

Actually let me do... I like to tell certain stories. There is only one poem in my life which has the word "Utah" in it, so I'll read that poem. I lived in Arizona for four years, from 1983-1987, and one day in the desert I said wouldn't it be remarkable if there were giant (notices crowd size). Well I imagined a giant mirror in the desert, reflecting all of South America. And I went to Nogales, Arizona, Nogales, Mexico also, one day and as I was going back to Tucson one day I said "ah imagine this trip and the rearview mirror reflecting South America", so I wrote this poem called "I see Chile in my rearview mirror". It has an epigraph from James Merrill: "By dark the world is once again intact, Or so the mirrors, wiped clean, try to reason...". And there are references to the events, the coup in Chile in 1973, which as you know was one of the worst elements of American foreign policy because it was a CIA sponsored coup, the details are recounted in a film called "Missing".

### I See Chile in My Rearview Mirror

This dream of water-what does it harbor?  
I see Argentina and Paraguay  
under a curfew of glass, their colors  
breaking, like oil. The night in Uruguay

is black salt. I'm driving toward Utah,  
keeping the entire hemisphere in view-  
Colombia vermilion, Brazil blue tar,  
some countries wiped clean of color: Peru

is titanium white. And always oceans  
that hide in mirrors: when beveled edges  
arrest tides or this world's destinations  
forsake ships. There's Sedona, Nogales

far behind. Once I went through a mirror-  
from there too the world, so intact, resembled  
only itself. When I returned I tore  
the skin off the glass. The sea was unsealed

by dark, and I saw ships sink off the coast  
of a wounded republic. Now from a blur  
of tanks in Santiago, a white horse  
gallops, riderless, chased by drunk soldiers

in a jeep; they're firing into the moon.  
And as I keep driving in the desert,  
someone is running to catch the last bus, men  
hanging on to its sides. And he's missed it.

He is running again; crescents of steel  
fall from the sky. And here the rocks  
are under fog, the cedars a temple,  
Sedona carved by the wind into gods-

each shadow their worshiper. The siren  
empties Santiago; he watches

-from a hush of windows-blindfolded men  
blurred in gleaming vans. The horse vanishes

into a dream. I'm passing skeletal  
figures carved in 700 B.C.  
Whoever deciphers these canyon walls  
remains forsaken, alone with history,

no harbor for his dream. And what else will  
this mirror now reason, filled with water?  
I see Peru without rain, Brazil  
without forests-and here in Utah a dagger

of sunlight: it's splitting-it's the summer  
solstice-the quartz center of a spiral.  
Did the Anasazi know the darker  
answer also-given now in crystal

by the mirrored continent? The solstice,  
but of winter? A beam stabs the window,  
diamonds him, a funeral in his eyes.  
In the lit stadium of Santiago,

this is the shortest day. He's taken there.  
Those about to die are looking at him,  
his eyes the ledger of the disappeared.  
What will the mirror try now? I'm driving,

still north, always followed by that country,  
its floors ice, its citizens so lovesick  
that the ground-sheer glass-of every city  
is torn up. They demand the republic

give back, jeweled, their every reflection.  
They dig till dawn but find only corpses.  
He has returned to this dream for his bones.  
The waters darken. The continent vanishes.

I hope you noticed the rhyme of "Utah" with "Blue tar", when I got that rhyme I patted myself on the back for days.