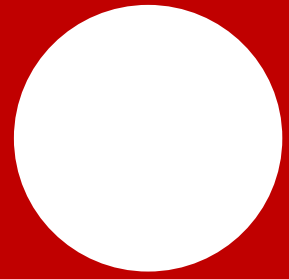


## DAY POEMS

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  
deepens  
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

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