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## Into the West

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# Into the West

Alberta is a blank sketchpad  
to the eyes trained for neon lights and mishaps  
labeled modern art, unable to see past  
their tawny smog and blue lights—this is a private gallery.

A winter's sunrise stroked pastel lavender  
by the blackbird's feather drifting above a cerulean lake  
dusted with glitter. Strands of shredded cotton balls  
curl upwards from the silent surface.

The ridge of mountains sprayed  
deep forest green. The graffitist's thumb slipped on  
the nozzle as he turned to call back to his friend. Changing cans,  
spritizes of sunshine fall gently on scarlet leaves.

The roads etched in charcoal,  
long and straight. Halfway through, the child's hand  
grew weary of gripping the two yellow crayons  
and he wandered home for a snack.

A herd of cows blotted cream and chocolate in oil pastels,  
trembling in gnarled fingers on a nursing home porch.

Just a smear as they graze high in the hills.  
The crimson orb dips into black soil, tugged by the flick

of a rainbow tail under the ice, stars poking through  
the thickening cloth of night until the moon  
is our only spotlight.