A Woman Standing West of Washtucna
by Patti Verstrat

why
there
amid godpuked sage
chunked up on shiny soft
wheatfields
ain’t it
pricklytickly
round the ankles?

your denim
a vertical river
of cool smooth blue
flowing
nowhere
but to the placid clouds
and back to dust again

stretching
you might break
the snarl patches of tangled brush
which snag you
or are you stuck
in that mesmer motion,
like water finding its path
of least
resistance

or

do you choose it
seek it
smell and taste it
sage-
and dust-
narcotic
intoxicated,
in column containd frenzy
you ohsowholly
touch
the sky