

New Mexico Summer

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Blue, blue sky
mountain red rocks,
Bright sky with no end to it.
Soft breeze ignites bird
on a tall pine tree top
to sing
a solo love song,
calling her mate to join
the lofty position
she has chosen
near the sun.

We grew our own food—
berries, tomatoes and greens.
On our land
wind chimes, like church bells
called attention to the life within all things.

Now
I dream, as an elder
with conscious imagination,
deliberate intention applied to

the great adventure which lies before me,
the life between lives.

For the next generation
I project my imagination to their future dreaming.

Southwest memories
of our earth's high desert sanctuary
where we
once lived.
Of songbirds,
wild things
and blue cloudless mountain skies.

Bushy ten-foot sunflowers
that seeded and
sustained themselves.
They grew wild and tall,
declaring their independence
along dusty back roads,
or
in abandoned fields,
as far as the eye
or imagination could see.

This strange magical land where
bright desert flowers

and
cactus fruits
purple, yellow, and blue
appear unannounced every
summer
just in time
for the
hummingbirds.

Fat lizards napped,
basking
on hot, ancient jagged rocks that transform
into
shadowy,
spooky
by night rock formation
creatures.
Silent, in an out of balance,
seemingly
artistic arrangement.

For the future, I hold a memory
of the uneven
private places
where we
lived.

Lavender blending

with peach tree

blossoms

on the hill.

Original desert perfume

released only after

summer rains,

combined warm earth,

piñon, pine and cedar.

This land

where mountain sage

rode the wind

and

grew freely, in between rocks

like a blessing.

Wild

and

untended