

At the mercy of such pristine majesty,  
everything manmade simplifies,  
like some haphazard fraction.

No terrific, mottled Appaloosas—only the innocent  
infinity of their barnyards  
everywhere; simultaneous lengths of all

time and roads compacted,  
creaking, and anonymously on display.  
Even at the bracing

smokewhite of daybreak,  
all seems equally  
dazzling and incidental,

slowed to a dead pause on the brink  
of immeasurable sleep. But in this breach,  
what unsought but remarkable

freedom exists: every tightfisted  
and usual path  
having just been—humanely erased.