

HOPI HOMECOMING

Miles fry under our wheels
and slough off. The drought is worse
than I thought. Crops are gatherings
of desiccated crones leaning on each other
rattling death wishes. The racing shadow
in the dry washes and high basalt roadcuts
is my bus from Cleveland. I can
participate in its cubist performance
by holding my magazine up to the window
though no one else would notice the shade
of difference I make in one small square.
Out there the shadow-bus composes
its true image, compressing its length,
recoiling from desert and heat,
rising taller to look back for its lake.

Blue Corn would smile at the analogy--
that smile that begins at the left
of her mouth and leaves a luminous aura
after the rest of her face has forgotten it.
Odds are she'll be at the bus stop
with the want ads and the Appaloosa instead
of the pickup. Hell, a horse'll feel good
between my legs after steel chairs
and seminar stools. The horse and I
will be in sync before we pass First Mesa.

But can I interface with my Badger Clan?
I'm like this bus-- speeding a new highway
still sticky-- a late model vehicle of alloy
containing other lives besides. Which one
am I? Somewhere is there a spirit me
beyond the smoky abstraction the sun reveals?

Blue Corn, my love, you write happy
from your mother's Bear Clan.
You too are no longer programmed
by kachinas. When you dance I know
your eyes are uncloudy beneath the mask.
Most of you belongs to me
but the foot, the drum, are your own.

Can you make any part of me whole?