



Ndi'yi'lii Sunflowers spread into the foothills of gray shaded spirally hills between Lybook, New Mexico, and the turnoff to Chaco Canyon on Highway 64. A woman in her late seventies, wearing the traditional clothes of a passing generation, thumbed rides to Aztec from around the area.



Ndi'yi'lii Summer signing farewell.

Sunflowers glowed in the rain.
Young ponds mirrored
the turbulent faces of the sky.
Thunder scolded
and rain children
scrubbed the spines of the divide.
Oh my sister,
the sunflowers glowed
in the rain.

At the gray spiraled hills on that desolate road
I passed an old woman who carried a white sack,
her long skirt swirled upward
as she lifted her hand for a ride.
Her gesture like old nodding sunflowers,
whispering from a deep far away.
Same rhythm, same motion,



fading back into distant
phosphorous mountains.

Singing farewell
to those deaf to the songs of sunflowers
nodding in the rain.

Dedicated to P. W. Emerson-Tso

Note

Ndi'yi'hií sunflowers





