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The Blue Willow

Glenna Luschei

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GLENN A LUSCHEI

THE BLUE WILLOW

1. My Western Imagination

Because I'm a
Western Tanager
It's hard to keep to nesting.

I keep flitting off
In your direction,

Up here
In the loom of the maple
I'm yellow silk on the spindle.

Tamped with a batten
Of willows
Woven beside your window.

Fly with me, love,
Away from dynasties.

Our bones won't mingle
Forever
I want a little for now.

2. Magic

You went by my house
Again
Just as I was reading up
On aphrodisiacs
And seductions

Nard and saffron
Pistachio, pomegranate

I utter my charm over betel nuts
Pretending all this is comical

3. Without Lights

Even though the rain drives
Without lights
And my family
Is coming down with flu

I'm happy.
I can be at your house
In 15 minutes!

We hear the rain
Thump past on snow chains
You warm up my feet

And scratch my back
In Euclid's patterns.
Faustus at his drawing board

Circles

tangents

World views all on my back!
I'm the envy of harems.

Whoever thinks
I'm going to the
Devil
Let him remember
It's raining pitchforks!

4. Marina Cvetaeva

Marina,
The story of you
Not meeting your lover
Because you had no shoes. . .

Take my sandals
It's summer,
The onion tops in tower!

He complains about my reflex
 Though my knees
 Flip
 Like Cossacks.

Marina,
 Can't he see
 I only want to screw?

Marina,
 Take my shoes!

5. Elk

I have no telephone
 Cables are down in the snow
 Only
 The antlers of my pelvis
 Catch me in

Still
 You have reached me
 Square bales of hay
 Make me think of your pueblo
 And you going about
 A thousand times smaller

The red tunic!
 Your long braid.

6. The Bean Dance

In the kiva
 The beans have sprouted
 The Hopis
 chant

My belly
 is strung each breast
 the pick
 of a mandolin

7. Yoruba

Why aren't you happy
With me?
Why aren't you happy in Yoruba?
Purple
Banana blooms unfold
Like the cocks of stallions.

The praying mantis
Part of me
Waits
Beneath the blue batik.

8. Night Song for a Friend.

We were banished
To pocks in the moon

Rafts on the desert
Sail and boom

Nights wore veils,
Camel bells

Hours ran
Without bobbing their heads

And carried me
Eight days without water