

PETER LOFTUS

Sierra Buttes with Residual Snow, 2006
Oil on canvas, 52 x 80 in



COURTESY: R. BLITZER GALLERY

ADELA NAJARRO

Incantation Three

Heat waves bind desert green on the valley floor,
bluestem, sagebrush, saltbush.

We are the ones who see.
We are the ones who know.

Light waves undulate at precise peaks and valleys.
We name these burnt sienna, azure blue, clay white, alabaster.

A name is and is not
what we see and what we know.

On the valley floor, she rises
casts shadows that undulate with the passing sun.

She is mountain. She is scar. She is bird or star.
She sits on a fence.

A bird in shade under a tree.
A bird splashes wet.
A hummingbird over sugary sweet water.

In the beginning was the word,
and we began to name plant, animal, color, star.
But that was not enough.

A word is and is not
a nest, a seed, a root that digs deep.

She sits in the form of herself
and teeters precariously on the edge of the world.

As a bird on a fence.
As an orange desert flower.
As a giant gaseous star.

Words lift in wind,
and like leaves on a tree,
she catches afternoon light.

Adela Najarro is the author of two poetry collections, *Split Geography* and *Twice Told Over*. She currently teaches creative writing, literature, and composition at Cabrillo College.