Barbara Guest Imitation

Jeff sitting on the bar with a shotgun
Staring down the Mormons
Could not happen,
East of the river
Where the learned people
Call hills mountains
And do not comprehend space.

I could be walking for miles alone
Evading my taxes
Where theatre lights don’t dim stars.
I could die and never be found
Become a ghost story to tell around a fire
Waiting for the water to boil.

A place where you take off your watch
Like a hat in a courtroom
Talking to yourself about the weather
Feeling sunburned,
And the roughness of snowflakes.

But to tell you this is to ruin it slightly
Too many feet make a meadow a road
Bringing light and safety
That illuminates every spider in the corner
And puts a hand rail on the steep trails.