

9 YEARS

I am nine years in the desert
a land of sere quiet

I live in an ancient village on the
banks of the Rio Grande. My home
is dark and quiet. I have a walled garden

I sit under the old cottonwood
My father's wind chime
noisy in the morning air
The road runner
prances on the railroad
tie
And lifts himself into the
air

I step out of the garden gate
turning to ensure it latches
behind me
Taking a deep breath
I move off down the road

I can no longer live in my walled
garden
I grow fat on my own
internal gaze
I need hidden resources
recesses
I need some secrets
and mystery
even from myself

My love waits inside
I wear my grandmother's gold bracelet