

## Daybreak

abíní hoolzish

: the low-moon horizon turquoise serenely pink-lit  
from the pulp and fray of whorled milkweed  
summer cypress turkey-feathered struts stark pebbled  
through the sheep corral and shade house  
beneath the horse trough star thistle and nine-awned grass  
reflect night storms and rainbow through the morning  
the sun's rays darling through narrow shoots of cloud, vapor,  
or maybe morning fog

hók'áá dóó

: above a passing plane or marsh hawk or maybe a crow  
casts its wing on the sweet yellow clover and field weed  
on the rubble of rust tin can and car axle and wheel barrow  
a basketball backboard crafted from sheet metal and piping  
the ground crickets beneath moths telling a story as butterflies  
they flail and flare through two-needle piñon and ryegrass  
cottontails squirrel into the culvert under the main road  
now wash-like, parched, its flow sands really memory for water

i'í'á k'ad

: salsify and velvetweed overtop a broken fence  
its twine, slat, and barbed wire cloaked by dusky sod  
dirt road mud walls, tumbleweed, and maybe sunflowers  
bow-pulled arc by the metal windmill watering faint wind  
the mill echoes awake with each rock thrown  
at its face, back, or the bend of its opened arms  
bìh níléjì da'ayá—clouds drop their shoulders into rain,  
into the coral evening, into the evening's evening

—Jake Skeets