

Alan MacDougall

BETWEEN MISSIONS

Sunset and things
are settling in again.
No, this is not
 the calm before a storm.
The houses and clouds
look a lot alike in Amarillo
 flat and running towards
 the horizon.

I forgot to mention
 how happy I am
 carrying a big pack
 through Texas.
I don't know when I'll get out.

The light is
 skimming along
the ground
 It's caught in my fingers
The roadside willows
 are leaning into it.

It's turning all the tawdry
 gas station junk
 in the distance
 to gold.