

Bones Piled by Oracles

As I pass them, people at work on scrub land wave to me.
My moving heart may be the day's only pause from labor.
Shiftless pioneers deposited their line in this blowing sand,
shaped them to protect the evil Gila, cactus, and salamander,
yet dishonored them with guilt for the buffalo's corruption.

Once far beyond their view, I wave back an ironic wave
barely involved in our shared humanity, mostly fatigued
after four hundred miles of the ever-persistent magpie.

The magpie speaks a I pass, nags of many pinch fist men
of the prairie schooners that jibe afore the scouring wind,
through dry washes, round a sand rock peak, aft the ghosts,
into one stony box after another, and when in sight of smoke,
fearing insanity, mumbling spit to the sun, croaking sighs
or catching paradise when they find bones piled by oracles.

Keith Moul's poems and photos are published widely. *Finishing Line Press* released a chap called *The Future as a Picnic Lunch* in 2015. *Aldrich Press* published *Naked Among Possibilities* in 2016; *Finishing Line Press* released (1/17) *Investment in Idolatry*. In August, 2017, *Aldrich Press* released *Not on Any Map*, a collection of earlier poems. These poems are all from a new work about prairie life through U.S. history, including regional trials, character, and attachment to the land.



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