**Clarity**

Once, I passed a teepee on the highway  
but I didn’t know anything. Then you wrote  
to me that you lived the Navajo life for  
two weeks. How you were witness to night catching the scent of the stars in its palm,  
so it’s just you, the fire, and a billion pinhole apertures expanding across the noiseless inheritance. How mothers and their daughters  
and their grandmothers weave their own patterning dreams and rugs from the sky so they can sleep among their ancestors.

You told me how they have words for everything  
we don’t and the children play in the dusty light that turns  
dark pink. How bus rides with strangers are worth  
eight hours because the mountain views are prodigious  
but not ambitious and there is never an opportunity  
for you to sigh and think what am I doing here because  
home isn’t something you question or consciously search  
for, home finds you when it peeks out from the pockets  
of nopales and red rocks to hum with the deep wind, when  
it lulls you to sleep at night with ease, when it fills all the space between your bones and soul that you didn’t know existed.