

Dry Heat

she is the mountains,
grounded, owning the red earth—
silver rings bearing colossal turquoise stones
closer, she smells like clementines
yes, I want to be up close like this

she says, where's home?
and I think: I moved too many times, I grieved too many—
you're a tumbleweed,
she says to my silence
I'm heading for California, I say, and I decide it's true

and later, mojitos and live music,
pink sunset and dancing
we giggle and she touches my face—
don't stop, I want to say,
I'm drunk, she laughs

we're outside, in the dark, warm dry
desert air and broken glass underfoot—
tiny colored lights strung up
on a weathered wooden fence,
distant bar chatter, guitar and trains

you passed right through me,
she says, scoops up her bag
I will ache for her, I think,
in California
or Oregon, maybe.

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