

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 THE SILVER STREAM LINED TRAIN RUNNING EIGHTY MILES TO  
THE HOUR ACROSS THE DRY PLAINS OF KANSAS.

I AM SEVEN LAGUNA HORSES RUNNING AHEAD OF THE WIND  
I AM THE BLACK ONE OF TWO SMALL DONKEYS, STANDING  
PATIENTLY AGAINST THE WIND.

I AM A DRY RIVER ON MY WAY TO THE SEA.

I AM THE BRIGHT ANGEL OF THE GRAND CANYON

① I AM THE BARE FEET THAT PAD SOFTLY OVER THE RED CLIFFS,  
IN THE THICK RED DUST.

② I AM THE HOT SANDS IN 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 SAND ROAD TO CRAIGI, ARIZONA.

I AM THE PINK SCARF AROUND THE BLACK HEAD  
OF A YOUNG HOPI GRAVE. ---

I AM THE WIFE-IN-HIDING TO THE TRIBE.

I AM A DUST STORM ON ITS WAY TO GALLUP, NEW MEXICO.

I AM THE PRAIRIE GRASS COUNTRY, AFTER THE DESERT

I AM THE SAGE BRUSH THE SAME COLOR AS MY SHEEP

I COVER THE WHOLE EARTH AS FAR AS I KNOW

I AM THE MOTHER AND I AM THE CHILD.