

Livid Face

Desert peaks puncture the sky.
Ponderosa pines surround the stream.
Precious water, precious life.
Pinon trees grip the dry earth.
Pine needles and brambles
Lie upon the ancient Mother.
Spirit guides walk the land.
Feel that which has no name.
Feel the earth.
Feel anger soften and drop
Like a dead leaf.
The earth has a livid face:
Bits of sagebrush,
Handfuls of hair,
Creep over her features.
Eternal is the earth.
Ephemeral is her life—
Remember the love of a woman
Will kindle, flicker, and die,
And some seeds cannot grow,
Some desires cannot be fulfilled.
Leaving only action
With despair as its compass
As your guide.

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