

## HOPI GIRL GOING HOME, TOUCHING THE RIVER

Blue Corn stared at her hand defiled with slimes  
and evil smells that made her back away.  
Her mother had related smiling times  
along this bank where she had dug fine clay.  
Blue Corn was glad she couldn't see it now  
for potters love the earth. This was a sin;  
this hand was from a horror film. Oh, how  
could people kill their river? It was kin!  
A cousin to their kind, their ancient dreams--  
now host to noxious networks spewing scum,  
receiver of the progress-laden streams,  
the dregs of greed-- depraved viaticum.  
Someday they all must answer to a judge--  
perhaps unknown mutations bred in sludge...

--Glenna Holloway