LONGING

The earth births shapes

in the mind that no real

land or laboratory knew:

what a fissure might divulge,

dry rocks askew, the way

a mesa waits for first

light. To free me of these

forms I sculpt mockups

of wire, burlap, clay.

When they dry, brown and

rough in parts, I walk around

them with my hands and then

I draw them. Why do they

always make me think of you?