

Waiting for the Yaqui Way

"You think about yourself too much," [don Juan] said and smiled. "And that gives you a strange fatigue that makes you shut off the world around you and cling to your arguments. Therefore, all you have is problems."

from A Separate Reality by Carlos Castaneda

Where are the wonders and signs I came this long way
to behold? Where is my wreck of an old Yaqui brujo
assigned by the stars to wash me in mushrooms
and shame for my tiny, arrogant outlook on life,
lead me down skinny arroyos latent with flashfloods
of ancestors -- body-free travelers bent nonetheless
from weight of the Knowledge they've scabbled
from amongst scales of scrub trees that took decades
to die, decades for the absolute last cell to let go,
leaving the tree's shell alone to hold history's dry batch
of stories, imparted as thorns into curious hands, raggedly
piercing the seeker's pale skin to force a push past seeing
a dead tree as dead tree rather than as the real wonder
and sign that that which seems no longer present is still
very much here, and can yet draw the lifeblood out
of any fool waiting for outbursts of moonsong or some
guide for dancing a perfectly ill-mannered sorcerer's twostep.

for Lee, Leanne, Kevin, and Wayne

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