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# Migrant

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## MIGRANT

Desire comes up in us  
Like the morning sun  
Over the Great Central Valley

Perfectly dry and stark  
Diagonal rays gilding the fields  
And the insects waking in them

The sun sheds a pink light  
On the adobe streets—  
On the dust—

Not yet aroused  
We breathe with ravishment  
The cool, blue, untainted inland air

We are already sweating  
As we tramp from our trailers  
Toward ripeness a mile off

Facing the anger of the sun  
The light sound of a motor approaching  
And receding is still pleasant

So few people as yet  
Getting into their cars and going to work  
Blackbirds are audible, we feel like men

Until the moment we bend  
Over the stalks, and there it is—  
Pain digs in

With its hot knives,  
Its rotten burlap sacks,  
Like changing a channel

To a show that has always been playing.