

WISHBONE

The cactus grows green
handles toward the sun
as if you could grab the landscape
by its points and pull until
it comes undone short and long
red and redder in one desert
you're stuck in one desert
you're more stuck
is not the whole land before thee
is not the great inheritance
green-futured cities of the plain
a choice the sky
that borderless bubble where you still
yourself in two
to see at last beyond
the peeling edges of the sky—