

LAST LIGHT

East of Wheatland, western stretch
Wyoming, straight as time, and flat,
the engine sputtered, slowed, then halted,
ground to empty silence. There among
your sighs, you tinkered, hunched beneath
the hood, the metal maw, while back
behind you, hovered muted mauves
and blues, and dusty grays of dusk. I held

the swaying lantern, twisted, got a glimpse
of distant knoll. A farmhouse flickered on
first light. The hush... the silence... God,
the hollow still. The holy. But for clicking
wrenches, muffled moans, and back contorted
over chrome, city time unfolded... letting out
its breath. Over the graying yellow ground it came—
a cry, a coyote call... from marshy reeds, a flush
of ruddy duck. She glided, floating low, a sliding
to horizon and horizon, then a circling, winding
back, a specter, liting side-to-side, and landed
in the reeds—to fade as final purple light
was pulled... was reeled... was sucked
to the edge and gone.

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