

Notes from an old Diary,  
written on my first visit to New Mexico and Arizona  
March - 1940

I AM the Bare Feet that pad softly over the red cliffs, in the thick red dust.

I AM the hot sands of the noon-day sun and the cold wind that scatters its colors.

I AM the cloud shadows that play over the Desert bones, on the back road to Oraibi, Arizona.

I AM the pink scarf around the black head of a young Hopi brave...

I AM the wife-in-hiding to the tribe.

I AM the bright angel of the Grand Canyon.

I AM a woman taking down her washing, in a March wind blowing peach blossoms.

I AM a butterfly on a blossom in a tree full of blossoms.

I AM seven Laguna horses running ahead of the wind.

I AM the black one of three small donkeys, standing patiently against the wind.

I AM a Dry River on my way to the Sea.

I AM a dust storm on its way to Gallegos, New Mexico.

I AM the proud grass country, after the Desert.

I AM the sage-brush, the same color as my sheep.

I cover the whole earth so far as I know.

Nell Dorr