

Traveller

Robin Knight

Out on the fence line in the dusk
steel strands corral the sagebrush,
humming ranch to one side
and range to the other.
There on the margin,
head back,
Coyote sings to the august moon.

Filling Brush Creek,
his songs spill over the rim
of Wyoming.
They flood arroyos, wash mesas
and surge
into Coconino county
where, two decades on,

they lick at older ears.
Births, deaths, marriages.
I turn Northwards, to Cortez,
up along 550, into the san Juan Mountains.
Dipping for Silverton, I climb pine hairpins
for July snow peaks
and wind the ribbon down to Ouray's lap.

It opens then before Montrose,
red barns on green velvet.
I sweep up the billow
through Delta and on to Steamboat.