

For as Long as It Lasts (and It will Last If Money Can Be Made)

Vega declines west over Kayford Mountain,
the blasting at dawn. Even the Assyrians--
astronomers who tracked the same star
to predict in hopeless certainty the length
of a queen's life, the quality of that life,
and in whose death the blank sky shook--
would be at a loss to imagine such loss:
wildflowers scooped from underfoot, beating
dens choked with fill, manganese streams;
graveyards remain, and the birds who visit
on steles sometimes singing. What will you
do now that you know? A company truck
emblazoned in white dust descends dumbly
towards the sacrificed. The crowns of light
drift westerly, and the katydids' filamentous
monument, and the rocks' wild overburden,
and the draglines swoop and spill.