

La Vieja in the Sandia Mts. • Nancy Roxbury Knutson

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 *tambien*.

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.