

MYTH

Barreled over some wheels on the 66, out West  
breaching the old wind, earth's unending hail of dust  
flaring into fire glow in the light of the world's round rim  
it isn't theory now—desire incommensurate  
with its condition. So far from home, the now  
alien beginning, measuring the progress  
of Venus against the millipede's march  
it is what you do, or daily do, dare to do:  
crack a word against an empty instant, crack another—  
shouts in the wind-rush—so you can barrel through  
as if it isn't so, as if it is.