GALVEZ
--Brian Boyles

Half-way to horseback
elevation offers
    a pilgrim's mobile repose.

Shadow of the stop sign on your
    passing foreheads
        is a mark
        is the spider bite
    each share on the plains of
        expired forgiveness.

Mesmerized by the pop-top
    spit bubble devil talk as a big boy shoves
        a smaller boy
    in the carport without assignment.

I could collect beetles
    forage for god prints through the sodden grass
and grow my hair back—

    Still we secede, paint giant eyes
one on each shoulder to scare off the birds.
But the evening slips over in pink soft complete
While

    scrapes of gravel and a half-naked child
sum the metamorphosis long hung there in green cocoons
like the moon behind clouds
    the year in each day,
    homeward sails pitched as pedals