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Arizona

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Arizona

Abstract

Arizona reflects on the beauty of that state through the sestina form.

Keywords

Arizona, Poetry, Sestina

Disciplines

Creative Writing | Poetry

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Arizona

Hello, Sedona. I greeted your red stones

Like an alien landscape, and your sky

Like a sea of unutterable calm.

I sipped coffee outside; the wind was changing,

Careening through the valley of light,

The McDonald's 'M' a bright turquoise.

The air hummed in turquoise,

Vibrated against the wall of stones

That shone with an ancient light,

Glittering like a late August sky.

I looked out the window while I was changing

And was struck by my own calm.

In the morning's misty calm

I smelled sage bush and turquoise

As the day grew warm, changing

And meeting each of the dark stones

Which strained upwards, toward the sky

Like trees toward the light.

In the roadside store, the dim and flickering light

Bathes each panel in a dusty calm:
Kachinas huddle – Turtle, Corn and Sky –
In front of chests of arrowheads and turquoise,
Crystals and assorted polished stones
Whose colors always seemed to be changing.

The landscape was always changing;
The Canyon was a broken citadel of light
Which leaned crooked on the standing stones,
The Colorado dribbling through in its calm
And spelling out a dream in turquoise
Beneath the vaulted, buttressed sky.

An old burger joint sat rusting beneath the sky,
Route 66 numb to the wind's changing;
I rubbed a calf skull for luck, the inset turquoise
Shining with a dim and sacred light
That bled a hot and primal calm
Onto the trembling, expectant stones.

I cast back to Sedona's red stones,
Sentinels of a changing and perplexing calm
Against the turquoise sky of dancing light.