

State of Deseret

The desert grows spiny things: cacti, tarantulas, the diamondbacks' fangs.
And bridges grow right up from the hot red sand and bridges are what's left
after the wind eats away at the earth. All day, I've counted up

rejection and it's a sad thing, no nobility at all. The tarot guy
(in the little shop by the big boat called "Friendship") bade me to avoid
the West. He fanned the cards I chose: a man dangling from his foot,

people jumping hand in hand from a tower in flames, a strange queen,
a fool. The desert bridges were postcard pictures sent from a friend
I haven't seen in a long while, not even on the internet. Or the pictures

were from a friend who wanted me to write about an alien place.
A place I've never been, never will be at. In the state of Deseret, some men
marry forty wives. The wives pray to overcome jealousy and hunger.

I've only gone to fortune tellers when I feel mean, and when I say mean,
I mean, I feel a broken heart, someone else's heart broken, or mine.

