

Letter of My Day

A firing squad of sunflowers
at dawn. The door to 317
floating in the pool.
A swallowtail landed
on the number 3.
One of those hotels
where the manager
knows the coroner by name.
From the next room, a sound
like dreaming had gone wrong,
the mute brain
stripping gears.
On Route whatever,
I repeated that scream
to show off to crows.
I was not going fast
compared to jumping off
a building.
It would be winter again
I warned my skin.
When I finally looked
at the speedometer
it said dumb ass, said
try as you might, you will never
be fire. After that, I got out
and walked the car
like they walk horses
in westerns. Not that I wore
a hat or chaps, though I did sing
lonesome to the stars, gettyup
to the moon. They shoot cactus
here, just in case
they're up to something.
By the time
you get this letter
I'll be home, you can look up
from the part
where I tell you
to look up and we'll be happy
in the small circles

of our eyes. When not
writing you, I keep the pencil
taped to the windshield.
A better hotel
tonight, only one scorpion
and it limps.

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