Nighttime at Lake Powell

By: Morgan Lewis

Tonight I’ll join the eyes fixed on delicate diamonds above—

So definite I might scrape them from the sky

With my fingernails;

A splash of murky mauve dissolves diagonal.

Cliffs frame the cinematic affair,

Sentries defending against the sharp dawn rays,

Stoic arms hugging me in the gentle alcove.

My flannel blanket lies useless in a pile

For plaguing my sun-licked skin.

I grasp the black air-quilt and gather it to my cheek,

Inhaling the shadowy atmosphere to my still-damp bones.

No moon to divide the earthy skywater,

So I play tug-o-war with infinity.

I’d leap into the opaque tar lake,

Let my name tumble to the bottom with windblown sunglasses,

Forget my heartbeat in the fishy respirations.