

who knows why
who could ever know why
this particular armadillo from the southwest
of all the armadillos in the universe
was shellacked in the frozen posture of foraging
and strategically placed on the shelf
of the curio shop in the middle of a southwestern desert stop
self identifying as the last chance for anything for the next eighty one miles.

this is why i believe in fate
and that fate is pretty much responsible
for the explanation...
like an old timer on a bench telling
the story to anyone who
will stop for a moment and listen.

the three sisters dressed for death run the place
without explaining what happened to god or the armadillo
or why the next stop is really only fifty two miles away.

who knows why.
wf.h.
2024