

off the rez

southeast of the nation

red rocks pierce the sky

that slow river of trucks on I-40

different centuries rolling by

something like halfway from tucumcari to tehachapi

something like halfway through this mortal coil

something like a highway slow roll toward destiny

waiting for the blood to boil

pedra blanca way up by the jemez

pedra blanca up chaco way

drove down last evening, one to the other

as the sun set in the west on another day

something like halfway from tucumcari to tehachapi

something like halfway through this allotted time

something like a highway full of cheap motels

fast-food songs, nickels and dimes

just south of the rez

just south of the rez