Downstream

A desert spring, after a long, dusty hike

I'm leaning out head in the wind
Like a receiver of information
I'm cupping hands to my ears to be sure that no sound goes by unheard
I want my inputs completely occupied

I've been drinking water too far down stream.
After the facilities have done their filtering
But I want to drink something, doesn't need to be clean.
Go alone to the mountain, and drink the spring

Everyday I comb, the news for clues.
Divining patterns, from all the points of view
I dig so deep beneath the stories and the words that I read into an abandoned page
Only a quiet canary in its cage.

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After the facilities have done their filtering
But I want to drink something, doesn't need to be clean.
Go alone to the mountain, and drink the spring

"Amy what about Giardia"

"I don't care, you don't have to drink
stick to the sink, and the second hand,
of someone you don't know
I want to feel it on my feet before the filtering,
I want a source I want the spring.

The Henries

Motel morning, in the truck eating breakfast
looking at the Hanksville hills and out to the Henries.

Amy dreams of green
and leafy light

Amy pines for pines,
where life is obvious.

But now it is 10, in Amy's bed,
and she lifts her head, as the drapes battle out

Incoming light,

incoming light,

incoming she goes

way back down

Found the bed feels wide, a huge left-hand side
His left empty place,
Kind of nice on the eyes to have some negative space.

Some negative space

Some negative space

But now a nightstand note,
Turned in a paper boat,
as Harris likes to do

I've got food in the truck, when you feel, you feel up to it

She is lifting up,
She's walking down, all the hills around brown, barren, bland
infertile land, sterile sand, slips through the hand,
here Harris is found

Perhaps God forgot, to create on this place.
Well, all good design needs some negative space.

Some negative space

Some negative space

Well I think, barren can be quite beautiful.
But I think there is a place of pines, where it might be green
Over there,

over there,

over there

that's the Henries.

Hanksville

A booth at a burger grill

He finishes fries, she closes her eyes and rests against the wall
He got the number 5 with a shake.
Her head migrates, the cramping makes, her hug her knees,
Harris smiles and asks, Will you survive?

He walks next door, to the station store to stock some supplies
Diet Coke and pills for pain.
His skin burns, red turns, cashier replied,
Your cancer chance has multiplied.

And Amy bleeds
Amy bleeds since the fall of Eve
Amy bleeds in Hanksville

The irony
Though the woman bleeds to bear babies
It doesn't mean that she will
No matter just how sad she feels
In Hanksville

I feel so gross, is there some place close we can sleep a night?
I'm sure there's a motel we can try.
The top floor, the room door, Harris mocks the decor
She ignores his comic relief.

A half an hour, staying in the shower, Amy curls into bed
She taps his hand, and turns on her side
Unoccupied, He explores, the nightstand drawer,
Rolls his eyes, and sighs "Of course."

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The B

In the truck, eating fast food, peaceful smile on Amy's face, she drives.

If you are stuck
in the hive, even
a fly can thrive,
just sipping some
honey.

There is sweet all
around, dripping
from walls and
flowing on the
ground. Try a
little taste, you're
here anyways.

Like at the
neighbor parade,
you stayed in
your chair,
they tossed sweets
on the road,

Amy, the hive
Amy, the hive
Amy, the hive
for a fly is a
plague to survive

You don't wanna
partake,
you don't want to
forsake the shade
when it's sunny.

Amy there's a
real-life pain,
stings we can't
disregard, Like
my neighbor
night games,

you complained:
it's not fair.

It's not fair.

It's not fair.

Amy, the hive
Amy, the hive
Amy, the hive
for a fly is a
plague to survive

You don't have
to like every bee,
Or the high hive
society,
To see,

I'd run out into
the yard, But
those neighbors
would hide,
until I walked
back inside.

Book of Job
Arriving at camp

Just past the buzz of the big RVs, they find a site, a fire ring,
broken glass over everything, shimmering, in the sun's slow waves.

Amy we feel like Pharisees, we love the laws, more than those who weep,
as they fail to keep, the policies, how they weep, as they fail to keep

True, I knew I wanted to leave, God would never wager on me,
If skinworms and boils, and my flocks flee Won't wait and see, I'd turn and go,

I aint no Job I aint no Job I aint no Job
I aint no Job I aint no Job I aint no Job

I mean, my cousin was born with a love for men, more than woman,
he calls his thoughts, his thoughts a thorn, and keeps the law to a life forlorn
And you, Amy, minority, in a suit coat Church, periphery,
staring at a white man stand, the so silent sorority

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Harris, if a women, without a say, or your cousin still choses stay,
who are you, who are you, who are you,
to claim, their causes as your cause to stray?