



From Desert Dispatches

D.G. Zorich

The Santa Ana Choir

One more time,
the music of the whistling cables.

One more time!
The wind-sprung choir
singing in the steel:

On my lips, I know your cello,
I taste the grit of your desert voice—
In the mountains you have crossed
I know the dry tongues
and blowtorch breath—

With the whorls
of my bloody fingerprints
I pull my voice
from the whistling wires.

D.G. Zorich's poems have appeared in such publications as *The Wallace Stevens Review*, *Indefinite Space*, *The Listening Eye*, *The Pacific Review* and *Packingtown Review*.