

From *Dissolve*

Bluing under a dimming North Star,
the Reservation's ghost
paws cartilage *pincered* from a digital cloud.

Its gnawed bones' opaque sigh—
the pallor of bleached wasp eggs,
throbs on tree knobs
 penciled in with burnt ivory smell.

Rising out of the uranium pond—
home picks: *bird flight*
from a cartouche box,
 it then becomes a chain of floating islands.

A hovering smear
trailing desert washes
fenced in with a murder of mirrors
 illumines the eating groaning over us.

Nibbling blades of winter light:
the goat's bleating leased downwind
pastures among foals dripping out
 of hollowed-out dictionaries.

Jeweled with houseflies,
leather rattles, foil-wrapped,
ferment in beaked masks
 on the shores of evaporating lakes.

This plot, now a hotel garden,
its fountain gushing forth—
the slashed wrists of the Colorado.