

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.