

## WHITE SANDS CINERAMA

On lines of purest sundial  
The smoke like morning of Samson  
Pushes bomb and reality away.  
A suture of wind to the smoke  
And all that's left  
Is Scarecrow Cactus,  
Sole propogation of questioning man.

The sidewinder, never understanding,  
Weaves a wonder in the sand.  
A lizard's tongue blows  
A stringy sibilant  
To the wind's mandolin,  
And the copper foxes  
Are pierced again  
By the metal light,  
Yet somehow are immortal in their element.

But where are the dips in the road  
That operated on my stomach,  
And where are they,  
The bandaged bankers with their frozen beards?

Now only the sound of cracked corn  
Over the cold stones of an ornamental order.  
Only the little mornings with the moon,  
Acicular sunsets, the hoarse, the speechless birds.

GERSHGOREN