

MARK LEE WEBB

I DIPPED DUSK IN DEMEROL

turned on the darkness switch watched midnight
develop like a photo at the bottom of a Kodak tray

pleaded with shadows bury me up
on the fractured west lip of Lady Face

Mountain before the sun smacks her east
cheek and chases blue belly lizards under

pink oleander bushes electrifies
titanium ball bearings in my right leg

brace at dawn breaks my body Mom
soothes balm baths heat pads cries

silent in lightness why can't they just fix whateverits?