

# In a Pueblo Indian Dwelling, Four-Corners

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Beside

shards of earthen jars and bowls,  
the Kachina-Child returns  
in the desert's smoldering gaze. He enters  
from the bent reeds, beyond nothing and earth.  
He wears his mask and his memory.

On the plain,

his steps falter across  
the shadows combed into crooked cracks of the clay.  
In the kiva,  
he touches charred wood and ashes as  
the shadows flicker behind him.

Tonight he

raises his arms above his head and wakes to visions.  
As they shatter, he takes each piece out of himself  
and plants it beside the cracked blue corn.

If you see him,

lower your eyes. His gaze is a harsh smoke,  
the piercing of yucca, whose splintering fibers prick  
as he stares into you and walks inside. Closely he watches,  
but if you fear fire, he'll step back to the shadows,  
the shards cutting deep.