

STEPHEN GOULD

## Zenith Landing

Zenith  
at noon.            Back  
stairs wearing away  
nails driven through the frame  
across the landing in the sun

a biting fly rests on the wall.  
Cloud bursts flood  
the storm drains, later in the day.    Amen  
in the surf.    In

the shadow cone  
fix nadir and its sun. Along  
this line the fluent coast

creates each shape again  
Breathe in    o son of man

you do not need to leave

the desert streets.