

WORDS & VISIONS
FOR MINDS ON FIRE

CONDUIT

Last Laugh

19

black humor
in deadpan alley

Out West

We marked years not with the circuit of days,
but by crossing mountains, gathering bottles,
arguing.

I shot the show when it was in the way,
a promenade of targets,
all these buffalo guns.
One target for the size of the story of your trophy kill.
One target for the story of the size of my heartlung.

We marked mountains, not withstanding
empty arguments, snowstorm circuits,
story guns.

My point, from my years out West, or in West:
Appaloosa signed a contract:
His blanket would be mountains on his otherwise plains.
He would defer to the braids of the native tribes.
But it wouldn't be easy.

Nor was it easy to gather a snowstorm,
marking every other drift for days, white on white on
circuits crossed.

I wore braids, corn blond and splitting dry,
you plotted to loose them, spill them, a flood of cascade.
Bully bright, roping Appaloosa and
planning a catapult past the target.
Better than bullets.

Will I mark years now by the snowfall of trophies,
by signing the spotted bones, gathering ropes,
deferring?