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## Green Valley

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GREEN VALLEY

I can fly here in my car  
the morning my brother sells  
capped Texas oil wells  
to the elderly, and can dine  
in one of two Valley motel establishments  
and hear him call our waitress's name  
because he has noticed her laminated  
tag affixed to her foreshortened blouse  
this air-conditioned Thursday,  
following the game plan as habitually as the enchanted  
elders executed eighteen holes earlier  
and every yesterday of their retirement from this  
deteriorating situation, lunch,  
wherein I have placed my canned soup  
and my bottled water order  
and am drifting patiently like a plane  
going down, nothing wrong, no warning,  
just an intuition about my adult years veering  
from the light into the glare  
and the accompanying mountain wall there,  
which contains Green Valley as unremarkably and inevitably  
as I have this stranger in my life,  
investing in the absolute without knowing  
I am going to be let down  
and made to live what I was thinking  
as the mountain approached, or feeling,  
before being saved from the everlasting  
heat of one hundred and ten degrees  
for the daily heat of one hundred and nine in Tucson  
with the lightning and thunder of the oblivion  
of our father gone and our mother mistaken,  
driving the earth around Miami  
in the slow lane of creation

circling her condominium, a cataract  
being pulled across her eyes like matting  
protecting a manicured course from natural  
forces and, all the unsuspecting while,  
I am shamelessly pulverizing  
crackers and squeezing the life out of a lemon  
into the luke-warm bloody soup.

Float now  
through the blue skies of my brother's  
eyes to the music of geologic  
time; listen to the voice  
from the sealed well.

This is what has driven me  
in the opposite and equally depleted  
direction early, carefully listening to fusion  
and concentrating on every emotion,  
rushing from the riches  
of one brother's pledge of celestial weather  
to one brotherless blue silk suit of sunny weather.