

Four Poems

annie ross

from "What"

iv. when

grandmother, embracing her homemade sign
grandfather, speaking from the cold, hard ground
claustrophobics gather together, fear burned up in the sun
for this fight

mothers circumambulate a bucket-full of Lake Superior
highways find a new use, moccasin paths
camouflaged deer in tall grass

v. where

inside heart's hallowed hollows

elephants pilgrimage to family memorial grounds

knocking, whooshing inside temples

obliterated atoll, army bands, Nevada test site

breath working so hard it can't enter in and out fast enough

springs were so clear and strong pearls adorned trees

pots and other living beings

before, the dung pile
long after, the shard

and here we are
we skeleton star beasts
feast day
upon an embroidered tablecloth
full of soup



(left) "dung," Northern Tewa, New Mexico, 2008
(right) "shard," Hopi Nation, Arizona, 2006

this is what a prayer sounds like

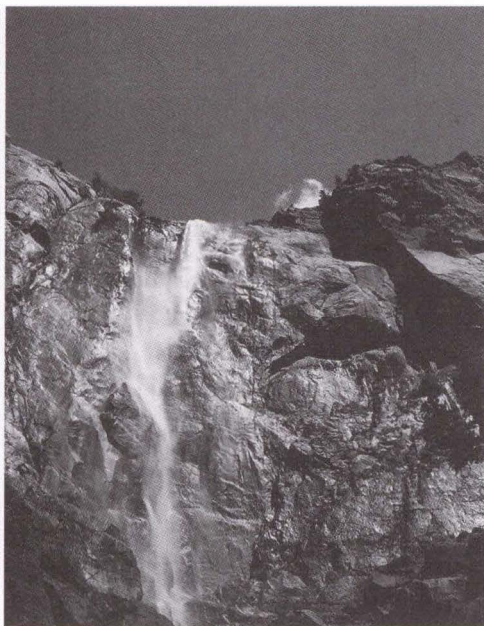
i'm fucked
fucking crazy

a freezing waterfall did nothing but hurt
sky opening, soul top, my spirit head
hottest summer, drought sky

The Angel of the Lord said

*why tell me? I am weary from my own era-long martyrdom
just look at this dusty dress!
and someone has taken my bottle*

tiny weedy cloud appeared
barely peeking over



(left) "hovering angel," Mission San Javier del Bac, San Javier Indian Nation, Tucson, Arizona
(right) "cloud," Grizzly Bear National Park, California