

Time of Poetry

In the beginning,
when cloud people walked
across a sienna clay sky,
Kokopelli spun his poems
on the desert mesas.
In his sack, he carried creation stories,
corn seeds, and unborn babies
longing for a mother's kiss.
His flute announced flying saucers
and red rock sunsets.
Twisting and turning
down indigo canyons,
he could change himself
into a clever snake,
a spiral of stars,
a circular dream spinning
on a sapphire river.
The owl,
the hawk,
and the eagle
dropped feathers in his honor.
The earth,
the sky,
and the water
sang his rain songs.
It was a time
of joy and enlightenment
for all who listened.
At twilight,
the sound of his flute
still drifts down the winding riverbed—
poems crooned by a trickster wind—
the faint outline
of a hump-backed shaman
dancing on canyon walls.

-Johanna Ely

