

## Driving Away From Enchanted Rock

Last hour of the daytime moon –  
a ghost suspended in the blue.

Sunset pinkens the hills  
and each one becomes an inhabitable  
mound of heaven –  
that place we cannot see  
until we arrive there.

Paradise is just a name  
for where we aren't –  
perhaps the moon  
with its airless skies  
so clean and suffocating.