



AMIE SHARP

Formations of the West

I. Santa Fe Morning

Scrubbed air cactus-sprung,
water-silver spikes
spun like silk against the early.

Dust hovering
the auburn rust
of little desert blooms,
purple-fan blooms,
mellow gilded blooms

sprouted like prayers
from the knobby-knot

pine trunks, their corrugated
bark, needles starred

on branches splayed beneath
this cavern of blue,

mottled shadows the dark's
soft hymn to light.

II. Colorado Afternoon

Winged slivers perch
on green tops,

tangled in breeze and docile
sun. The hawk circles

and screams. Sieved
light glosses sighing

leaves like streetlights.
Sandstone bubbled

with the consistency
of concrete, streaked

with iron—rust the rock's
hymn to water and air.

High whine of our shoes
scraping these shelves,

learning to traverse.