

MY NEW MEXICO

It was outside Taos somewhere,
a fledgling commune: Morning Star.
I was sleeping in the tool shed
by night, and in the daytime
I was making adobe bricks,
Hebrew style. A life of mud
and straw, and a dream of equality
that was, in no way, equal.

As usual, I was the stranger.

You hitch a ride down a road
and wind up here. Albuquerque
wasn't to my liking.
I'd wend my way home east
soon enough. An aching knee
reminds me.

In bondage
to what, slaves
to what idea? Ideal living,
bourgeois dreams of plenty.
I was in mud up to my ass,
red clay. I'd be washing it
out of my hair for weeks.

