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La Vieja in the Sandia Mts.

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after The Old Ones of New Mexico
by Robert Coles

They gave me a flag
for one son. I gave it
to the school.
Another they brought home
from a car crash.
My husband wore his suit
in the middle of the week.
Three babies died *también*.

I have two left.
They bring me things.
The oldest brought this clock;
I get it out when he comes.
The refrigerator they got me.
I cried so hard they didn’t
take my old stove.
My son says to call ourselves Chicanos,
he says to get a phone.
I tell him a phone is like the wind,
a voice without a face.

*Recito el rosario.*
The mountains anchor me.
The clouds rush by
like the seasons,
like my children.