

# February

*by* Steven Pirani

a big silent western sky  
every night a dome hung  
lights over monument valley,  
violent blue, to the brim  
old faithful american love  
stories carved with a stalk  
yellow dog and a bolt  
of lightning, alone.  
taste the wind from  
the crack in the rockies,  
tell me we aren't  
just dying in our homes  
built in stacks

