

CLIMBING THE FIELD HOUSE

Get a good run;
it's steep where it arches down to meet
the ground.

It was an airplane hanger
the college bought
in carefully numbered pieces
moved from some base after
WWII.

They say it housed the Enola
Gay.

Manage four solid steps' mounting
& you've made it:
The going levels out
so you can stand
retrieve your breath.

It should be almost dark.
The security man on his rounds won't
make you out against the granite gray of
the roof.

You've stood inside before alone in
the ringed center
of the wooden court
followed with your eyes
the rows of girders curving
whale ribs
red in the glow
of electric heaters.

Step cautiously around the skylight: plastic over
wire mesh.
Don't trust it with your weight--
remember the workman who fell
twisted on the free-throw line found
next morning.

On top, stand quiet fulcrum of
the city
antiphony of cicadas rising marking
twilight.
To the west

the pink end of the day
out across the Caprock blossoms,
fades.

Lie back and spread your arms.
Stars will be opening slowly
and the very moon going down somewhere
over Japan
will work its way up to join you
the same path you just made
spending little more than a light breath of wind.