

POETRY BY THE PAGE

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THE POET-MECHANIC GOES HUNTING RATTLESNAKES

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carrying a wrench
instead of a forked stick,
a wooden toolbox
instead of a burlap sack.
He marches into the desert
determined to find diamondbacks,
espies instead
a single cactus blossom
redder than any rust
and halts to marvel
at this beauty worthy of his metaphors.
Coiling his thoughts
he rests on a rock,
lets the sun guide his pen
across the page.
Dusk descends; he remains,
oblivious to a clacking of tails,
the glitter of eyes
waiting for perfect moonlight.