

JOSHU TREE

The little girl asked, "What are birds?"
As I flashed through myriad marvels,
I told her that I was trying to teach her
about hearts and how they fly.
She said, "Oh, I know how heart's fly,
by not seeing. Being friends with wind."
I ask her how can you be friends with wind?"
"By not minding." "Why?" "Wrong flight."
Mouth a cave, I walked out like a bat
upside down, we carried the Joshu Tree
of our love with us where we had walked
looking for dinosaur eggs and petroglyphs.
As we saw a bird so far it was a spot,
she exclaimed, "She's over the desert,
when she's here, the mountain's so still
you blink, you think you see her.
There are other bends in the trees."
I put my hand on her head as if to bless
for she had blessed me. In that instant,
I was flying, in that second, I saw
what wasn't there and the Joshu Tree,
the weather of our conversation,
as she ran to the columbines and asters
using my new eyes that flew us.