

LONGING

The earth births shapes
in the mind that no real

land or laboratory knew:
what a fissure might divulge,

dry rocks askew, the way
a mesa waits for first

light. To free me of these
forms I sculpt mockups

of wire, burlap, clay.
When they dry, brown and

rough in parts, I walk around
them with my hands and then

I draw them. Why do they
always make me think of you?