

Magma

Nick DePascal

2022

Three sisters
Sit in judgment-
Darkly, mutely on the mesa,
Apportioned their appointed part
In the cosmic monotony.

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A man is shot dead
On ancestral lands (now
“Ran” by the national park
service) praying to
The four directions, hand
On his chest & over
The heart. Belligerent
At the command to leave,
Maybe, but O,
Why not?

.

Three sisters
Their anger ancient,
Volcanic, a memory of heat,
Magma, and unearthly desire.
The ground around
Is soaked in blood, but
Who owes who?
And what?

.

Cacti grow
In the cracks
Of black rocks,
Spray bright red flowers
To the sky
In a flood of camaraderie
With the dead, gone.
Nick DePascal is a poet and high school teacher in Albuquerque.

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