

Wildfire Season

She wants you to follow the tracks
to the sea
and stop thinking about tomorrow,
the tracks of the ravens, herons and crows
that scar up the landscape
and keep pressing down,
and though you don't wish
to go through this again
she wants you to rise up into the air
with its smoke and particles falling like rain,
ashes of trees and houses and cars,
burned-up vineyards, burned-up guitars,
even the ashes of someone's mother
shaped like a little French wing,
an aileron hovering above California
where the trains roll south
and the crossing bells ring,
for these are the days to be patient
and try not to want anything
and these are the nights
you can't see the stars,
to drink extra water
and climb the stairs slowly
and practice your quietest breathing.