

## Otowi House

*Marion Dumont*

The open window billows  
the soft smell of rain and mariposa lilies.  
Sunshine and shadow tarry  
like gatekeepers at her kitchen door.  
Near the-place-where-the-river-makes-a-noise,  
a woman stands living  
melodies run wild.

Pueblos weather-worn  
weave this woman through the years;  
Buffalo dance the earth, blue sky corn  
fills clay pots, echo the rainsong.

Plateaus rise like fresh baked bread,  
Shumo To-tavi, ancient guardians of the land  
embrace adobe home.  
The heat of pine knots gathers  
high on the mesa under falling gold.

Bohrs and Oppenheimer transpose  
under pinons, red glare;  
ragged with a breaking world they run  
to the small house where tables of candlelight  
illumine tattered souls, peace and quiet follow  
on the scent of juniper and chocolate.

A simple woman, a simple home, simple story told—  
Tilano's washings from the well, thirst quenched  
garden bounty and woodstove cooking.  
Christmas fires blaze epilogues  
of tranquil evenings arduous days  
overlooking river, mesa, colored desert hues.

Drawn in close, To-tavi cradles weathered skin.  
Near the-place-where-the-river-makes-no-noise  
water runs in rivulets seeps into bone dry earth.  
Mariposa lilies push skyward,  
eyes shine with departing light, breathe soft  
the spirit soars high above the mesa  
under falling gold.