

SALT LAKE

This is the place!
—Brigham Young

Space is the place.
—Sun Ra

I slip the silksac of my body & walk out onto the salt flats
the air a machine sucking earth into fragments of white absorbing heat
finding me starting to burn

I kneel at the salt shore I reach into the lake it is red as a cut
I reach into the wound of it I drag out its string of black
bones and now I am two times the dark

I crush skeletons of artemia underfoot I eat eggs in stasis the dead lake idles
the city surrounds what weapons we are I fold the net of my shadow I keep it
as evidence