

Poetry

anasazi, grand gulch

san juan bioregion, october/november '92

a woman squats at the cliff's edge
grinding corn in shallow scoops
worn of flat sandstone,
a bulbous tower gazes back
across the cultivated valley,
an ancient hair barked cedar at her doorstep

no separation

woman corn rock cliff sun
shining down
on the water carved dome

(how many centuries rushing water?)

that sweeps up to shade
the masonry clay dwellings.
blue clay handprints mark presence
yellow clay snake painting
brown clay

rectangular birthing woman

sun
shining down to earth only
no separation

woman corn rock
canyonmind
nine-hundred years
squatting beside the cliff
as desert sun lingers
in rock after dusk
to teach us, cleanse us,

to heal
oil pumps beating
in adjoining valleys
our fractured speed-worn minds.

—Paul Bloom

Mountain Temple

Korea, *Shin Won Sah*

Morning calm.
Memories older than stone
on the uphill trail
past the hermitage.

In great love
there is no this or that.
But dreams still trouble me.

Near the shaman's temple
a small family
tends pots on open fires
where the mountain stream
collects in a rocky pool.

Twilight deepens
during the dusty descent.
I search the leaves for eyes.

—Stanley Lombardo

Spring Equinox, Wolf River

Neopit, Wisconsin

again, for Tom

Even here sparrows
cheep in the background,
a netting of plain song,
the warp and weft one color,
a constant note sounding
behind our conversation.
Back in Kansas sparrows
speak with the same voice,
wear the same brown coats
on flights through tree limbs,
unremarkable. Two beaver
swim below the bridge,
snout first, cleaving dark glass
until they slip under white ice,
their voyage together
as silent as the fading light,
and the Wolf River lies quiet
this cold spring night.

—Denise Low