Green Valley

Jane Miller
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.