

Above Wall Canyon
for Antelope

Was there ever a time, maybe so,
The creeks up here ran crystal clear
A good foot deep and three across.
Maybe no. And certainly not now.
Now only cattle tracks, jackrabbit
Deep, and cheat-grass clumps brown
Around a dried-up sidewall seep
Relieve the heat-cracked gully-wash.
The sun's monotony has made a Mars
Of this, an otherwise perfect place. . .
Perfect for antelope who flicker to water
Like lizard tongues: Not there. There.
Then gone. Even the cobblestones
Stuck in the cut bank lie about floods
That tossed and tumbled them here.
The cattle have all abandoned
Their tracks, and the antelope will not
Come to this place, where even
The snakes have pulled up stakes.