

Denver

the rapids
chop like a butcher's knife

the roads wind
like a corkscrew
through the Rocky Mountains

100 miles to go
into Denver

another hour North
is where my love resides
but she's not
there today

she is an ocean away
today

she is one thousand
small French villages
away today

I thought of her
as the sun rose
behind the mountains
in Utah

looking like a perverted
eye on fire
peering over the back
of a sofa

the music
somehow retelling
our story

but now I'm
50 miles from Denver

I feel like a stampede
of raging horses

running,
kicking the dust up
behind us

or a train on a track
pummeling through the landscape
the wheels churning and turning
not because they want to
but because the steam is driving
them

and at night
I'll find a motel
to hang my hat

to cool my engine

to sleep without
dreams

and in the morning
I'll find those
horses again

I'll catch the train
once more

and ride it through
the roaring plains

the vast countryside
into
St. Louis