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THE MAN FROM ST. GEORGE
by Truedson J.S.

An antique dining chair
props him up or at least!
what’s left of him
& he sits inverse
with one hand on the spine
& an elbow on the shoulder
& he wears a heavy canvas jacket
that he’s pulled over his head
—lots of pockets & zippers
that hold a thousand mystere—
& the temperature is unbearable
as I can only see my reflection!
in his big focals
but not in the eyes
that peer from within
his canvas cave
& he tells me a story
or more a narrative
about circles & life & age
& I listen carefully
because I know he can
tell that I can tell that!
he is important
because he comes
from another August
& a different America
but the same Red Hills
& Black Rock
& Snow Canyon
& he tells me that
life is one big annulus
& that every voyage
every wandering
every pilgrimage
every rite
is really but a return!
to the sensuous hills
that curve around us
blushing bright red at the
touch of that river Virgin
& I am still a virgin
he whispers!
with the senselessness!
of old age & the honesty!
of someone who is still
returning