Weaving

Morning enters and splits the Hogan
and she wakes from dreams of mountains,
hungry for offerings  tall for maize
her eyes hold visions until she sees
patterns her mother taught her

She fills her loom with dream colors
  bloom of yarrow
  desert sand
  sky before snow
  eyes of her lover
She sings as she weaves
a rhythm smooth as bone
shuttles
  over and under
  over and under

The moon opens and closes his eye twice
now her blanket holds figures
of corn pollen boy and growth spirit girl
dancing jagged
  like spires and peaks
  broken layers in the mesa
  lines that channel her cheeks.

Again, she sings as she watches her grandson
his pickup   its bald tires weaving
another stripe of color on the horizon
and sends a blessing
  that he will find her blanket a good home
  that it will bring money enough
  to keep those she loves through winter
  as they sleep full and deep
  in the belly of her Hogan

—Christine Bird

This poem won first place in the 2023 BYU Studies
poetry contest.