

Kirk Etherton

If America has a pulse, it must be

Here in Big Sur, far from Puritan shores
Where the road is narrow but seldom straight
Highway One winding up and down, forth and
Back (like U.S. history and time itself)
Gone curling into redwood shading mist, then

Breaking out around the bend again to show
Another view of the astounding same
Above and below: furrowed sea cliffs glowing
With the big sun settling unhurriedly down
Into some immense unseen pocket of that

Endless Pacific, restless and relentlessly
Pounding down, away, on a margin of
Shifting land where anything—even
At last the success of Henry Miller
And the sea otter's return—is possible.

Kirk Etherton makes poems and songs, plus sculptures from various found materials. His poetry has been published in *Ibbetson Street*, *Wilderness House*, *Constellations*, *Spare Change News*, and elsewhere. He has performed music, poetry, and comedy at venues in New England and California. Kirk serves on the board of the Boston National Poetry Month Festival, and often hosts events with his wife, the poet and Berklee professor Lucy Holstedt.