Grand Canyon

Timber Timbre

From the Phoenix liftoff
Somewhere over Blackfoot reserve
High above Drumheller
Sky hostess starts to serve
Cloud shadows on the mountain
And our shadow on the mountainside
After Salt Lake City
I have time to close my eyes
Before the Grand Canyon
Swallows us as we move south
I pray the Grand Canyon
Take our plane inside its mouth
We know the material
And these songs, the serious lines
Under palms ethereal
In Hollywood's mysterious wild
These are coarse imaginings
Where cannibal inspectors thrive
On delirious ramblings
Now in real and troubling times
In the warm confusion
Of the looming foliage outside
The motel room obscura
A divining by Venetian blinds

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