



In Proximity

Satellite-dish flowers
 Along the road we walk our aging dog
 Red-whiskered blooms watching us like cats
 Call and response of roosters, coyotes
 Where we can't see
 Enjambment of mountains enriching
 Sight lines from the RV
 Zero-gravity lawn chairs
 Lying down or sitting up
 Depending on the wind's will
 Packrats, mice
 Especially the one who built
 With rodent genius
 A palace in our shed
 How many trips across
 The mid-west of our hilltop to the hay pile
 Carrying straw in his slim mouth again and again
 To fill the perfect cartoon hole

In the empty shoebox we'd left behind
Tonight the stars will cover it all
The quarrel we had
The house, unfinished as a flightless bird
The quarrel we had again.



Michele Rappoport grew up in New Jersey but always knew she was a westerner. Today she splits her time between Tucson, Arizona, and a hill on the western slope of the Rockies in Colorado. She is captivated by The Big American Story of western migration and sometimes pretends she was part of it. The closest she's come is following the Oregon Trail with her husband, a dog and two cats in their dusty RV.

