

**KATIE HARTSOCK**

**The Western Edge of a Time Zone Hotel**

Not far from here a meadow marks the line  
of the longest sun and brightest time human  
arrangement of such things allows—  
a map to the meadow informs every bedside drawer.  
Its eagles dart close as prairie moths,  
grasshoppers fly ahead of footsteps  
with the hum and herald of rotary phones,  
and trees wave in the light like crowds at concerts  
who wanted the lawn tickets they got  
for the amphitheater's show, would not wish  
for anything else. A beautiful place  
to die, the underworld rising up  
through golden grains and purple-tipped spears  
and weeds that sprout their own billowy cosmos  
for heads and bloodred sumac buds sculpted  
by wind—to see the grim one coming through all that,  
to claim not a wife but the love or despair  
of one life. To be there  
to be told however it went down it's done,  
in the meadow with its manifold vantages of hours  
over there, where they've already happened,  
and that way, where they are still, or about to be.