

Kyle Churney

Desert Ghazal

At dawn, lovely soundtracks are wrought of absence:
the engine, the doves, the gunshot, the absence.

Stare straight into the sky's mind-fuck blue.
Say if it speaks to heaven's plot or absence.

His scorched pate like bacon, soda cup of gin
to his lips, let us grant the sot his absence.

Concussed prickly pears have bled on concrete;
an evening storm sweeps the stained lot to absence.

What the day has hemorrhaged, the horizon sutures
to Black, my filial name: begot of absence.