Anne Perron

Bisbee

Silver shines, blue-black slips glinting Mule Mountains.
Old mines yawn empty holes in the hills.
Slip, they carve the terraced sides of Lavender Pit,
cutting copper and shading their eyes to the thunderheads.
Bisbee, these houses bloom white and
the streets slip past the hillsides.
The sky has watery eyes.
The streams speak blue
down the mountains,
they dream through these stony cliffs.
Roads shine everywhere, half
cut — half
paved
they flirt the skies with coyote,
and the wind
blows my hair long enough
to tangle in yours.