

# Kayenta

*Bryan Waterman*

Summers we paint relocation houses  
on the res, beige and grey,  
"Navajo white," our brushes dripping  
Dutch Boy on red Arizona earth.

You sit in your hogans, grandparents,  
save your smiles for your children,  
nieces, nephews, your own.

We cover sheetrock squares, stain  
and varnish doors with thick,  
choking strokes. Your hogans  
are round, bound with living sticks,  
hand-dyed rugs on hard clay floors,  
the spirit-door wide open.

When we leave, you turn your goats  
into the government houses.

You have no future  
tense and I, at seventeen,  
have no idea why you laugh  
to see the goats lick lacquer from the doors,  
shit on untouched carpet,

as we haul our paint away.