agnes martin draws grids in the open desert

for wallace stevens  blue
is the color of the imagination
cerulean means heaven
and when i drive to albuquerque it’s the
blue that escapes  holds tight to
nothing but a daytime coin
of moon  where do ideas come
from  i ask my friend who shrugs:
a green tarot deck  shakes out
two bodies  falling from a burning
building  we chart territories on a
dry and infinite road  pull endings
from beginnings like separating
whites  but when i try to
remember the smell of morning
sage  it’s a rabbit slipping away
into the brush  in radiant heat
mesquite  blooms and
the bouquet of language
burns itself  apart  agnes
martin draws grids in the
open desert  but  blue
it scatters  leaves its smear
on everything  all this careless
blue  forever looking
for a mirror  that will
let us keep it  for good