

## FOUR LANDSCAPES LOOKING WEST

### I / Hematite

flax, looking for darkness  
something mineral  
yellow so small  
in the brush of green  
heat waiting for shade  
the reflection of beneath  
of sight  
directly into shadow  
falls supernal  
blue, and the last moment  
of the eclipse as it is pulled into darkness  
no ceiling, no cover, no shortening  
of space

### II / Klipsan

all but shallow  
sun that sets  
in the layer of sky between  
mist and water  
and thought  
casting a straight light  
through cloud,  
unsifted  
sky and ember  
the messenger  
echoes  
far enough in the distance  
a figure so small the light  
goes through completely  
to sand, having been stained  
with sky  
turning to slate  
turning to walk across  
the broken shore  
too soon

III / Neahkahnie

giving into the pine,  
a heavy glow  
from between  
soft blades  
shifting green  
and above, sunspots  
printed down fingers  
of light  
crescent profile  
falling from the headland  
without loss  
anything  
a dart in the sun  
alone, the strangers  
each the only one they see  
sharing approximations  
to the summit,  
a shadow cast  
and broken  
by the rock

IV / Kelso

and quiet  
this line  
at sky and land  
constraint grows  
lighter  
at dusk  
or with hours grows  
colder, the horizon cut  
out of paper  
the hills  
in amber hide  
all rust, all valley,  
all slow and turning  
dry cracked earth  
in our hands