

**A Cascadian in New Mexico**  
(for Amalio)

wd make it a road trip, take a less  
beat route, take photos wherever  
of rattler warnings

though this too  
Cascadian as your flannel  
reflection

& socks & sandals  
& John Day River watershed.



Find the weather-beat sign  
points to St. Helens with two  
elevations (before & after) past  
Memaloose, exiting the “Garden  
of the World.” Past Wasco,  
Condon to blue lupine half way between the equator  
& the north pole.

& we with our iPod tweaked  
tho confused Mexicana for Cuban salsa &  
worked the skip button under the solar-powered prayer wheel.

A Cascadian in Boise  
‘d learn to rhyme Boise  
not with noisy but as Boy See? like  
the locals, though  
Chief Twisted Hair (before the Fort, before the French  
trappers who’d shout “Les Bois! Les Bois!” at all the  
wood)  
he’d a called it Tukarika after the Shoshones  
there whom we’d call  
Sheepeaters.

Chief Twisted Hair never had  
a red beet margarita at Junipers  
nor wd have seen the Caffé D’arte sign

said: “Awesome, thy name is coffee”



& take another tater foto.

\* \* \*

Find Thai food and torrents  
& tiny umbrellas  
not enough cover for the fat-headed  
Cascadian behind the wheel.

Find statues & stacks &  
camels cut out of rock by the cunning  
artificer  
& more coffee.

Sushi in South Jordan, Utah! YES!  
& Born saké no less.  
(Praise the Lord! Someone's paying  
attention.)

\* \* \*

& Sam'd say Dead Horse Point  
& we'd say Amen & 84 & 15 & US-6  
towards Spanish Fork loving Utah's  
eighty-mile an hour limit whenever  
the rain'd stop & the wake  
of semis obliterate visibility for cars sans  
solar-powered Tibetan prayer wheels or their Church of Latter  
Day Saints equivalent. (In Taos, tho they'd preach the Church of the  
Latté-a-Day Saints but way ahead of ourselves.)

6 to 70 to 191 and UT-313

&

here the rocks are red &  
cowboys'd corner the steeds &  
forget to water 'em.

*According to one legend, around the turn of the century the point was used as a corral for wild mustangs roaming the mesa top. Cowboys*



*rounded up these horses, herded them across the narrow neck of land and onto the point. The neck, which is only 30-yards-wide, was then fenced off with branches and brush. This created a natural corral surrounded by*

*precipitous cliffs straight down on all sides, affording no escape. Cowboys then chose the horses they wanted and let the culls of broomtails go free. One time, for some unknown reason, horses were left corralled on the waterless point where they died of thirst within view of the Colorado River, 2,000 feet below.*

Mesas, cryptobiotic soil & Mormon Tea.  
Scarlet Globemallow, Juniper y Pinyon Pine.  
Space lichen, Blackbrush & Prickly Pear Cactus  
but no whiskey for breakfast yet.

You ain't far from where Sam  
was stealing cars as a  
Halladay juvenile delinquent  
or would ride up  
& watch the stars for a night or three.

You're in the west  
where the Colorado's what's about left  
for water with the rapture as nature's pre-emptive  
World War III.



In Denver you can wake & bake  
the soup of the day legal now or enjoy  
- Whiskey.

\* \* \*

In Denver, past the lizards and sticky buds  
find yrself the entrance  
to Clyfford Still Museum. He who'd  
sense juju rush of one artist  
alone, (wdn't hafta be him.) He who knew  
back in 1950 (as Pollock & Motherwell, Hans Hoffman



& Rothko, De Kooning & others) that:

*for roughly one hundred years, only advanced art has made any consequential contribution to civilization.*

& you'd find yourself in depression Pullman or Nespelem or  
Toppenish, where Still started to  
find the dropped-jaw abstraction  
of the tragic. What he'd of  
remembered from the Alberta farm,  
the hard work  
of feeding folks between wars.



*In the few directions we were able to look in the 1920's, whether to past cultures or the scientific, aesthetic and social myths of our own, it was amply evident that in them lay few answers valid for insight or imagination. The fog had thickened, not lifted, by those who, out of weakness or positions of power, looked back to the Old World for means to extend their authority in this newer land. Already mired by moralists and utilitarians in the swamps of folkways and synthetic traditions, we were especially vulnerable to the mechanistic interpretations of motive and meaning. There followed a deluge of total confusion*

And Still wd (patient) sketch the elders  
& chiefs, Willie Andrews, 1936, some  
sense of an imagination in tact (not  
for long) some sense of



replete w/ divinity.

(Someone lucky will find Still's lost works in a  
Pullman garage sale.)

& were there one thousand  
thirty-nine exurban Baltimore  
birds swirling  
w/ something resembling souls  
just beyond? & was the silence they made  
a how-to for the settler & his rusty  
imagination? & were birds flying up out of some  
crust, some hot, burnin' fire? We'd

never know, content to Blunt Object our way  
past Garcia and Costilla, past cars in the Rio  
Rojo Valley, we need no weed for breakfast  
(café sí, no wakin' and bakin') finally here, a  
seventeen hundred mile shortcut maybe how  
the birds would've had it, fueled by trombone  
solos, coffee and travel as the worst enemy of  
ignorance.

12:02p - 5.27.15

<http://boisebasinhistory.com/Boise-Basin---Native-Americans.php>

<http://stateparks.utah.gov/parks/dead-horse/discover/>

Clyfford Still from January 1, 1959, Albright Art Gallery Exhibition catalog.



\* \* \*



## **In Taos**

In Taos you can have a green chilé ale & wait for Garcia.  
In Taos the light's September light almost all year round.  
In Taos Georgia saw this and knew it, applied her slice  
of infinity to gift the Goddess  
and clouds  
& unfettered azul Indians knew  
was there & kept the prayer chain going  
so azul wd remain azul and Corua'd live.

In Taos Garcia laughs & gives another lube & shine.  
He grips and grins and that last breakfast biscuit  
turns into a drive down the pipe & a 4.  
In Taos (population 3,369, elevation 6,983) you can  
piss on Kit Carson's grave. The ghost  
of Wanda Coleman still says Sherman sold out  
his race to win the bout.  
In Taos (or south) Garcia wd investigate petroglyphs  
& the bosque & the rio at once is Santa Barbara  
Del Pueblo, Lucio, de la Plaza y Embudo  
which you might think is a large version  
of lunchmeat (or sausage), but is funnel past the ghost  
(this time) of the Chili Line populated by magpies  
& the realization that all magpies are one and the same  
magpie.

In Taos, bad road & drive to a campground at 10K feet, gasp  
again for air, see the seed river gush like a mother  
fucker & the trailhead to Santa Fe at campground  
Santa Barbara & another big diamondback at Dixon  
"writhing out its death in the road" while Garcia prepares to  
"scrape moon haze off the lawn chairs" & eats walmart  
cantaloupe under the candelabra con velas rojas  
housing your oraciones esqueléticos over the  
extra oxygen tank from which Garcia offers  
hits to Cascadian valley dwellers.



In Taos Garcia will tell you about César Chavez, formalist  
poets and how Taos and Black Mountain blew up his  
cerebro académico, left him to question  
silver mustache beards & laughing chaparral  
fat as a magpie's tail but not salty as the third  
Santa Fe margarita whose power may yet drown  
out the May motorcyclists whose bikes drown

out bells of La Catedral Basílica de San Francisco  
de Asís.

In whose plaza dogs are not allowed in  
(or out) & the red gravel ground itself  
a painting, stunning in its postcard  
immensity (simplicity) past the roof  
dragon, the Poem store with Hallmark  
bards, the courtyard con las flores de Mayo  
& the first Indian became a saint (Kateri  
Tekakwitha who died at 24 & guides God's  
Dog, the one who complains about Garcia going  
backwards & warns that today's the day Santa  
Muerte might come and that day will come  
for Garcia and his lube & shine, his recuerdos  
de César Chávez, his oxygen tank and 3 iron  
his hoarse laugh & self-published chapbooks  
filled with Migra Letters & man dances con fedoras  
con porcupine quills and the Embudo brings  
the news of the bosque y el consuelo as we all  
crave el consuelo, it's just easier to find in la luz  
de Taos as Georgia knew and Garcia, the local  
chingón with feathers tracking ancient artwork  
on the walls left by chingones fantasmas like  
Garcia, but without his belly & insulin & migra  
letters & ghost whisper/hoarse laugh whose  
echo bobs down the Embudo & the Rio Grande  
limping (as we all are) to the finish.

6:58A - 5.29.15