

I Have Learned to Define a Field as a Space Between Mountains

If I remember a field where I stroked the velvety Hound's Tongue & cracked its purple mouth from stem & it is not a memory then what were the limits of the field?

Sometimes we are driving south toward Zion in a crowded truck filled with my mother & we pass the same red wildflowers until someone says "Indian Paintbrush" Rio, haven't you seen them before? &, have I?

Other times I pose in front of giant Flor de Maga, its soft petal saucers larger than my head. My father fixes one behind my ear & says something in Eyeri but for what photograph? I am a conjoined Hibiscus-headed twin, except I'm local.

I braid the long hair of the willow & like a young warrior I swing across the canal bed by the braid. *By the rivers of Babylon we sat down & wept when we remembered Zion. There on the willow trees, we hung our harps. How could we sing the Lord's song in a foreign land?* I read once in Sunday school, tripping on it.

In any field I am certain I can be seen by someone. How couldn't I? When I'm blood-divided one hundred ways, when I pray to the God called DO NOT BOARD THE SHIP, when I'm protected by so many masters of the vine. They must be in here somewhere? They must see me this far into the desert, it can't be that I am alone here. I search behind the cat tails, I scramble the wood. Has it gotten darker?

A child & all I can see are houses. Every house is a rambler with a plastic snake full of sand or a well that isn't really a well. Every house is on a street named after the Ute tribes. I'm in Ute Country, in the field to fly a cheap kite but it gets caught in pine sap. I walk home but not without pocketfuls.