

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.