DAY POEMS
the light’s
different today
sage mosquitos glinting shale
four lazy clouds help me
remember there’s no inaction
ever in this living
I be here
or I be there with you
simple being I
am blood warmed you
are sun strong together
we eye the untouchable
cirrocumulus clouds
nearly unmoving they
gather over
hours then
a feeling
depens
between them purple
brooding in gun metal
grey conversation they
lower the tone
of the day the moment blurs
my eyes on your eyes now
our brightness flips and angles
into dark reaching
and swelling we form
an alliance of
shadow blisters
blood light
am I
an artist
if I fear the visible if
I shrink from the roaring sight
of cyclone or the seismic breaking
of asphalt from two sliding earth plates
hypocenter to epicenter I resist the imperative to see
yet I must / submit to the demands of daylight its ruthless optics
in order to feel the totality as low-lying clouds cradle the Sandia mountains
this place named “water slides down arroyo” by our Tiwa friends let’s not forget
gratitude for the relationship between water and air or earth and water or fire and earth
though my blood drains in witness to the brutal devouring of anything fragile so
endless in this living I’m all-the-more stunned by a sweeping white stream
ghost-like vapor down the mountainside we wonder out loud is it a cloud
or is it fog or mist or maybe smoke rising skyward what do we know
about the elements as common people we learn as we observe
the mountain says to us come closer if you want to know mystery
hands on the steering wheel both eyes wide at the windshield
I’m pulled by the forces of relationship
as if I might finally learn what it was
that descended so silently over
the heart of my beloved
until inevitably he could
no longer
see me
Look at us look at the day
wings look at two radical
your arms look at a
look at my skin look at
look at my worry the
look at the land look at the
children look at green blades swaying like silver then look at waves of silver warm into
autumn gold look at grassroots twelve feet deep look at where we stand look at the
prairie ease onto the shore of the Badlands look at the glow of siltstone pillars look at
the wonder of sediment and ash and erosion look at stacked layers of white and tan and
look at the bird up there look at those
black ink strokes across the sky look at
raised scar look at your eyes look at me
my shoulders look at the subtle / a flicker
endless tunnel look across at the view
miracle look at seedheads delicate as
children look at green blades swaying like silver then look at waves of silver warm into
autumn gold look at grassroots twelve feet deep look at where we stand look at the
prairie ease onto the shore of the Badlands look at the glow of siltstone pillars look at
the wonder of sediment and ash and erosion look at stacked layers of white and tan and
mustard and ochre an ancient earthy palette look at this topsoil dry as sun-bleached 
bones look at the discarded look at arrowheads and bullets side by side look at glass 
pipes glass cartridges frayed wires look at the obvious look at my child my nieces my 
nephews look at conditions look at conditioning look within at the One look hard at the 
Other look at what’s happened look at the claim look at deed and title look closely at 
the language look at plow and stockyard look at the machinery look at drills and 
explosives look at remnants and tailings look at the weight and toll look at the sink hole 
look at the edge look at the drop look deep for the center look in a mirror look at what 
you see look at how they see you look at what they call us look at the re-naming of sites 
and rivers and mountains look at the words then look at actions not words look at what 
you know your instinct and intuition look at the balance look at cycles and patterns look 
at a raindrop land on my tongue look at connection look directly above us look at the 
reflection below look at body and water or earth and body look at water and blood look 
at our blood look at ochre and mineral rust look at what we endure and weather look at 
how we “scatter our own” look at our movement look at us gather look at us now look 
at the blood light pulse