

SUSAN MEYERS

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*Guitar*

On any given night it picks its way  
down the canyon, one step  
almost in front of the other — agile enough  
to slip by whatever spells trouble.  
Forget fear. It slides down rocks, if it has to,  
to reach bottom. By day, a red bandana  
or straw hat, and why not?  
No map, just crosshatch and parallel.  
It inhales the heat, and the pinched cold  
creeping off the mountain.  
It lives alone, turns its back to the wolves.

Say it's a tin cup with bent handle.  
Peyote in full bloom. A train  
pulling rich cargo across the horizon.  
Tequila. A thumbnail piercing the skin  
of a lime, the ripe shower that follows.