

Cave With No Name

There is no wind. We drive around hills
thick with live oaks and mountain cedars.
Boerne, Texas, and a Klan rally is the news, so
we avoid the courthouse square. I feel pressure.

The man who owns the cave with no name
wears coveralls and an engineer's cap. A pink
scar seasons his face. His left eye is glass. He lifts
the rusted barbed wire, the cedar post. We trip
inside, following bulbs strung with braided cords.

Halfway down, the power dies. The press of darkness
sends me falling backward. I strike my head on limestone.
"I'll come for you," the man shouts. "Don't worry."
But for me it is no more than the comfort of cold stone,
the trickle of blood down my neck.

She reminds me: twenty years ago I folded what I had
and buried it in a different place. I could not stand
the unforgiving plains. Too much to see: grain elevators,
drive-in movies, oil derricks against the horizon.
Too much light. I traded it for the cool and the dark.

The eyeless man will never rescue us
in this black silence of only breathing.