

The State Representative

Dam it, Dam it, Dam it!
Powell, Hoover, Havasu.
Commencing just below fourteen thousand.
Trying to get down
To ground zero.
Feet. Sea level.

Rollin' out of Rocky.
Mountains: both a blessing and a curse.
The Sierras, The Continental Divide.
Capturing. Trapping all.
If it weren't for the summer solstice
Snow would continuously pile up.

Alas, a trickle.
Gravity pulling westward.
The American West.
Fighting, building, persisting, eroding,
Against stampedes of tumbling brush.
No bars constraining this miner.

State Bridge, Glenwood, Fruita.
Visiting Abbey's *Desert Solitaire*.
Unearthed uranium, underneath Arches.
Only to strike irony—Powell.
Ruggedly unrestricted explorer.
Life commemorated by a tombstone of cement.

Below. Lee's Ferry. The "put in."
Racing through millions:
Seconds, minutes, hours, years.
Incrementally down from the rim.
Both North and South.
Past. Navajo and Havasu Falls.

Disturbed, Allocated, Distributed.
Meandering on its course.
Shame that so much goes to golf.
Yuma, Arizona.
Only ten percent left!
Distance? No. Volume.

Crawling beyond the border.
Pacific in sight. Mexico.
Shadow of former self.
Leopold's Delta. Drained.
Solely dust in arid wind.
Terminus. Gulf of California.

The Mighty Colorado.