

Autumn in Enigma, Arizona

So, my friend, a geologist,
pensioner, with great legs
shows me her snap-shot
of a large brownish bear
put-down by the sheriff's deputy,
a marksman, with great legs,
just returned from Afghanistan.

The bear was mad with (this
is completely authentic) bubonic buboes,
but is now
just crumpled in a high desert
meadow— two men in bone lab coats
poking him with electrical wands— *so*,

I told my friend that she's
probably not mistaken
about everything going wrong,
lately; by wrong
she means *arbitrary, inevitable, absurd*—
further, arriving at *that*
she really means, *perfect*.

That is to say
she fucked the young deputy twice
that night. She says, old man,
sing "go-beck-ly, te-pē." A hillside

in Turkey. I say, *O.K.!*