**Code Breaker**

Garrett Flagg

This is the sky you’ve always wanted:

Tourmaline over tiger’s eye dust.

Soft, it is a labyrinth to your questions.

These rocks—are not—what you think,

But libraries. Cracked open, they burst,

Strew crystal alphabets on thirsty sand.

Scattered, the rocks lurk along steep slopes.

They ambush the reluctant traveler.

Slips, thorns, roots, falls, scrapes own him.

But they do not judge. They allow memory

To find its own light, stumbling on a wheel

Made of stone, spokes that measure time.

Now comes the month of the swollen tongue.

What petroglyphs will they teach you to parse?

The ocotillo’s spiked lips redden to a kiss.

It dances beneath lightning and cloud, fingers

Snapping to irresistible wind, to rain.