

JOHN M. ANDERSON

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## *Church Vault*

*Why, Arizona*

*Near Organ Pipe Cactus National Monument*

Spine of a book uncracked, open face

laid flat on the bedside table  
to return to later. The churchyard  
the bed where none sleeps.

Unmade. Book dreaming its bright  
initials, left fall  
open for guidance, at random.

Rooks bow and strut in the lawn,  
bold face. Their broken notes  
rise in evening service.

Where in the mesquite suburbs  
has this text found root—the pulpit  
twisting its solitary stair. How

has this milkmaid's pail of English  
cream spilt in Saguaro's shadow?  
What caret in the winter count

appends this mislaid volume, mushroom  
greenhouse coughing in its old throat?