

ON WATERMELON TIME

Albuquerque
(drop an r) or
Burque
Duke City of the enchanted land
Sandia
or rather
Dzi Nááyizí
Navajo Great Revolving Mountain
T'uf Shur Bien
Tigua Green Reed Mountain from time immemorial
rose line of Aztec migration
Abuela Montaña
great keeper of direction
watermelon time
stark against unmistakable turquoise skies
matched in her veins' flow long ago
before Route 66 guided headlights westward on through

the Long Walk trail of tears valley carved at her feet
scarlet ribbon woven through her skirt dipped in
ocean of prairie lands
jaguar and lynx
wild mustangs
bison, antelope, elk, bighorn sheep
spruce and fir
aspen ponderosa pine forests highlands
sway sing dance and wave to piñon juniper lowlands
whistling cottonwood bosques carry the beat in their veins
sunset storyteller
witness to how quickly times change
the story of this place
faith of nations
face of love
you

knowing wisdom comes into the world
not from stories spoken
but stories heard
she will never run out of tales
so long as you whisper yours
who better to tell them than you who have experienced them
they are as good as the old ones and
better than the ones they tell about you.

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