

To Whom It May Concern: Nevada Clouds Have Friendship Bracelets With the Devil

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I spoke to God, to which he smited his smite:
flicked mercury towards the top notch,
whispered sin to water and lakes
strode to California, dragged his nail
through sands to sever the roots of Tiehm's
buckwheat. And then they tarred that ground, splintered
with roots, because tar is cheap and, thrice, they've told
me land is money.

I remember the time I parted and asked God
to watch as they crawled into earth's ear
and scraped the wax from her canals. Once
her head was husked, they suckled
ironed blood until her veins collapsed.
They squirmed out her pores, grimacing at the sun,
arguing with the scarcity.
You know what he did? He shook his head!
Personally, I would have chosen a plague.

Their whining only heightened from there.
So, a little melanoma—
Only a tiny bit—well, their skin did it itself,
the white devils—with an undisturbed sky. Pure
cobalt looks so much better. Oh, and the sun!
Would you just look at it.
Go ahead, really look at it. Am I too harsh? Good.

They like to say whatcha got
To the store clerk and the sky, the ground,
To the people who don't got
Land, but they live on and share stories about her.
Because the little people like what you got to give,
You'd give them everything.