

Blue S(k)in
by Sterling Ellsworth

I raised you on the Beatles,
A love for the byways,
A time and cooper alloy gun.
Metal sparks in shades of black.
Some girl stoner craved your morphine pill.
Got you off on the Brit's invasive way
with a sinner's lust for an accent.

She stayed a John Bull minute.

You remember Needles?
I drove you in a daze.
I think I slugged the sun
And she gave us slack.
Her partner bathed us in desert chill.
Your blue faded in the shade
Of an empty chasm.

Speckled and Spattered
As Mr. Vining's phallic wound,
All in Mr. Deringer's impetuous plan.
Grab Aurora's bleeding heart
And cap the crests,
War with Sonora Pass
Then descend, in valleys,
Stark and splintered
As the scene cast below.
Nevada has stolen blacker souls than ours.
Something about the stars...
And the gold there is in tresses (trees).

I hope you slept
As I laid with her in deep contrition
Until she stubbed her toe
And wandered off into the desert.
Her hair (in tangles) entangles.
Her jaw-line juts
Like the Great Basin
Which swells to hold her shadow.

Watch her sleep with cutthroat California.

Do not be afraid

To sing

Sit and rave

The colors

Get saved and get dyed

Dig her bones

Follow the canyons

Thrum the cello

On Boundary Peak

Be my bride

And lend me your skin.