

## New Mexico Summer

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# New Mexico Summer

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*Karen Tallkat Conley*

Blue, blue sky  
mountain red rocks,  
Bright sky with no end to it.  
Soft breeze ignites bird  
on a tall pine tree top  
to sing  
a solo love song,  
calling her mate to join  
the lofty position  
she has chosen  
near the sun.

We grew our own food—  
berries, tomatoes and greens.  
On our land  
wind chimes, like church bells  
called attention to the life within all things.

Now  
I dream, as an elder  
with conscious imagination,  
deliberate intention applied to

the great adventure which lies before me,  
the life between lives.

For the next generation  
I project my imagination to their future dreaming.

Southwest memories  
of our earth's high desert sanctuary  
where we  
once lived.  
Of songbirds,  
wild things  
and blue cloudless mountain skies.

Bushy ten-foot sunflowers  
that seeded and  
sustained themselves.  
They grew wild and tall,  
declaring their independence  
along dusty back roads,  
or  
in abandoned fields,  
as far as the eye  
or imagination could see.

This strange magical land where  
bright desert flowers

and  
cactus fruits  
purple, yellow, and blue  
appear unannounced every  
summer  
just in time  
for the  
hummingbirds.

Fat lizards napped,  
basking  
on hot, ancient jagged rocks that transform  
into  
shadowy,  
spooky  
by night rock formation  
creatures.  
Silent, in an out of balance,  
seemingly  
artistic arrangement.

For the future, I hold a memory  
of the uneven  
private places  
where we  
lived.

Lavender blending  
with peach tree  
blossoms  
on the hill.

Original desert perfume  
released only after  
summer rains,  
combined warm earth,  
piñon, pine and cedar.

This land  
where mountain sage  
rode the wind  
and  
grew freely, in between rocks  
like a blessing.

Wild  
and  
untended