

## XI

Things change.

Pseudo Spanish-style apartments  
now loom on the east mesa.

Used to be land grant tierra.

Now retired Texan ranchers park  
their Revcon travel-homes,  
pampering them like prize bulls.

The other morning

Mr. Churner's grandson came to visit him.

Mr. Churner shouldered a saw-horse  
out to the parking-lot

next to his chromed bull,

and tottering on new boots, he threw  
the rope six times, missing the imagined cow,

and his grandson walked to retrieve  
the rope six times,

watching his grandfather's face redden  
with each toss.

Slumped shouldered, wobbly footed,  
angular old withering cowboy,

Mr. Churner turns, shouldering the saw-horse  
back onto the apartment patio.

Sipping his tea in his lawn chair,  
in his face I see a man who scowls,

"I made a goddamn mistake,  
selling out. Hell, I'd give anything,  
for a nice, cold, tall  
glass of well water."

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