

West of the Pecos

The earth says "I'm here" with a blue spruce
by the limestone where the sheep used to live,
a child's squall clearing the mountain ridge
before the family appears in hiking shorts.
In the meadow below hunger leaves nothing
to chance, the dead elk disappearing at the speed
a vulture needs to do it right. Below the mountain
outlaws ride sports cars instead of horses,
brandishing briefcases at high noon in pursuit
of everything. Canyon wrens know when to leave,
when to let the afternoon have the last word,
or at least the last sigh.

~ *♦*♦*♦* ~

Double Amputee only in this Life

in memory of Florinda

in the dream deer are not frightened
of my wheelchair

we go through
the orchard together
when the dream ends
they take me with them

This is the Age where Parts Leave

Thumbs have given notice.
Knees have a mind of their own.

Lust sailed last week
for the edge of the earth.

The adventure now is remembering
which parts memory took with her.

The leftovers remain vibrant
in a slow, vibrating kind of way.

Carl Mayfield has recent work in Wales Haiku Journal, Slipstream, Miramar. His most recent chapbook is I Would Also Like To Mention Biscuits & Gravy, with artwork by Wayne Hogan.

~ *♦*❁*♦* ~

The Pangolin Review, Issue 14 (8 January, 2020)