

# deja not

*by* Kitty Boots

it is said deja vu decreases with age  
I believe it

the girl in the white dress with high button shoes staring back at  
me, in a second she was gone  
it was in a window front in Manhattan

at Bandelier  
children swam in the muddy creek  
women whispered in the canyons  
I climbed into the kivas  
desecrated with graffiti and felt violated

I tended a herd of horses  
swirling with a whip in the dust kicked up by  
buckskins, paints, Appaloosas  
nipped at the heels by dogs  
white ones destined for the cook pot

gathered herbs, cloaked in goatskins along a rocky coast throwing  
spiteful salty spray  
mournful winds, sacred stones  
cold, unforgiving

and in the spring, digging stick in hand  
planted seeds, built- up soil to protect, nourish  
grafted vines, set the trellis

birthed the lambs and calves  
smudged-out the winter sickness  
buried babies born too soon  
helped scarify and paint the warriors

I haven't felt my soul leave my body during the eclipse  
and I wonder if I have lives to live again

