

Miriam Sagan – Two Poems

Dawn struck the mountain
I needed to awaken

back into my
old crippled self

don't tell me
what word to use

after all, who really knows
the tree's name except the tree

i opened the door of the one-room house
stuffy with a night of dreams

stacked up like airplanes
in fog over a great city

the toddler pulls my turquoise skirt
to lead me

she wants to go in
she wants to go out

the metal buddha
cast from the emptiness of a mold

when i was young
I thought U'd leave this world of forms

now I see
a bird on a waving branch

throw a shadow
on the whitewashed wall

The baby and I practice
hissing like a snake
howling like a lobo
hooting like an owl

all these creatures
might appear
at the perimeter of the ranch
out in the basin land

some things remain silent
the moon rising over the sandstone cliffs
the look on a face
that turns away

but that is for later.

Miriam Sagan is the author of over thirty books of poetry, fiction, and memoir. Her most recent include *Bluebeard's Castle* (Red Mountain, 2019) and *A Hundred Cups of Coffee* (Tres Chicas, 2019). She is a two-time winner of the New Mexico/Arizona Book Awards as well as a recipient of the City of Santa Fe Mayor's Award for Excellence in the Arts and a New Mexico Literary Arts Gratitude Award. She has been a writer in residence in four national parks, Yaddo, MacDowell, Gullkistan in Iceland, Kura Studio in Japan, and a dozen more remote and interesting places. She works with text and sculptural installation as part of the creative team Maternal Mitochondria in venues ranging from RV Parks to galleries. She founded and directed the creative writing program at Santa Fe Community College until her retirement. Her poetry was set to music for the Santa Fe Women's Chorus, incised on stoneware for a haiku pathway, and projected as video inside an abandoned grain silo in rural Itoshima. Her blog is Miriam's Well--
<http://miriamswell.wordpress.com>