

primera mañana

*honoring Great Mother and the ancestors
who created the White Shaman Mural
of the Seminole Canyon
photographed by Ansen Seale
by Natalia Treviño*

berry and loose
skin slips
too ripe

blotches my finger
purples teeth
an accidental color

accent on fingertips
when squeezed
sudden smudge-streak

like sky
a pulse of patterns
who carry purple

breath song before dawn
too ripe and beaming
a wet eye in the bush

overcooked by the riverside
sunoven taste
and it marks lips

so sweet sickly
decay stains stay
on my hands long

after arroyo rinses old bloods
from carving good small
cuts thin meatlayers

and skins for drying
sewing wearing
piles of skins lives I carry

on my back for my daughter
for wrapping for softness
 in her twigbasket

as we walk and hold
one another like stones do--
will be cold soon

reddish berries brown
the flesh under
our fingernails days years

later ages a warm memory
below the heft of skinoil,
below sweat below my long

story with time
piled fruitmush browns
the weave the wound

bases of our baskets this one
a wet darkwood color
yours new hue of sundried grass

the berrypaint
says *we have*
been here tell

a story about food and tart
smell of danger burnt
taste of discoverystory

first
 sunrise--
 familyheart--

bigger now than when I was
only a daughter
sadder the more familyheart

