

Requiem for Pleasant Creek
Jared Price

There is a part of me that longs
to plant my feet at the mouth of this valley
and volley chunks of sound
through the hallowed hallway
solely
to revel
in the thunderous cracks and ancient echoes.

There is a part of me that longs
for a torrent of icy water to
careen over these cliffs and
crush their craggy molars
back into red earth.

But there is a larger part of me that bows
to this dreadful
marrow of the world

(sand-scorched and time-torn)

and this part trembles when
incarnate terror
is proffered by these golden golems that
ring vermillion when
struck true
by a setting sun.

And now this part of me
stares wide-eyed
at these towering figures,

and reels
at tenets of their gospel,
which whisper that
the only pure legacies
are left
by mountain-movers and
rock-rollers.

There is a part of me that would
give all to
wield the cruel elegance of erosion
like a sword

to cut down a swath of cliff and
watch it crash down
solely for a chance at being remembered
by this indifferent
faceless
land.

There are parts in all of us
that hold memories of this place

whether we have been here
or not.

Here, we find comfort
in the arms
of a savage
mother.

There is a part of me that hopes
that when I go,
when, at last, there is a
sunset on all sides,
my dry bones
will
glint from the sands
like bleached stars set
into a red sky
resting at the foot
of a giant.