2014

Dark Emerald

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Recommended Citation

Shelia Black

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I understood when I saw the tree
ghost-green in the gray mesa—I was on my
way to the Rio Puerco where there
is never any reason to stop, though I did.
I wanted to let go of a box of dust.
I wanted to let go of my tired formulations.
I believed the sky would teach me something,
but what kind of something—
that was never clear. I had a vision of a woman
whose flesh melted away in sheets, whose
eyes burned inward until they were blue as
New Mexico sky. Somehow I knew this
meant she could no longer see. And that tree.
I touched the window of the car as though
it were the same as touching its rough bark,
the impossibly furred leaves. My sad
bones making circles through the air—that
I would keep moving & despite everything.