

ELIZABETH MYHR

## **red rock canyon oklahoma**

It was late March and the wind was a dry bone  
and when I stooped to pick up a handful of dust the wind took it away  
the flat land was sleeping the dun sleep of the dead and  
even the miles of grass on the miles of farms  
had forgotten the name of heat

The road into the canyon did not go deep  
and the river was nothing but a stream  
and I climbed down to the water like an anchorite  
climbs toward the lap of god

and on the hills behind the canyon creek I climbed  
among the junipers and heard ringing there  
the clear blue astringent bells of god  
and the tips of winter grasses shifting and rustling  
with other tips of winter grasses and in that shifting  
woke to the twisted branch of the cedar and the long stalk  
of a pink lily calling to me with its great turning wheel of a throat

and there was no company in that great void and I was lost  
and in my hair the trinities and in my mouth the hollow  
stalks always here and holy of the uncountable miles