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Laura Stott

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ANGEL'S LANDING ZION CANYON NATIONAL PARK

Laura Stott

People leave tracks in the sand
as they come out of red
places to listen, lifting their scaled heads
cold blooded,
falling asleep against this earth.

She plays her violin to the stars,
and her friends listen in the cold
on the red rock.

The technique becomes location of time.
She is still there and stares at her orange music
pasted to the cliffs.

Knowing they are not watched,
the ending steps rest in the canyon corner.
Like Jane and her dancers
and one and two and
spoken
lyrics in the white.

In a diagonal color of red ballet forte,
the cool rain figures move.
Like Jane, they run.