

Spirit Coyote

September 20, 2000
A Walk Near Our House

One soft quiet dawn I see you and my deep heart knows.
We know each other profoundly
beyond time and space.

Your eyes haunt me
following my every move.
Your home, a sacred Indian burial ground,
separated from the world and me by a chain-link fence.
Ancient ones honored!

I walk by here daily on the outside—
you and them gather together today on the inside.

Are you coyote? Are you spirit? I can't be sure!
I question as I'm mesmerized by you.
You turn away from me, and
I recognize your lean frame.
You are coyote!

Death has captured them
and you, too,
or are you captured?
Are you dead?
Are you free?

You follow my moves;
stealthily you step toward me.
I gulp worried you will charge,
but your movement toward me stops.
Now you move with me, alongside me.

I feel comfort in your presence—
no fear,
a companion that knows my heart.
You rise up on a small mound
then you're gone—gone forever!

A chain-link fence separates us.
You locked in with the dead,
me alive outside,

walking free,
yet skirting you and death.
Are you here every day?

At times, I hear the chains in the fence rattle in the breeze,
yet I know it's not the breeze—
the sound is too severe.
I know it's spirits, like you caught in that place,
that place between the unknown,
a place I know so well!

We are one; I see it!
Death, spirit coyote, and me
roaming through this life!
Those ancient ones inside me clamor to be
free, to be put to rest!

Your spirit sought me out
with a message.
Some natives see you as the trickster,
the predator by ranchers.
Others see you as the tourist symbol of the Southwest
and place a red bandana around your neck.
What a shame!

Your spirit is larger, filling the arroyo
and canyon of my heart.
You roam free—
so, take me along!
I yearn to roam free,
to howl at the moon,
at my loneliness,
at my aloneness,
at the other spirits walking my same path.

Time Measured Out

July 22, 2002
Thatcher, Idaho

Nine drops of Miracle-Gro to one quart of water,
my house plants' weekly diet.
Eight minutes to bake one potato
in the microwave.

Time measured out in bits and pieces.
Lives divided so.

It's all a cycle,
the seasons,
the days,
the years!

Where is it all going
in such an orderly manner?