

## WESTERNER

*By* ROBERT BELOOF

When all the world is seeded down by man  
And idiot cows stand stolid by the gate,  
When every coyote lies below the land  
And the last lean deer leaps up too late, too late,  
No talking untouched tree will give you pause  
To think on all that you will never see,  
Nor flame-lunged vaporous wolf will be the cause  
For hot awareness of a mystery.

Will you, o man of that obedient land,  
Be tranquil in your calm well-ordered hour?  
Who knows? Perhaps some quiet night you'll stand,  
Watch with a nadir fear your settled star,  
Listen with a fixed distended ear—  
And tremble to the tongues you cannot hear.