All of the wrongs projected onto the landscape: \textit{scape} derives from this. It is easier than one imagines; this is the surprise. Another century was more porous about crossings. Add a man, landed in delirium, in costume, and get sick sublimity. A concrete marker memorializes the border. I was almost empirical beside it, a headstone of sorts. How tangible the exchange could be. I operate within the rationale of peril. It’s not as pitiable as it sounds when uttered aloud. \textit{Yes, it is.}

This was the year of the census. They estimated the number of the species but ignored the conspiracies it took to survive where one should not. Breathing concurrently.

What happened next. I strolled the line, considered in the binoculars of the border authority. I came to a black lake, then the scorched grass of the playa. I carried gear. A camera to expose the absconded light against the tracks of passed vermin who during the pivot star night slipped desperately into their watching holes. In my open eye, I framed the dry domain. Blight, and blight, and. Adjusted the amplitude. Stopped. Shook tiny sharp seeds out of my socks before I slid into the quality air of the drive away, roughly fused into the excessive plain and the curve of the horizon, obsidian splay slicing past. Giant yucca strained in the ejecta. I had no tactic.
Was a surprise.
The locusts bloomed on the new year walk. The arroyo agents crafted small bitter trees in the scarified earth, noxious plants among the strew, granite, gypsum, alluvium, badland in the rain shadow, and droughtful of all gist. Try again:

a bird played
still in the dead bush growing from the albic earth, I didn’t know the name of the bird then: a husband bird— its singing stake in the wind a tiny, vitriolic code.

Yet dearth forces profits into intervals,
captures, contracts to foreclose upon, even in this chaste exogamy with desert:

what if, in the steps ahead, in these several economies, I could mortgage the month? If I could make my lurching decision? To amend my prim upheaval. To find my last filagree, my modern idyll. What if I excised the debt and the endless payments to that abstraction (the balance) that every year so terribly clarifies?

One theory: the pastoral is full of many evictees, each the absolute implicate of me, greed is evidenced everywhere, even in the gulf between sage and ironwood.
Scaffold:
cerulean west, Venus risen, sole unstar, in the black east, the grand
wash emptying into a reservoir cupped by a dam, its builders men with
bathtub
rings in their eyes.

Grounds:
boaters building in hilarity a fire on the extrasolar shore, stacking
burnable material.

This is not the entirety.

Descending the concrete boat ramp, knee ache. Lapping rolls of
surface feebly sibilating at the feet. Some tall water bird. Heron, but I
could be wrong, legs less-than signs on a rock in the middle, fixed.

I hear arguments for less
government.

My father died,
and a night soon after, a man stepping behind the corner of my house.
I didn’t think it was him as I approached it with a stone in hand, then
nothing. The therapist friend called it normal, the shock of the arrival of
the fact after having not spoken to him for years: the phone call from a
county coroner. I became aware of the rough feel sheets on my legs, of
the boxy bed. It’s a substitute, I thought, wrong ghost in the wild
wrong for it. I wouldn’t look, but connected it to the churning spring
stars. To the wroth.
This was self-numinous.
So this:
was where he would be, with the senseless pulsing crickets. Or taking form in the redundant smiles between telephone poles. The third week I called the coroner, are you sure it was him? Already cremated. Yes. Yes. The neighbors’ allnight motion-detection triggered by moths. Yes, ignite, no, extinguish.

It made sense—a repulsive phrase.

The unforeseen beach, the superjacent night sky phased by Vegas light, the car stereo playing nothing good, but its malleable, neutral, less governance.

Everything said is crude. Is there anything left? Any origin to source? No one thinks of you. Him, or me? This is not even happening—it’s reconstructed from the interim. This is supposed to help me. This is not. It could. No, it will not.

But who’s at the end of this convincing? I am happy. The knee is pleased.

The tiny fire sulferous and shifting in the void, unseen beach, patches of human speech and laughter out across the void. Here, and against the old cliffs. It’s fatal, private.

The critical heron is invisible now, form less than action—that seems right—and able to imperson the partial, beginning to be.