

Pinnacles

By Theo Konrad Auer

Abstractions of borders,
Dark topography
Contrasts with the
Tanned yellow to black end
Spectrum of rolling desert hills
The route to Death Valley
Isn't shy about its narratives:
Trumpian legislators trumpet their eager billboard
willingness to go along when the getting's wrong,
Oil fields and crops a plenty,
Solar panels tilted,
Wind farms spin,
The blades turn fast,
some slow,
a few here and there at rest
or so slow it'd hardly qualify as "go"
Ali, sunset chaser,
Dusk at Trona Pinnacles: Dirtbikes, tents and airstreams
Impressions are lessons
When the rock is weathered
The exposure severe yet manages a bit of grace
Saving face is for other people
I don't know their like
Maybe I should
All I know is I don't like this
Face I'm wearing,
The haircut is wrong
And the blazer is waiting
In lost and found
In a Fresno Doubletree
The ground is snowy
But it isn't like walking on water,
The salt is cracklins under our feet,
It's easier to trust your footing
When you know your place
And your role is well defined
And the map is intuitive
But they often aren't,
The app is faulty and
Second opinions are a thing,
The stuff of old friends
And perhaps new ones,
The sum of what was, is and might yet be

In short dry days that suck the sweat from your skin
As you begin to quiet
And listen, between podcasts and dated playlists,
The car hums,
Everything dims,

Here inside between things
The volume is lowered
And the moment becomes what it always was and now
You're noticing.