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Excerpt From "A Daily Consciousness"

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The Gila thaws, playing regal.  
A rock among rocks in the blaring Sun.  
Risk the spine says the Sun, searching  
for a gladiator. But he speaks  
through the air, finding nothing  
but sandstone and cactus skin,  
he continues his glare.

Says the Gila: I’ve a sore throat and  
I don’t know how to cook.  
My stomach is bare, and my hole  
freezes in the night. Every morning I  
take longer to reanimate, my cold  
blood phases from blue to red and some  
days I want to stay underground  
and let the torpor prove its right.

A diamondback slides near  
and smiles hungry.

The Gila off balance: I’ll  
have to bite you,  
even you without ears.

The Sun lusters a few degrees sharper  
in a white stare.

The snake: neither of us have ears,  
friend.