

## HOPI HOMECOMING

Miles fry under our wheels  
and slough off. The drought is worse  
than I thought. Crops are gatherings  
of desiccated crones leaning on each other  
rattling death wishes. The racing shadow  
in the dry washes and high basalt roadcuts  
is my bus from Cleveland. I can  
participate in its cubist performance  
by holding my magazine up to the window  
though no one else would notice the shade  
of difference I make in one small square.  
Out there the shadow-bus composes  
its true image, compressing its length,  
recoiling from desert and heat,  
rising taller to look back for its lake.

Blue Corn would smile at the analogy--  
that smile that begins at the left  
of her mouth and leaves a luminous aura  
after the rest of her face has forgotten it.  
Odds are she'll be at the bus stop  
with the want ads and the Appaloosa instead  
of the pickup. Hell, a horse'll feel good  
between my legs after steel chairs  
and seminar stools. The horse and I  
will be in sync before we pass First Mesa.

But can I interface with my Badger Clan?  
I'm like this bus-- speeding a new highway  
still sticky-- a late model vehicle of alloy  
containing other lives besides. Which one  
am I? Somewhere is there a spirit me  
beyond the smoky abstraction the sun reveals?

Blue Corn, my love, you write happy  
from your mother's Bear Clan.  
You too are no longer programmed  
by kachinas. When you dance I know  
your eyes are uncloudy beneath the mask.  
Most of you belongs to me  
but the foot, the drum, are your own.

Can you make any part of me whole?

--G. R. Holloway