

In the Center of the Fire

Navajo Hozho

Judith Kennedy-Maziz

I

On her river island
the girl tastes bee pollen in a tiny palm of green

II

A sweet milk settles in the belly of Manuelito
as the bleeding calf is bound

III

An arrowhead is lodged in whitewashed bone where a daughter lay weeping

IV

She stacks five stones in red mud and sits as still

V

Cirrus clouds and winter stars mix with fire and plumes of sorrow

VI

She awakens under seventy swirls of turquoise, pearl shell, black blanket sky