OF THE LAND

To enter your landscape

I must reject flatness,

as the sun does burning

off fog in the hills. And

when I have turned the red

sheep of Brazil back into

the termite mounds they are,

I will climb, with vultures,

each valley painting in

the green of another crest.

I will live on berries, yes, I

will fish, and find the way

to reach you, the imaginative

road winding mood-like

in the dust, under trees.

The bamboo thicket sways,

in block clicks. Living on the

landscape we’ve framed.