlesnake swallowing a lizard  
we caught the half-way show  
skin stretched over form  
turning our thoughts silent  
we praised the attempted rattle.

They are selling ant farms at Woolsworth's  
we see it archaic  
insulting  
Where can we put the trucks?  
our labors sensible erasures.

Mario is making turquoise  
we help dig stones out of tire treads  
watch him pour glue and stir  
it's a miracle.

Six o'clock and there are no shadows  
we are frenzied  
our bodies pressed against  
the beveled edge of the company store window  
escalating our split selves  
we speculate the power of floating limbs.

All was purely conceptual  
the lifting of absentee wires  
the anticipating hand as an idea.

In the ditch  
in the creek  
at the detritus  
the light solicited exorcized our urgency  
of echo  
of Hermes  
of centipedes.

On Adonis street  
pigeons engrave our yield  
in the genesis of scattered bottles  
the tumbling of God and Damn language.

Unsaid  
the faltering of perfect climate instills the longing letter.

This is rare  
flinched from vitalizing vanity  
the women sweeping streets  
a syllabus of passions  
and reprises  
as offerings.

Each day as a counter--argument  
the blowing tailings dust is our measured dignity  
our labors sensible erasures.

The Pinal creek floods  
washes all as stones  
as branches  
as pontificating leaves of mesquite  
sway in the current.

Here is memorabilia  
a conveyor belt ripped in the overflow  
a suggestive word  
--arguable as a cleric.

All is temporal outside the sudden shaking ground  
after the firehouse whistle  
the constant blast on the body  
is made whole again.

This is the desire  
the patient necessity  
our leisure to bask where every word falls  
*[Yo tengo.]*

Mexican vultures are salutations in the distance  
they whirl in their cauldron  
privileged couriers of private emptiness  
wing clamoring wing  
reassuring updrafts.

These are partial surrogates  
radio hour  
*Apache Mexican Yugoslavian*  
all commentary  
all continuity  
all generosity  
worshippers of washers  
discount loans and transitory housing.

It is in the dance hall where the tertiary shadow  
of ourselves exfoliates under  
the smelter pour  
our infant shoes coppered  
our infant shoes bookends.

And we are under-spell  
heart beating  
leg shaking  
to the open skirts of the flamingo dancer  
her feet stomping  
We are sounding as locusts  
it is then  
we burst in the delicate seams of our waking  
feeling under the covers  
for our other.

And we all hold cigars up to our lips  
a dim redness joined  
in the oral laws  
as we exchange smoke  
and clove chiclets.

On the porch we lean back in the fisherman's net  
swing towards the wall  
rock off the banisters  
some of us painting toenails  
some of us combing beards.

In the dance hall below  
the radiant ark of Saturday's poster  
obliges our nights survival  
of rumba  
of samba  
of sangria.

Still a palpable presentness  
rises in the folds  
of paper flowers  
hanging sheets  
and we miners seeking piety  
under the weight of shift change  
are forlorn in the shaft.

For Sunday  
is the ephemeral plea  
our articulated scripts

of tossed roses  
of tossed kerchiefs  
of spilled paper

### Holy Trinity

We three are as old ghosts

We are humped together miners and prostitutes  
in unending kindred postures  
one hand a brown fan  
one hand a poppy and watch.

And we all hold cigars up to our lips  
a dim redness joined  
in the oral laws  
as we exchange smoke  
and clove chiclets.

On the porch we lean back in the fisherman's net  
swing towards the wall  
rock off the banisters  
some of us painting toenails  
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the radiant ark of Saturday's poster  
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under the weight of shift change  
are forlorn in the shaft.

For Sunday  
is the ephemeral plea  
our articulated scripts

of tossed roses  
of tossed kerchiefs  
of spilled paper notes.

*Near the A Body of Land Forces*

We three are as old ghosts  
floating of meaning  
In the j whispering each  
whispering to each  
spelling our names in silent desperation.

molten ore  
visual static.

*In false earnestness*

we return home  
to occupy our body  
the sprawled landscape.

*Towards coincidence*

towards signs we are drawn  
as greetings welcome familiarity  
ideal climate  
land of copper  
of prosperity  
of ghosts  
of hidden treasure.

*This is Miami, Arizona*

and we are extended on the story board  
unpaid leaves of absence  
the lingering sulfur tempering our breath.

*As a subtext to breathing*

a deep mantle stills behind our covered mouths  
the glassy shimmering shrine of the shaft  
heating the back of our necks.

*For here we hold currencies*

other languages  
visas and mineral water  
filtering ash assembled in the folds

of yard Madonnas  
opened hearts pierced by fallen chinaberry.

**A Body of Land Forces**

a rumbling pushes the ore cart  
underneath the elevator lifts

In the pouring surgery of the day  
we harden lit in the drifts  
remnants of slag  
molten oreumping blue blood through the crosscuts  
visual static.urgeons hammer and pick

at the South American devil *Supay* who protects the mines

In false earnestness bones shift and rise  
we return home work in the adit their right of incitement.

to occupy our body

Here on the sprawled landscape.

the crunched turquoise whisper with our fathers

Towards coincidence  
towards signs we are drawn our dreams like Jell-O.

as greetings welcome familiarity

If we ideal climate

land of copper suck of spittle rises again

of prosperity hush his promise

of ghosts dial the numbers of our thoughts

of hidden treasure.

our conversations are ordered outside

This is Miami, Arizona as matches to gas

and we are extended on the story board

unpaid leaves of absence as a cork the strategies pose

the lingering sulfur tempering our breath.erties.

So we take inventory

As a subtext to breathing from town

a deep mantle stills behind our covered mouths

the glassy shimmering shrine of the shaft

heating the back of our necks.

For here we hold currencies

other languages at the mining official subdivisions

visas and mineral water

filtering ash assembled in the folds

at noon announces awakenings.

such face regard us toward front.

Yet we of yard Madonnas  
opened hearts pierced by fallen chinaberry.

Nearer the oasis of heat  
a rumbling pushes the ore cart  
underneath the elevator lifts  
a minor surgery of the day  
the vein split in the drifts  
a raise pushed  
the sump pumping blue blood through the crosscuts  
the miners surgeons hammer and pick  
at the South American devil *Supay* who protects the mines  
his stiffened bones shift and rise  
as women work in the adit their right of incitement.

Here one can sleep a genuine sleep  
the crunched turquoise  
malachite  
azurite jeweled offerings of our dreams like Jell-O.

If we sleep  
if our infantile suck of spittle rises again  
*Supay* will leach his promise  
dial and redial the numbers of our thoughts  
our party lines  
our conversations  
strike our bodies as matches to gas  
as we loose balance  
tumble through the shaft as a cork  
easing our return of alchemic properties.

So we take inventory  
the principle actors from town  
*Texas Marshall*  
*Wonder Woman*  
*Spanky* of our Gang.

*Spanky* returns to Little Acres  
a mock ranch past the mining official subdivisions  
where curtains are drawn  
where the clinking of ice  
at noon announces awakenings.

Yet we toast Spanky  
 home from the snap of sound boards  
 script readings  
*Quiet on the set.*

For we are extras  
 found in the westerns  
 in *How the West Was Won*  
 or *Geronimo*  
 found in the adventure  
*U-Turn*  
 found in the comics  
 too many to mention.

Spanky's two sisters busy themselves in the dress shop  
 touching hands under folded brassieres  
 silk slips as they whisper with our fathers  
 agreed times for seances.

One by one we journey to the white pillared house  
 cross the threshold and marvel at the photographs  
 of Buckwheat holding the spot-eyed dog  
 Spanky all Hollywood white  
 no brown skin visible.

Candles are gathered as we are ushered outside  
 we jump on pogo sticks in the evening warmth  
 rocking our visions  
 the house caught in the twilight of the evenings pour  
 a dense pink stucco wavers towards magenta.

Returning inside the house  
 we help push wood in the stove's open grate  
 the kitchen's French doors jails us from our fathers  
 we gaze through the doors slats  
 a line of held hands under the table.

Angled we catch the slow movements of bent heads  
 loss of nerve  
 the sudden lolling  
 the sudden arch from unwanted sleep  
 almost all twins  
 each face vague as waxed fruit.

One sister raises her voice *Speak to us!*  
it gnaws on each bowed head  
as shadows drift slowly as deep riddled fish  
*Speak to us!*  
the fish plunges deeper  
dissipates  
as we lift slightly in the tendril of candle flame as it brightly bursts  
in the hurricane lamp.

We scurry for our fathers' helmets  
work at pulling the visors down  
Slowly pump them down and up  
for cinema 3-D effects  
for ghosts.  
In a bowl a handkerchief is doused  
foreheads are blessed  
and we lean towards the sudden quiet voice of our father  
our whole bodies splitting to the end word

And yet all is stayed *treasure.*  
Maps etch in our minds  
our routes to school  
our routes to *La Paloma* for tacos  
our routes to the miner staircase  
the kneeling board at church.

We are crossing the cattle guard  
the feed store  
the postal office  
*Chubbuck's Dairy.*

We are fingering the intricate etched postal boxes  
turning dials past hundreds of numbers  
we are sifting multiple grains through cupped hands  
we are ordering chocolate milk.

One last syllable spills  
we rummage the cupboards  
we run our hands in the wringer washer tub  
we replay *Queen For A Day.*

Our treasures found in cracker-jacks  
found on the dream sickle sticks  
found in double bubble  
found on the miracle of individual shredded wheat  
*rise up* this sacrament we hold all to crisscrossing  
*chance* shines in the solitary devotion  
*boom or bust* nature's clarity  
*if not now when* kneeling, women call out for their children  
hopscotch.

Our continued ascension to hover towards the shaft  
A chair creaks under the weight  
of a heavy traveler  
of the dog let out of the photograph  
of Buckwheat's hair straining on end off the frame  
we all inherit the fallen burnt wood  
lift in the cold air our untangled fascinations  
leaning towards each other like magnets  
our thoughts clamped as metal against metal.

And yet all is stayed  
*will testing will*  
the possibility the table could raise equals our nerve  
but nothing was dropped  
nothing was picked up  
no hand had loosened.

Crushed peaches  
fresh figs lifted the still air of our imaginations  
scooped and distilled as the hydraulic lift in the mine pit  
eased for a moment  
our entire patronage towards treasure  
one sister lifting her arm  
the other paused and swayed.

Bringing all back  
the lifted bucket swivels sideways  
pours the molten ore  
a cast Volcano  
spewing subdivisions  
flowing through cradled sycamores  
easing through the glass  
of us

illuminating our profiles  
shattering the final cut.

A litany knocks as summoned words  
rise up in the committed dark  
how all shines in the solitary devotion  
the danger of nature's clarity  
insisting on our kneeling.

Our continued ascension to hover towards the shaft  
is to lift our fathers at the shift change  
to sacrifice at the lines of our hands  
the flexibility to bend flatness of small events  
to bone against glass  
to echo in the cable chained whirling  
our free floating magnetized paths.

An almost private gyroscope backs upon itself  
where the undulating final prayer for rain  
sweetens the air with August poppies  
where we are comfortably solid  
where our backs fill the hollowed posture  
of kitchen wing backed chairs  
where we lean back home.

Upstairs some of us are clamoring  
breasts upon chests  
hands diving  
stroking in helplessness  
palms signaling in panache  
savor the baptismal  
bathing of miners  
of bankers  
of lawyers.

We lift in the shadows what differences women register  
the lapses toward the simplicity of faces  
our holding toward the shoulder  
the smoothness of backs  
indulged breath.

**Causalities**

Early evening as neighborhood women call out for their children  
as matinee patrons stiff jointed  
stagger past in rigid silence  
heads bowed  
as the butcher consoles attentive dogs with sawdust fat  
as the banks draw their shutters closed  
we are just beginning our labors.

This work resurrects us all  
we gather in the bar  
we gather in the dance hall  
we gather at the bannister.

Some of us preen ears  
wave back the hair  
huddle as pairs  
or as a daring trinity.

Upstairs some of us are clamoring  
breasts upon chests  
hands diving  
stroking in helplessness  
palms signaling in panache  
savor the baptismal  
bathing of miners  
of bankers  
of lawyers.

We lift in the shadows what differences women register  
the lapses toward the simplicity of faces  
our holding toward the shoulder  
the smoothness of backs  
indulged breath.  
shades less deliberate concentrate the hovered landing  
of mourning doves  
passenger pigeons.

The marathon gaze of the cats reflect a grip as a forethought

We are called up in reverence an instant's recognition

how the body seeks its touch

we approach the transient references

angelic youths bed as contemplations.

lifting under the arms

Our lanes as bankrupted passions bes the talents of patience

spill over the head until agreement.

the scratch on the wrist

Light filters around doorways of the mouth.

around hand-held mirrors

And we opened skirts and loosened levis.

Those in the body these tedious and sweet charitable gambles

All of us appreciate the mourn of early morning generation

the formidable Madam is a rock on the hill

offering diversion the incline bodies

bowls of adondigas wis

cornish pies protection in the confession of our thresholds.

Irish whiskey

In these recesses instant credit. angels to lift our hearts

Swakes Our names Madres

These slight recoveries are occupancy

calio and red-dog cats girl.

drift after from room to room

These attendant to rustling at burnings

kneading sheets with extended claws d

over sudden whimpers and purrs.

the musings of Holy Ghosts

One by one there is a sudden wreckage of reverie

of delis a yearning age

as coat a sorrow in the sacraments of splayed connections

watch a brief offering toward sympathy in the stillness.

helmets adjusted. see us slipping a rest

The cats continue to mill

incensing their paths

backs arched

throats absorbing gathered nerves.

On pillows our hollowed ecstasies suffer our shape

we are coursed by papered radiance

shades less deliberate concentrate the hovered landing

of mourning doves

passenger pigeons.

The marathon gaze of the cats reflect a grip as a forethought  
the evidence of tenderness  
undressed without gravity  
the boneless posture of our references  
Our unlifted from the bed as contemplations.

Our languished comfort expresses the talents of patience  
expresses the love-bite on the lobe  
the scratch on the wrist  
the spittle at the edge of the mouth.

And we rejoin  
in the body these tedious and sweet charitable gambles  
to rise from supplications  
simple prayers giving as a rock  
blasted free from the incline  
praising rejected howls  
the practiced protection in the confession of our thresholds.

In these recesses we allow angels to lift our hearts  
Our names *Madres*  
*Mother of Jesus*  
Some innocent girl.

These split hearts are constant burnings  
secret and permanently opened palmed  
offering swallowed awakenings  
the musings of Holy Ghosts  
hundreds of beautiful names  
of delicate assemblage  
as coats are buttoned  
watches turned  
helmets adjusted.

These patron saints emerge  
retreat **Pantomime**

Our under earth scaffolding  
uncages rats their red eyes turned upward  
they scurry past us  
as a wreath of gas pantomimes all as a pipers call  
we all undulated pushing the current  
through shafts of fallen shovels  
air hammers and drills cracking as pinyon nuts.

Through five miles of tunneling  
we are under town again and our sudden regeneration  
prompts the rats past centipedes on the rail  
each clawing over their split bodies  
one part running under  
the other across beams and ties  
jutting as bracelets as ornaments.

Snakes uncoil as apparitions  
seemingly biting the tail  
they curve in pairs  
vertebrae upon vertebrae  
etching the fallen shifting silica  
and we follow in molten air  
the voiceless cave-in.

Spittle of flames flash authority  
dissipating our intent  
to filter in the bowel  
a fierce invisible fire  
and women at the adit are plumbing a line  
blasting a breather hole  
our masks swelled to the mouth  
our heads flicking to elect slowed embrace  
to suck in the air this warmness.

Our chests heave Comets

These patron saints emerge  
retreat in the grottos  
as faith tumbles between us  
an instant barometer of compassionate gathering  
we push and pull  
towards the altars of ladders.

The rats turn to study  
twisting altitudes  
puzzled by their shadows  
stray spirits maneuvering  
cartwheeling  
tripling our feet.

At each level  
we move as eels  
sparkling  
rising in holes of electrical current  
the Irish counting in thousandths  
the Apache dribbling cornmeal  
the Italians grinding teeth  
the Mexicans minnow for all  
forehead to solar plexus  
shoulder to lip towards the surface.

Our leverage bristles  
in the flattened absence  
surfacing up as a rhyme  
the pendulum tapering of hammers  
as shovels receive the dust of malachite  
glittering on our helmets as blessings.

Weightlessly we follow  
the foreman's healing lantern  
dispatching our locked gaze as mercury  
lifted in the elevator shaft  
the sinking rescue  
the undertow of our nerves  
whirling comets  
our impacted Formica hearts fractured to Achilles heel.

Our chests heave      **Comets**

There was enough visibility to pierce our outline  
turbine fans blade on the shaft wall  
the value and whorl of our shadows  
clipped through overhangs.

This sense of balance  
renovation is out of courtesy  
to secure passage  
our sudden mercies held in respirators  
splintered fragments.

Mouth to mouth  
the sheer splaying crystal  
drilled at the hanging wall  
vibrates the lung's bolt of weakness.

We brace at the knee  
Jackhammers erecting the spine  
haloed at the shoulder  
the consolidation of ore bearing veins  
sparking in the buckets  
lifting timbers  
displacing rails.

Our leverage bristles  
in the flattened absence  
surfacing up as a rhyme  
the pendulum tapering of hammers  
as shovels receive the dust of malachite  
glittering on our helmets as blessings.

Weightlessly we follow  
the foreman's healing lantern  
dispatching our locked gaze as mercury  
lifted in the elevator shaft  
the sinking rescue  
the undertow of our nerves  
whirling comets  
our impacted Formica hearts fractured to Achilles heel.

Our chests heave  
    winged and pulsating as downed quail  
    pressed to the forty degree angle  
*If you followed your body would will itself to fall*  
    the illusion of circus mirrors  
    sawed women  
    roses and doves  
    pulled from hollowed sleeves.

These admonitions  
    the urge to count interior blows  
    repairs in the amber bottle  
    repairs in the dance halls  
    repairs in combination plates  
    are raised in the false surface  
    hovering in the formed word  
    *Accident.*

Our hands repair the damage  
    our silence brittle as parchment  
    the witnessing of danger  
        sentiments  
        tensions  
    all messages underneath the battered helmet  
    the sweatband merging with our fingerprints  
    all drifting over the impact  
    the hypnotic surface from the platform  
    our leaning in the grate  
    sensing the body turned in  
    the molten iron below the sump  
        below our houses.

Delicate bones unfold our lungs once again  
    all packed in this dimension  
    the opaque shadow prospecting  
    faithfully parted in the folded arms  
    stepping towards us at the stairways  
    our children touching  
    our cheeks  
    our ears  
    palming our chests  
    breathing with our breaths  
    the slight poignancy of magnetism

lifting  
palming our shoulders drops  
the petition of each  
the mystery of surfaced air  
the bleeding juice of pomegranates arched on the mouth  
flinched in the stairwell.

under arched streets  
under highway 60.

We leap across splintered railroad trestles  
hold our breath  
each missing tie balancing our shadows  
loosened in the open spaces  
shucking wild bamboo.

At *Bloody Tanks* we pierce at the flat clash  
of calvary  
of Apache  
*Geronimo* illusively hovers at nearby *Apache Leap*  
rifling through Superior's obsidian  
we know he's still there  
counting *Apache Tears*.

We are exploring  
stop for iced cokes at Turner's Motel  
run the circular *Plaza* dance hall  
move up the church hill  
right the three fallen crosses  
trace the *whitewashed M.*

We crumble a path  
as we slide  
house cats follow in a zigzag plunge  
quail scatter as pull-toys  
the hen leading her chicks.

And we are comfortable to cross over  
the dual shadows of watching  
of whispering  
shuffling our small feet  
towards café and empanadas.

We amend to the tongue  
the fire **Catching Raindrops**

the flat hoses lifting water  
The lifting us we released all morning  
We are exploring the Dalmatians plate in a forked spray  
walk the Pinal creek bed  
under arched streets  
under highway 60.

But we are more subtle  
We leap across splintered railroad trestles  
hold our breath  
each missing tie balancing our shadows  
loosened in the open spaces  
shucking wild bamboo.

Other bands clothing the early morning  
At *Bloody Tanks* we pierce at the flat clash  
And all of calvary  
of Apache  
*Geronimo* illusively hovers at nearby *Apache Leap*  
rifling through Superior's obsidian  
we know he's still there  
counting *Apache Tears*.

We are exploring  
stop for iced cokes at Turner's Motel  
In-com run the circular *Plaza* dance hall  
move up the church hill  
right the three fallen crosses  
all log trace the *whitewashed M.*

We crumble a path  
as we slide  
house cats follow in a zigzag plunge  
quail scatter as pull-toys  
the hen leading her chicks.

We walk  
And we are comfortable to cross over  
the dual shadows of watching  
of whispering  
shuffling our small feet  
towards café and empanadas.

chinks in the wall  
for we are seeking features

We amend to the tongue  
the fire house drill  
the flat hoses lifting water  
lifting us  
tumbling the Dalmatians plate in a forked spray  
but we as a vowel  
raising the orphaned leash out of our vision.

But we are more subtle  
unleashed in the banked prickly pear  
validating its split fruit  
busy with counting bees  
bathing  
feeding  
Other hands m clothing the early morning.  
the sparse bed

And all this sweetness  
diverts us to animation  
we shift through broken adobe walls  
careful of the widow's hourglass  
sniff for the mulch of snakes  
the red velvet ant soldiering  
slats he its shadows announcing flood  
holding decamping whole villages.

In-coming umbrellas of leaves  
sawed beetles  
mummified wing bones  
all logged at a simple sprinkling of rain.  
we stagger back under our melting bleeding ice.

We are leaning toward maturity  
the differences between Hotels and Cribs  
the differences of transient  
doctored  
National and International.  
initialing outside walls with our favorite cartoons

We walk from the Hotel to the Cribs  
nurse towards the tenacious bare linking testimony  
to take inventory  
our small I  
Indistinctly exonerated in the keyholes  
chinks in the wall  
for we are seeking features

seeking faces  
as we bend to the ground.

The monsoons have threatened all morning  
first the sky darkens then splits intensely bright  
but we focus towards the third element  
rounding our eye in the 10x8 foot space.

We circle the unloosened braid  
the oval sink  
the slow hand swirled in rusted water  
we list in the blue bottle a habit of palm prints  
the arched throat.

Other hands measure the progress of sleep  
the sparse bed  
legs spilled over as renunciations  
the supplicating face hovered over  
to even the hips fatigue in otherwise formal greeting.

We watch between Suicide flavored shaved ice in pointed dunce caps  
a conversation fan spreading a rainbow luminosity  
slats held by un-weaving lace  
holding us as humbled postures.

One other moment the grinding of teeth  
creaks with the bed  
quaking arms  
recruiting the chest notable to our beaked mouths  
we stagger back under our melting bleeding ice.

How weakly they wake  
shadow to the other  
as we travel from crib to crib  
spinning our flattened cups on rooftops  
initialing outside walls with our favorite cartoons  
drawing circles with our limped un-nerved feet  
dragging our legs from sleepiness  
shaping small hearts in the sand.

Indistinguishable in the absorbed  
silence a name rises with our kneeling  
*Pesos*

*Pescado*  
*Priscilla.*

And we hear it in full nakedness  
the language we longed for  
our discretions half-Spanish  
half-Italian  
bruising the stemmed and sudden arrow  
darting our heads our bowed bodies  
the final word *Listen*  
and we are arched face-to-face  
discover in the unblinking eye  
a trembling as drops of cool rain  
quiver on our foreheads  
minnow down our backs.

And we all save our image  
quicksilver on a spreading puddle  
catching raindrops liberating the nervousness  
of our temporal hearts.

is a ravishment considered  
the dealings of constellations  
out-of-kilter  
canopied as day-glow virginal saints  
all the accessories  
plastic flowers and unlit candles.

So what is it that levitates us  
our motions defined as angelical  
our house pets whirl pooled in mercury  
milagros in assumed postures.

What alchemist hovers  
transferring water to blood  
knowing all along  
that this script of us  
is a mixture of poetry and life  
small differences in what we call physics.

With Certainty  
Free Passage

Writing That Same Day

Back in the trees  
far back where our senses  
No gravity has an instinct of its own  
rather a breath heavy in its separateness and outing  
and we edge towards comprehension  
Only a thought ravished by its own heart  
mindful as an adolescent tenor  
it announces faith as a simple cup.

There is no such inquiry as writing  
our adoptions discreet  
our cutout crescent of moon  
plays the body in a sudden victory  
an appeal to rise in our privacy.

And to be alone that same day  
is a ravishment considered  
the dealings of constellations  
out-of-kilter  
canopied as day-glow virginal saints  
all the accessories  
plastic flowers and unlit candles.

So what is it that levitates us  
our motions defined as angelical  
our house pets whirl pooled in mercury  
milagros in assumed postures.

What alchemist hovers  
transferring water to blood  
knowing all along  
that this script of us  
is a mixture of poetry and life  
small differences in what we call physics.

## Free Passage

Back in the trees  
far back where our senses  
do not penetrate  
branches will crush thought.

Only a master tracker will contemplate  
ones usual distance failing to acquaint  
chewed bark with the deer.

The truth is you really never see it  
the standing alone  
a low whispering  
as if confidences are what we want to say  
but we seemingly gain free passage of the heart  
the emptiness of longing  
the adequate vanity that we wish to raise  
our head and become like the deer.

So we recover on reason  
the deers sudden crash through the trees  
how it moves past us  
its instinct to claim our thoughts  
as a fatal aim.

The Poem **With Certainty**

These gentle attentions  
the forgotten presence  
luxurious in uselessness  
of these we sense objects  
those held required of frame  
our want of domesticity  
We have a certain perfection.  
Is it so simple  
the low reverent whispers  
So we drawn by alliance with certainty  
what is not to anyone particular  
the smile not to one that matters  
or the not to one who cares  
it is only the body that we wish to hold  
Before --just before dawn we assist  
toss bread crumbs to the sparrows  
then they as trios part in clarity  
as if all were habitual.  
Yet the pulling at the shadows of saguaro  
Should we question some urgency to awake  
a lone raven servant to the wind  
in its daily affair caws near the door  
a taunt knowing  
to find ourselves curled under its wing  
How do we cawing with it at the sun  
a few rising in the eye.  
our a chorus of burro brush bends  
where nothing puzzles.  
No hotel as you have knowledge  
after all we do have memory words  
hard up more substance  
of course  
of course  
lay after in the creature's private through.  
Out of the corner of the eye  
the servant talk back  
of our ignorance of ourselves  
the helmsman like the helmsman  
the agent

## The Physics of Nothingness

It went deep to the heart  
the inestimable blessings of thought  
careened from the talons of a red-tail hawk  
what grey or brown blotted the eye  
from its infrared firmness.

We have a certain lack of risk  
what moves in the dark remains dark  
nothing puzzles the Gods we amend.

So we are glad the hawk rises in its own way  
what is small fortune  
the small head of quail  
or the wealthy fur of coati-mondi.

Before these images we may have counted in the palm  
sugary beans of mesquite  
then the hawk soars  
collapses in what seems near falling  
pulling at the shadows of saguaro  
too soon to show its comparative slowness  
the elf owl beaks up  
as though fixed in its gaze as a heavy sleeper  
and all night the hawk spirals  
knocking on the fallen cholla  
and we sensing somewhere in the distance  
the flattened alarm of stilled javelinas  
a chorus of burro brush bends  
where nothing puzzles.

So howl as you lose knowledge  
after all we deliver merely words  
howl up some semblance  
of prayer  
of passion  
lay after in the coyotes' private triumph.

Out of the corner of the eye  
the coyotes take stock  
of our ignorance as permanent favor  
this habitation false familiarity  
this legend

the part  
still remains

## Coyotes' Element of Surprise

Always alone the coyote in its stunned expression  
gives a spurious claim to mission  
a secret sense of relief  
its feat to chirp and yap endearments to its kind  
Of course its ability to walk out of sight.

This normalcy  
the obligations  
turbulent tranquility breaks absence.

The coyotes out of charitable gesture  
enlarge this desert  
give us the courage to confide in our shadows.

They go out of their way  
to assure the purity of intention  
indulging the fantasy  
that we like them are sacrament.

Yet the coyotes rarely confess  
we may want to go with them  
in their buoyancy  
escape the certain genius  
leaving silence and invisibility.

How do we translate silence  
a few ripples on consciousness  
our insight dissipated.

So howl as you lose knowledge  
after all we deliver merely words  
howl up some semblance  
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the parts we draw in  
still remains  
excelled by the senses and  
the unaffected trance of sympathy  
its believed dream.

Of countenance  
the passion of primeval pleasure  
is bedded in grass  
to sleep transfixed in our waiting for dawn  
some exception

The phonetic snare which receives us.

Then the coyotes' politeness is lamentable

they lay in the sun  
slowly spiraling  
our shapes joined in the shadows.

yet who will conduct the earlier passion  
the blown breath

re-designing the world

the rabbit shaken to life

holds in the corridor of the palm

as if to listen

hidden from its own actions

receiving the holy order of prayer

the firm and deliberate tenderness

as it re-dresses our wounds.

to rise in our crumpled present

as the smoke of the altar.

In the alternate leaves of mangrove

mangroves are leaning on their way to South America

barren and barren like these as they

belong to the bark

lapping between us in the salt water where

the blossoms of bark and heart alternate one to meet

travelling in the salt water of wings a slow and

travelling on almost progress

drinking salt water

our body a single organism was by one

the thought of the salt water of the sea

## Common Ground

This feeling

this process is an act of love  
where neither speaks the taking of turns  
the bull snake coiled as an afterthought  
its head undulating  
and the wild rabbit limp as a leap of its departure.

The differences of comfort

of approach  
its your choice  
the shaken faith  
loosened and confirmed  
given may be all you say  
yet who will conduct the earlier passion  
the blown breath

So it is

re-designing the world  
the rabbit shaken to life  
holds in the corridor of the palm  
as if to listen  
hidden from its own actions  
receiving the holy order of prayer  
the firm and deliberate tenderness  
as it re-dresses our wounds.  
to rise in our trembling passion  
as the moths comfort our silence.

In the alternate leaves of mesquite

monarchs are passing on their way to South America  
Savena and Manuelita praise them as souls  
twisting in the bark  
layering between us in the salt cedar where  
the blessings of flesh and heart alternate one to each  
breaking in the scripture of wings a slow arch  
trembling on closed poppies  
circling trust to air  
our body mingled anointed one by one  
the fragility of our contented faces

gathered in the veiled shimmer of twilight  
the wax and wane of wings  
as they **Herding Moths** to deeper sleep.

They list in certainty  
drawn by our held lamps  
a herd of moths migrating in unified winged strokes  
beating against our cuffs  
our hands  
our mouths  
and with certain gracefulness we lift beneath  
the affectations of blown cottonwood seeds  
the ways in which we course to the light  
as spelled shadows.

You may wholly imagine how we penetrate in the shafts  
our body rippled under accountable drifts as you sleep  
how we attend to the seances of light  
in our descents.

So it is in this unholy fire  
we are eclipsed by  
the stirred alchemic brew of rising  
and in each rounding mediation  
we are upturned in this holy light  
to acquaint countenance  
our tumbling from the dark underground  
to rise in our trembling passion  
as the moths comfort our silence.

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our body mingled anointed one by one  
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gathered in the veiled shimmer of twilight  
the wax and wane of wings  
as they lift us on the way to deeper sleep.

The underground mine rumblings  
are resonance in the body of our names  
the shame our fathers have felt when we toured them at work  
all afternoon we draw maps in third-grade history  
our geography  
to school  
to church remembered  
to the mine shaft  
where the barrier of the miners backs  
turned in slowness  
beheld our waving hands  
and they breaking rock under a red shivering surface  
as we called out our recognitions  
the surfaced breath  
as the men steadied  
our attendant guide tracing the perfecting curve  
of our tongues balanced by the boundary stone  
of hand over eyes.

And we in recognition counted the blessings of our dollar lunches  
why the men always placed a toothpick in the pocket  
why the men wanted to give the impression  
they ate steak every night instead of beans  
and these motions attend us  
the inseparable physics of our after image  
lifted in the intimate daylight  
cresting our hills  
splayed in the heat of our ideal climate  
mincing in innumerable muttering  
the vertical mile shouldering syllables  
the obedient affairs of our mapping  
the horizon receiving all our weight.

And we pass through a raised circle of our tracing  
our points of reference  
the single silence as it gently rounds itself  
as the language which assures  
the communion of our bodies laboring  
pressed in stone

the shaft  
the thin folds of mica split by the basin of our feet  
our guiding path home as an echo.

**One Needs Only To Listen**

The underground mine rumblings  
are resonance in the body of our names  
the shame our fathers have felt when we toured them at work  
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And we pass through a raised circle of our tracing  
our points of reference  
the single silence as it gently rounds itself  
as the language which assures  
the communion of our bodies laboring  
pressed in stone

the shape of the finger pressed to the lip  
the thin folds of mica split by the basin of our feet  
our guiding path home as an echo.

The uncompromising soft  
its manner to root nearly to the wind itself  
implants its varied bending  
truant to the appraising prickly pear.

Will we be prepared in our common knowledge  
to see the pummeling acquaintance of javelina  
and of baleful eyes colored in the dark  
their disdain at our crossing.

Then shall we turn elsewhere  
the boulder tied to moons light  
the rapturous rhymed couplets of agave  
the flushed erection of blossoms witness to our vows

where we are coalesced  
knotted in the mesquite  
the inexhaustible creosote.

We simply walk  
and we are relinquished in pollen  
the special tenderness of quail  
arranged intoning what we thought was God's language.

But all this little knowledge between us  
of petals  
of leaves  
is flushed by rain  
breaking in the mind  
our grace of myth.

And all the days to go  
the rest taken by brightness the wing taken by  
folded as a wing

And who will stay by the creek  
gathering in ferns from down the stream  
or the dragonfly he will find  
leaving through  
drifted away

## Little More Than Common Knowledge

The uncompromising soltol  
its manner to root nearly to the wind itself  
implants its varied bending  
truant to the appraising prickly pear.

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to see the pummeling acquaintance of javelina  
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But all this little knowledge between us  
of petals  
of leaves  
is flushed by rain  
breaking in the mind  
our grace of myth.

And all this does us good  
the rain fallen by brightness the wing taken in  
folded as a wrist.

And who will stay by the creek  
gathering in burro brush from twilights shadow  
to the douglas fir and back  
lowing through  
drifted away

know  
knowing too well  
one scarcely drinks

## Passions of A Naturalist

The raven at once senses presence  
diminishes reflection  
to receive grace its opaque eye seeming to nod  
peppered its biography taken in parts rib-ridden  
the claw twisted.

What will we know of its hurried glance  
and if we were as sure as the neighboring curandera  
would the heart leap  
as a manner of speech  
to eat here  
to sleep here  
to wash here.

The head shakes slowly  
to say what one thinks as comfortable cover  
the tender formality restored faith  
that God passes as a small openness  
a late riser to sacrifice the shaken twig  
the broken arc singled in parched grain  
wind hovered rolled up as a prayer.

The body in its partitions  
the two coming together  
the wing beak and eye  
the recent arrival night warm and still  
designs of dreamless sleep in common  
lodgings  
accents  
contained edibility.

And all this does us good  
the rain fallen by brightness the wing taken in  
folded as a wrist.

And who will stay by the creek  
gathering in burro brush from twilights shadow  
to the douglas fir and back  
lowing through  
drifted away

knowing each part by heart  
knowing too well  
one scarcely drinks  
offered water.

The vis  
as it disperses from juniper  
from cedar  
from creosote  
nondescript compelling bees attaining the compact  
anglicized visitor  
gratefully folding  
accepting as compliment the curved neck.

As the

This is the gift  
the present salary  
the sanctuary of cactus wrens  
allotted saguaros  
premature emeralds  
where three or four ruby-throated hummingbirds buzz like priests  
slowly striking at whatever presents itself.

The curled castings of mesquite pods  
held with some dignity  
a script somewhat unformed  
generous gestures where we may turn away  
offering ourselves to sight.

And this fallen light  
this blood  
blood sugar will turn out to be  
unshakably set as the absence  
of certain consonants  
the heron and whirling bee inspecting.

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## A Useful Addition

The visiting heron is a useful addition  
as it disperses from juniper  
from cedar  
from creosote  
nondescript compelling bees attaining the compact  
anglicized visitor  
gratefully folding  
accepting as compliment the curved neck.

At the rising of breath  
This is the gift  
the present salary  
the sanctuary of cactus wrens  
allotted saguaros  
premature emeralds  
where three or four ruby-throated hummingbirds buzz like priests  
slowly striking at whatever presents itself.

The curled castings of mesquite pods  
held with some dignity  
And with a script somewhat unformed  
generous gestures where we may turn away  
offering ourselves to sight.

And this fallen light  
this blood  
blood sugar will turn out to be  
unshakably set as the absence  
of certain consonants  
And with the heron and whirling bee inspecting.

incising these portals of labor  
the emotive dweller  
visible through shifting shapes  
still and inattentive as a flame.

So the hand makes its journey  
exploring  
where the heart bleeds into itself  
as a soft voice  
its centuries of love  
scrolled and embellished

known **Madam Leff's Mercantile**  
some fragment of the soul.

There is always a casualty  
cloth pressed around the hand  
the silent attentive sorting of buttons  
the rippling of silk  
of velvet  
where folds are filled by light  
as if a crease has its own gravity.

At the rising of breath  
we feel for the pulse  
open vests  
what host is taken  
the skylight  
a temporary temple  
where garments are crescents  
a cauldron of indigo  
of chartreuse  
where levitations are demitasse.

And we rise the gentle cup  
of conversation  
lean towards a dress  
to clear the tongue  
open the body  
its language of needles  
embroidery  
fallen comments.

And we go into private rooms  
incising these portals of labor  
the emotive dweller  
visible through shifting shapes  
still and inattentive as a flame.

So the hand makes its journey  
exploring  
where the heart bleeds into itself  
as a soft voice  
its centuries of love  
scrolled and embellished

known in its giving the Hollywood  
some fragment of the soul.

On our way to Apache trail  
to Globe Arizona  
to the Spudnut Donut Shack  
we cross the Southern Pacific cattle-guard  
wince in the stirrups  
the nervousness of new horseshoes sparking over the rails.  
All afternoon we have ridden fence rounding the strays  
the broken-heart branded cattle of our Apache neighbors  
and we cousins are of age  
to once have heard passengers gossip on the Globe-Miami Stage  
as it rounded Central Heights cemetery  
that these quiet off-reservation Apaches  
triangular space of land were as Baltic Avenue  
to the county play of monopoly  
we whispering to each gossiper  
lose your turn or do not pass go  
go directly to jail  
for we were raised on manners  
knowing our honest bargains equaled labor and leisure.

And we circle the cattle  
cutting out wandering goats  
and we springing chickens  
while our uncles trade grappa for beaded chaps  
for horsetail quilts and fry bread  
and we dismount to join in the roped sofas  
the experience of the last cattle drive from Mexico to Austin  
as we adjust the radio dials of rusting Thunderbirds  
we nudge in the air  
the pointed star-spangled  
toe of our boots a pressing of accelerations  
our premiums to insure the horse power of our imaginations  
how we all gathered to receive  
the national tattoo  
the electric lights  
the national tattoo

our polio vaccine  
knowing we were chosen children  
rounded up at the Gila County Courthouse steps

## Little Hollywood

On our way to Apache trail  
to Globe Arizona  
to the *Spudnut Donut Shack*  
we cross the Southern Pacific cattle-guard  
winces in the stirrups  
the nervousness of new horseshoes sparking over the rails.

And to ease our shock  
All afternoon we have ridden fence rounding the strays  
the broken-heart branded cattle of our Apache neighbors  
at Little Hollywood  
and we cousins are of age  
to once have heard passengers gossip on the Globe-Miami Stage  
as it rounded Central Heights cemetery  
that these quiet off-reservation Apaches  
triangular space of land were as Baltic Avenue  
to the county play of monopoly  
we whispering to each gossiper  
*lose your turn or do not pass go*  
for we were raised on manners  
knowing our honest bargains equaled labor and leisure.

And we circle the cattle  
cutting out wandering goats  
and we springing chickens  
while our uncles trade grappa for beaded chaps  
for horsetail quirts and fry bread  
and we dismount to join in the roped sofas  
the experience of the last cattle drive from Mexico to Austin  
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toe of our boots a pressing of accelerations  
our premiums to insure the horse power of our imaginations  
how we all gathered to receive  
the national tattoo

the elder of Little Hollywood  
hoists up this days flag-- *Sputnik*  
hovering over Little Hollywood

our polio vaccine *on potato of the Spudnut Shack*  
knowing we were chosen children  
rounded up at the Gila County Courthouse steps  
reassembling the new third line for us Mexican-Americans  
measured by our communal shivering as Geiger counters  
sensing the metal needled apparition in unity  
as military doctors and nurses cut out our names  
branding on the arm our likeness.

And to ease our shock *Bacon's Boots and Saddlery* offered  
*las reata's* as lariats  
photographs of wranglers as *vaqueros*  
plastic Winchester thirty-odd six rifles  
the drawings of past famous brands  
BY for Brigham Young  
and these we carefully etched on fenceposts  
the three crosses †††  
of *Hernando de Cortez*  
the looped head U  
of *Cabeza de Vaca*.

We drew in and rested on the Los Angeles radio signal  
Johnny Horton's *North to Alaska*  
rounded our chorus as a wheelbarrow spilling out shapes  
whales  
polar bears  
masks split in smiles and frowns  
and we gravitated in this new wilderness  
our uncles gambling in rodeo bets  
freighting Apache wickiups and adobe bunkhouses  
boxcars of *Miami Copper*  
flatcars of cedar white pine and douglas fir  
stockcars of our longhorns and quarter-horses  
all following Walt Disney with his Disneyland camera crew  
mounting riding behind honking horns in *Queen Creek Tunnel*  
circling the edges of our frybread bologna sandwiches  
dispatching in our viewfinders  
the cartoon shape of *Devil's Canyon*  
*Coyote and Roadrunner* flattened as fallen arrows  
as Pacholi the Apache warrior  
the elder of Little Hollywood  
hoists up this days flag-- *Sputnik*  
hovering over Little Hollywood

curving off the neon *potato* of the *Spudnut Shack*  
dividing in the cattle guard  
as it ricochets off and into the window space

We are waiting of the passing stage.  
We are to open  
our paper lists pinned to the cuffs of our shirts  
we sit in our *Western Flyer* wagons  
shoot marbles in the beds.

The adjoining garage is busy  
with the clanking of dropped tire rods  
the hiss of air hoses  
the cranking of jacks  
the bell ringing of pumped gasoline.

It is Thursday-bonus day and we all stock up for our incentives  
our fathers sizing tires for their trucks  
our brothers for button-fly levis  
our sisters for oxfords  
our mothers for lilac water and Revlon.

We know the store by heart  
the raised caged office  
the received *whooshed* copper tumbler  
as it is vacuum tubed from each department  
our signatures sent and channeled  
our racing beneath to acquire our ok'd credits.

The store opens and we carry our lists to each department  
for shoe laces  
for kerchiefs  
for cotton balls  
for erasers and *Big Red* writing tablets.

Before we load our wagon's  
we gather at the soda fountain for fresh lime-aids  
grilled cheese sandwiches and pickle chips.

In the grocery aisles we marvel at the abundance of cereals  
boxed foods with the magic promise  
of mashed potato  
of instant rice  
of *Tang* the breakfast of Astronauts

## Miami Copper Company Store

We are waiting for the Company store to open  
our paper lists pinned to the cuffs of our shirts  
we sit in our *Western Flyer* wagons  
shoot marbles in the beds.

The adjoining garage is busy  
with the clanking of dropped tire rods  
the hiss of air hoses  
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boxed foods with the magic promise  
of mashed potato  
of instant rice  
of *Tang* the breakfast of Astronauts

of canned refried beans  
none of us knows anyone named Rosarita.

Our lists direct us to the butcher's shop  
the saw-dusted floor lifts our senses  
the magic of butcher paper and string  
and these butchers are always jolly  
wrapping soup bones for our families  
wrapping scraps for our cats and dogs  
marking the bundles with bold  
and perfect XXX's for a no-charge.

Adolf calls us over to the cheese and dairy  
burlaps of *stinky* cheese  
Wisconsin Swiss with mazes of holes  
the imports of France of Switzerland of Holland  
we each receiving in paper cups curds and whey  
as Adolph carefully pulls out of tins  
of crates  
of barrels  
the special treats of miniature maps and erotic names.

We pull the yoke on our wagon's  
load in papered sacks  
lemons  
cilantro  
pinto beans and corn husks  
we round the floor scale measure our weights  
scurry for one last look at the lone free standing freezer  
our amazement as we look inside  
four tight stacks of boxes with their photographed images  
we think of holiday family plates  
of turkey  
of fried chicken  
of meatloaf  
of sticks of fish  
but we are weary of them  
there is no one touching this food  
no Manuel to shuck the corn for us  
no Bernadine to ask us which bread roll we want  
no Eric to lift this meat with his fork to paper  
there is no one to bless this food  
by touching

by smelling  
by tasting.

As children we were all taught the danger of heat

The register line opens  
and we rush for the chance to pull the corded dowel  
our orders penciled  
averaged

We watch the insertion of inked copy sheets  
the pride in our penmanship  
the returned cylinder *whooshing* with our bonus  
the passing of fulfilling this days needs

July was the best time to be in the city  
as the cashier leans down  
pins the receipt to the point of our collars

we took down the telephones our mothers  
Castro's TV and appliances  
saying we are on our way home  
saying we stayed with the list  
saying we were well-mannered

receiving the pink slip for our bonus at the confection counter  
one all-day bullet popsicle  
sunflower seeds and ropes of red licorice.

We saw how the heat  
that women flashed up from their beds  
that men and dogs wailed with turned backs.

We all passed the house  
and wondered at the smouldering roof

We saw the melted ceramic doorknobs  
the plastic hoola-hoop vibrating on the heat as if it had nerves  
the crinkling of a petticoat sprung from its red-hot hanger.

We were told that this fire  
held him who dared to smoke in bed  
held her who dared to sleep near lit candles  
held them who dared to leave a hot plate burning.

Soon after we heard the stories of *Stone-Soup*  
*The Boy who Cried Wolf*

and we took inventory all summer of our forgetfulness  
returned the knife after shared watermelon  
returned the spoons from our mud-hills  
returned the matches from our piggy banks  
stopped smoking our imaginary pipes  
as we made pools for our sea divers and *Woolworth*  
five-for-a-quarter turtles.

## Cauldron

As children we were all taught the danger of heat  
In the hot dry of steaming stews  
of boiled milk  
of fermenting wine.

We were taught at school  
Chief Nichols showed us how we should hold our heads  
between our knees and breathe lightly.

July was the hot month  
we practiced sliding down the school chutes  
took dares to annoy the clerk at Castro's TV and appliances  
we took dares to shun our shoes  
tempt the jointed tails of scorpions  
carry horned toads in our cupped hands.

But we knew little of the passions of fire  
how the nights grew siren crazy  
that women flashed up from their beds  
that men and dogs wailed with turned backs.

We all passed the house  
and wondered at the smouldering roof  
the melted ceramic doorknobs  
the plastic hoola-hoop vibrating on the heat as if it had nerves  
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returned the matches from our piggy banks  
stopped smoking our imaginary pipes  
as we made pools for our sea divers and *Woolworth*  
five-for-a-quarter turtles.

None of us admitted **Dousing** lid bats at dusk through bamboo  
and barrel cactus  
shooing jackrabbits

In the hot dry summer  
Rosa's paper flowers gathered dust ed them to porch railings  
and Lucrecia's *day of the dead* skull candies  
melted in our pockets  
After V as we scurried past centipedes  
legs fingering stones like castanets creek  
and entered the *Blessed Mary* church bus-stop  
shook for we attended only to see  
possibly to touch coarse Spanish lace of the ladies-of-leisure  
as we kneeled drawing up in our flared nostrils  
scents of wax far as our arches would allow  
leaned ball bearings Necco wall like Jimmy Dean  
as we exotic perfume to Phoenix to Albuquerque bus  
pumpkin seeds  
and blasting powder.

We walked with these South American ladies-of-leisure  
to the shell shaped vestibule  
dipped our hands next to theirs in the holy water  
splashed the barrettes in our hair  
as they flicked their fans slowly and winked.

We imagined from the pews the touch of tongue to hand  
the offering of our *Necco* wafers  
we imagined behind the copper door of the confessional  
the priest as Richard Burton palming his cross at prayer  
delivering us from our own passion.

We practiced hymns  
circling in our courtyards the lowing of supplicating Brides of Christ  
we traded all week *Star and Romance* magazines  
lingered at the baptismal where we swore Ava Gardner  
danced rumba with the Martinez brothers shaking maracas.

We met at Bernstein's Jewel Box  
bought matching plastic earrings  
faceted necklaces  
laced gloves and *Evening in Paris* cologne.

None of us admitted darting pallid bats at dusk through bamboo  
and barrel cactus  
shooing jackrabbits  
catching lizards  
imagining them iguanas as we noosed them to porch railings  
fed them raw eggs and strips of tortillas.

After Wednesday night sermons  
we scattered down and through the creek  
to Blackman's Mobil and Greyhound bus-stop  
shook our small bottles of iced coke  
measured the foam before swallowing  
smoothed our torn jeans  
bent our red Keds as far as our arches would allow  
leaned against the stucco wall like Jimmy Dean  
as we waited for the LA to Phoenix to Albuquerque bus  
full of foresters  
ensigns  
returning fallen stars.

And all the families of Glass Canyon are kind to us  
helping us make magic for Arnold knowing his leukemia  
stalked closer than we wanted but we held together  
shared our *Baby Ruths*  
*Pot's o' Gold*  
*Blackjack* and *Teaberry Gums* and popcorn.

As we pulled the velvet curtain back  
we lowered our heads stepped lightly through the dark aisles  
and we hunched with *Frankenstein's Monster*  
held our hand out to touch before stumbling to our seats.

At intermission we ran outside  
leaned on the bridges  
searched for storms and castles in Pinal's Signal Peak  
looked towards the *Blessed Mary* church bell tower  
where black-capped chickadee's dived in and out  
across the *La Paloma's* sign  
the neon *dove* levitated in the blue light cast winged shadows  
across the restaurant window  
hovered over steaming plates of rice and beans.

**Glass Canyon** inside the *Grand Theater*

Carmen and Arnold cover for us as we sneak  
down Inspiration stairway  
cut through backyards  
hide in the ivy  
for we are daring to cross the highschool junior  
highschool senior's pathway  
we are hoping for quick kisses in the shadows  
we are hoping to see the coupled steadies  
we are really in trouble if we are caught.

All weekend we play *king of the hill*  
*Hollywood hopscotch*  
stop at the Butler's house  
to marvel at Mrs. Butler's college yearbook  
with her photo next to Lloyd Bridges  
and we are always given little sandwiches  
as she makes us play the card game *Authors*  
before attending the *Grand Theater* matinees.

And all the families of Glass Canyon are kind to us  
helping us make magic for Arnold knowing his leukemia  
stalked closer then we wanted but we held together  
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across the restaurant window  
hovered over steaming plates of rice and beans.

Carmen ushers us back inside the *Grand Theater*

we lead each other to seats

In second we raise our hands to the screen -dance contest

carry the villager's torches as other children jeer and shout

we learn not to "Sit Down!" Monsters beware of its vise grip

and the names of our surrounding ranges

On our way home

we adjust our eyes to the brilliance of the sun

cross over the bridges

double check for cars across highway 60

Our teachers hurry up the canyon grades together in the Inspiration Addition schoolyard

each of us splitting off the trail small friends as we practice

each of us waving

our enlarged heads butt in the shadows.

Before summer arrived

we all climbed the hill to Arnold's

to bring our lighted candles

to hold Arnold's mother's hand under her raised rosary

The kids to watch Arnold's face under the doctor's stethoscope

turn chalk green and powdery

to watch his palms open

ready to receive whatever fell into them.

and the truant officer's dead eye

the third-graders are trying to get us in trouble

by spinning off the strained synchronicity of our group whistling.

And it's time

the photographer has called from the Public Library

the teachers are in a frenzy

and we are filed through the schoolyard gates

we are marching stepping high

we are rising and lowering in the canyons

the principal reminding us we are off to meet Governor Mc Farland.

Our teachers are prompting our courage

we imagine the victory of blown bridges

we imagine the ascension of nightfall

we are one general flow towards destruction.

Our Librarian Miss Sheves'

holds our sway on the library steps

our constant whistling

## Comparable Ranges

In second grade we win the state square-dance contest  
in fourth we learn to track bobcat and white-tailed deer  
we learn not to pick up Gila Monsters beware of its vise grip  
and the names of our surrounding ranges  
Sierra Ancha  
Four Peaks  
Superstition and White Mountains.

Our teachers group all four grades together in the Inspiration Addition schoolyard  
and we are embarrassed for our small friends as we practice  
the march and whistling of British soldiers  
in our cuffed shorts and white kerchiefs.

We all whisper "why are we dressed this way?"  
as we break in step  
move in unison to our principal's baton.

The kindergartners are wild as we are taken to the auditorium to watch  
*The Bridge on the River Kwai*  
they trade seats and make faces  
the first-graders are scared of Mrs. Bates' window hook  
and the truant officer's dead eye  
the third-graders are trying to get us in trouble  
by spinning off the strained synchronicity of our group whistling.

And it's time  
the photographer has called from the Public Library  
the teachers are in a frenzy  
and we are filed through the schoolyard gates  
we are marching stepping high  
we are rising and lowering in the canyons  
the principal reminding us we are off to meet Governor Mc Farland.

Our teachers are prompting our courage  
we imagine the victory of blown bridges  
we imagine the ascension of nightfall  
we are one general flow towards destruction.

Our Librarian Miss Sheves'  
holds our sway on the library steps  
our constant whistling

our imaginary British postures  
sweat brimmed hats and rolled sleeves  
as we shuffle in positions  
as we try for the library door  
as we try to slip low in the crowd  
and all this briefly limits our curiosity of Miss Sheves' octopi  
held in formaldehyde.

But we were not to be absorbed in the deep jungle  
or caught next to the libraries Devil Fish and transparent globes  
of oceans  
of universes

of the world  
for our whistling wavered with Governor Mc Farland's passing  
at the photographer's final release

we burst from the piercing of our image  
up Adonis Avenue

following Miss Sheves' to *Pauline's*  
where we regained our comparable ranges  
where we shed our kerchiefs  
unrolled our sleeves  
sucked on hot butter and chili tortillas  
on salted plums  
until we cooled down with iced tea.

We are know as children of the community  
we have hundreds of mothers  
respect our fathers  
we are all cousins.

We run from the canyons  
from our homes  
we have finished our chores and gather at the *Grand Theater*  
this is our payday  
we offer our quarters for numbered tickets  
we flock to the concession window  
rush past the curtain to our seats  
some of us try to sneak up the balcony  
to see if the projectionist is alone or with a girl.

Vincent Price looms at us as we suck on *Sugar Daddies*  
Valerio finds the free marker on his stick and gives it to Jesus  
for we are accommodating under the scams of the *Baron of Arizona*

look at **Working Outside the Home** at ourselves  
look at the Hollywood vision of our deserts  
our mountains

Our beds are made  
the yard is swept  
our wagons are filled with groceries  
we've collected mail  
we've stopped by the Russian woman's Used Furniture store  
for freshly roasted pumpkin seeds she sorts in the folds of her dress  
we lean to collect them as she pats our faces and tells us  
we have beautiful skin.

We go down Sullivan Street  
past the *Vandal Inn*  
past *Rexall Drugs*  
the *Real Market*.

We follow Mrs. Gutierrez  
share our seeds with her trailing monkey  
promise to bathe it after the matinee  
we are greeted by shopkeepers  
the cooks at *El Rey*  
at *La Paloma*  
at *Renteria's*.

We are know as children of the community  
we have hundreds of mothers  
respect our fathers  
we are all cousins.

We run from the canyons  
from our homes  
we have finished our chores and gather at the *Grand Theater*  
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Vincent Price looms at us at as we suck on *Sugar Daddies*  
Valerio finds the free marker on his stick and gives it to Jesus  
for we are accommodating under the scams of the *Baron of Arizona*

look at the actress look at Maria look at ourselves  
look at the Hollywood vision of our deserts  
our mountains  
our accents.

The Baron insults us  
he has not entered our homes  
he does not know our names  
we etch under the broad brim of his hat  
our curious logic  
our cheerful defiance as Valerio our deemed king of the day  
holds his box of popcorn high  
rushes down the aisle into the projector's rupturing clatter  
Valerio is broken and shifted  
as he meets the screen wall  
helps swing the noose over the tree limb  
popcorn spilling as small explosions of stones.

The vigilantes of the screen rush towards Valerio  
and we balance them all in the reward of our unified laughter  
Valerio escaping them all  
the usher claiming his territorial rights  
the *Baron* and Valerio let loose.

As the theater house lights go up  
announcing an intermission lottery  
Valerio is allowed to stay for the second feature  
by sweeping the balcony  
tossing shreds of wrappers  
found combs  
bent papered 3-D glasses  
as documents  
as forgotten testimonies that we are on occasion  
privileged to sit under the shifting  
showering light of the projector.

All this searching  
found us children thirsty  
gathered over the firm round flowing head  
and holy liquid of the *Dairy Queen* water fountain.

## Shrapnel

It was the simple adoration to sense her phrase as shrapnel  
how she was lodged in the heart long after  
She kept nickels in a jar *bowling pins in the Claypool Bowling Alley*  
called them her saving chariots  
our mothers said she had *maladies du pay*  
and we whispered the words because they were foreign and beautiful.

And we wondered at the young Yugoslavian woman  
as her hair glowed white in the corner of the tailor's shop  
she seemed threaded to the stool and bundles of cloth  
as steam scattered above her  
dampened her half-eaten apricots  
figs and peaches.

We whispered *maladies du pay* as we idled at the doorway  
her hands rising in the heated lamps red as pomegranates.

Her image pierced us as we passed the shop at night  
she still working through the starching of shirts  
her laced shawl feathering her face  
and we attributed *maladies du pay*  
to the fishhook shaped thorns of the barrel cactus  
to alley cats and the cheese boats at the *Apache Drive-In*  
we assigned the phrase to the waltzing patrons of the *Sunset Bar*  
it carried over to our seasonal apprehensions of *La Llorona*.

And we imagined her wandering with her mother  
searching for her children  
hovering on the strings of Savena Salazar's violin.

The phrase doubled back lifting lightly  
in the fallen leaves of the tree-of-heaven  
swirled in the rain-barrel where we bathed Mrs. Gutierrez' monkey  
it perched briefly in the quaking aspens  
followed Queen Creek to Pinal  
maladies du pay  
maladies du pay.

All this searching  
found us children thirsty  
gathered over the firm round flowing head  
and holy liquid of the *Dairy Queen* water fountain.

### Combination Plates

It was the simple adoration to sense her phrase as shrapnel  
how she was lodged in the heart long after  
Under the calamity of bowling pins in the *Claypool Bowling Alley*  
spilled our memory of her  
leaving us bundled horehound  
foreign coins tied to colored threads.

and we formulate in our unified promenade  
to acknowledge bankers  
teachers  
miney retrieving orders-to-go in boxes  
our doctors and visitors  
announcing the past bounty of our ghostly streets.

And we lift in these subtle moments  
the well-sought reputation of our restaurants  
*La Paloma* and *El Rey* their art to restore in us all  
combination plates.

For we greet at nearby tables  
the sincere formalities of our folded tortillas  
the dousing of red chili  
the chimichanga which newcomers view as exotic.

And we laugh in the perfection of our beans  
as the accordions lift from their rounded vinyl  
the offerings of the signatures of our tamales  
bought by the dozens and shipped elsewhere.

And the cooks nurse with great patience  
scrolls of independent desires  
carefully arrange a combination of plates  
as forks  
as spoons clatter in the hundreds of sermons  
as each opened mouth offers the tongue a rise in adolescence  
a billiard of sensations  
as each chalks the cue of memory  
the conversions of our ideal climate  
our hovering between hot and cold.

For here we are destined to fill the air with its multiple seasonings  
the variety of our names  
our *will* to illuminate in pleasant arrangements this daily activity

## Combination Plates

Under black velvet bullfighters  
pinatas of roosters of stars  
our neighbor's as waitresses serve us  
our childhood cooks wave greetings  
and we formulate in our unified promenade  
to acknowledge bankers  
teachers  
miners retrieving orders-to-go in boxes  
our doctors and visitors  
announcing the past bounty of our ghostly streets.

And we lift in these subtle moments  
the well-sought reputation of our restaurants  
*La Paloma* and *El Rey* their art to restore in us all  
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## Mining Terms

**Adit-** is a passage driven from the earth's surface into a mine.  
**Crosscut-** is a passage whose direction is at right or sharp angles to the geologic structures in a mine.  
**Drift-** is a passage that has been driven along or parallel to the course of a vein.

**Footwall-** is the wall or zone of rock under an inclined vein. It is beneath the miner's feet as he excavates the ore.

**Gangue-** is the worthless material mixed with the ore in a mineral deposit.

**Hanging Wall-** is the wall or zone of rock above an inclined vein. It hangs above the miner as he excavates the ore.

**Level-** is the group of drifts and crosscuts made at one depth in an underground mine. Miners usually develop several levels, each at a different depth.

**Outcrop-** is the exposed surface of a mineral deposit.

**Overburden-** is the soil or rock that covers a mineral deposit.

**Raise-** is a passage driven upward from a lower level toward an upper level in an underground mine.

**Shaft-** is a vertical passage from the earth's surface into a mine. It is shaped like an elevator shaft.

**Stope-** is an underground excavation formed by the removal of ore between one level and the next in a mine.

**Sump-** is an excavation made at the bottom of a shaft to collect water in order to remove it from a mine.

**Tunnel-** is a horizontal underground passage that opens to the surface at both ends.

**Vein-** is a mineral deposit with definite boundaries that separate it from the surrounding rock.

**Winze-** is a passage that has been driven downward from a level in an underground mine.

## Mining Terms

**Adit-** is a nearly horizontal passage from the earth's surface into a mine.

**Crosscut-** is a horizontal mine passage whose direction is at right or sharp angles to the directions of the veins or other geologic structures in a mine.

**Drift-** is a horizontal mine passage that has been driven along or parallel to the course of a vein.

**Footwall-** is the wall or zone of rock under an inclined vein. It is beneath the miner's feet as he excavates the ore.

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