

Matriz del Sol

“C C’s house!” they’d chime at any abandoned alpine shack or desert ruin,
Though 50 years passed before she drove the 3 mph road off Hwy 14 between Cerrillos and Madrid

Where no piñon survived the drought beetle but progeny flourish from their wracked ruin,
Where, 2 steps in, Lucy’s flashbeam, brightest for years, wed

Heaven to place. With the light-gown focused through her head
She turned to her husband and they knew: our little paradise. 4 structures well crafted. Cradled below

The escarpment. In the strawbale a kingsnake wintered, meaning water. Indeed, the well ran strong.
80 acres of Cochiti Pueblo, deeded to Juanita Lopez, and in-set, alone, 4 windows framing east, her studio.

Fannie May won’t fund off-grid and curvature of the earth prevented title insurance but a rogue
Bank and the prodigal father’s savings produced Papers. On their way to sign, a detour for inspiration.

As sun rose every stone glowed rose. Vehement Spring wind rested and they heard what her imagination
Had thought it had heard mid wind’s pauses: the freeway. “Never,” screwed one realtor’s face. “Like ocean,”

Said the other. Ripples amplifying the seizure: mechanical source fed through the feet, irradiant meltdown of Each cell
structure. 3 dawns, midnight, she scoured the womb: caramel, iron, coal, owl, rattling rock, echoes.

Thanks to Lauren Tresp, editor of **THE Magazine**, where this poem originally appeared.