

## *again*

I caught Her again after thwarting Death several times up all alone in the lonely Warner Mountains wilderness. On the wild bleak east side of the mighty range that marches up the east side of the nonsense state of California, endless open expanse of dry salty lake beds and stunted little fragrant junipers and piles of jagged lava and volcano volleys from turbulent times that rumbled years ago. Smoke from wildfires searing the Sierra and southern Cascades had seeped into the vast emptiness where I caught Her, imitating mist, rising our relationship to mysticism. She was riding high and free in an old Toyota Four Runner, dull black tough rims, bumper a little crumpled, weathered aqua-blue paint seasoned with rain and snow and dirt and wildness. Her long golden mantle soared out Her window, like the banners of Muir's favorite peaks, once again. I didn't want to lose Her, so I kept close in my old wagon, and we hopscotched a few times when either She slowed, absorbed in evening something, or I slowed, absorbed in evening something. Have to think we were absorbing into similar impressions, feelings, somehow attaining union in the netherspace of sixth sense.

Then I lost Her, again. Spacetime determined that I had to veer west to return to my little house in the bland, damned, stifling squalor of suburban Davis. But She, Bukowski's dream, She veered south, remaining in that limitless, bleak, wild expanse where the energies of mind, of love, can expand unencumbered, without interference, the beautiful yellow sun streaming out Her window like the sunlight of Heaven, wild and free. At least I got to see Her again.