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Canyonlands National Park

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canyonlands national park

Eenie Bernard

I could get lost forever in those ridges
of coppered earth and wiry brush,
the heat blistering itself on my cheeks.

Rocks nip at my knees and bite at
my palms; the clouds, gathering and
swimming across the sky, trail rain

and pound the dirt into rivers. I breathe in
that warming, roiling earth, those
backwards blood-stained striations of

rust and salt and sand, and as the night blooms
around me, the clouds begin to swell in their
endless summer tirades. With the gauze of storm

on my skin, the stars in their swarming millions
in the night, the clouds spill open in their ceaseless
assault, the dirt running red between my toes.