

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

