

Blood Line

—for Svati Mariam, one year old

My child is rain
on the tamarind tree

She is an enemy
to burnt grass,
to fruit sieved
with metal

Struck
from a stunted branch.

She is my mother's
mother who cries in me,
my line of blood
our perpetuity.

When wild deer
track the mud
for buried roots

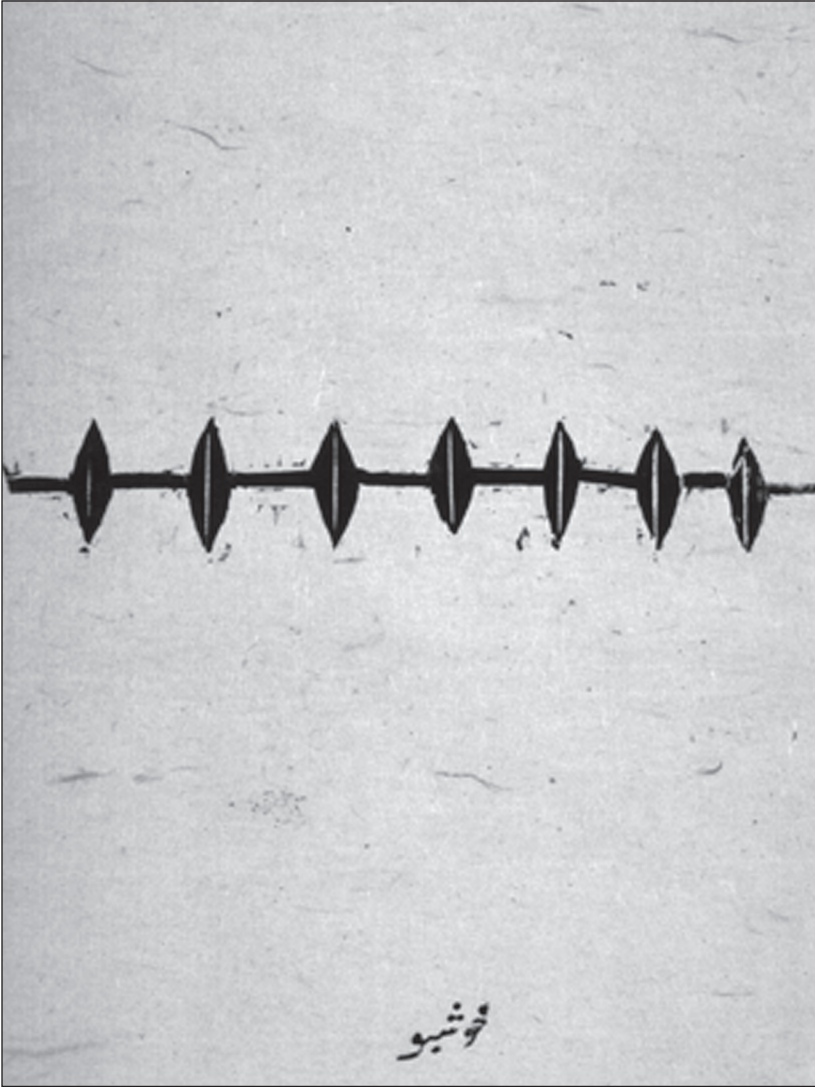
I'll grip my blouse
and loosen it

I'll show her how
my throat can hang
a woman's weight.

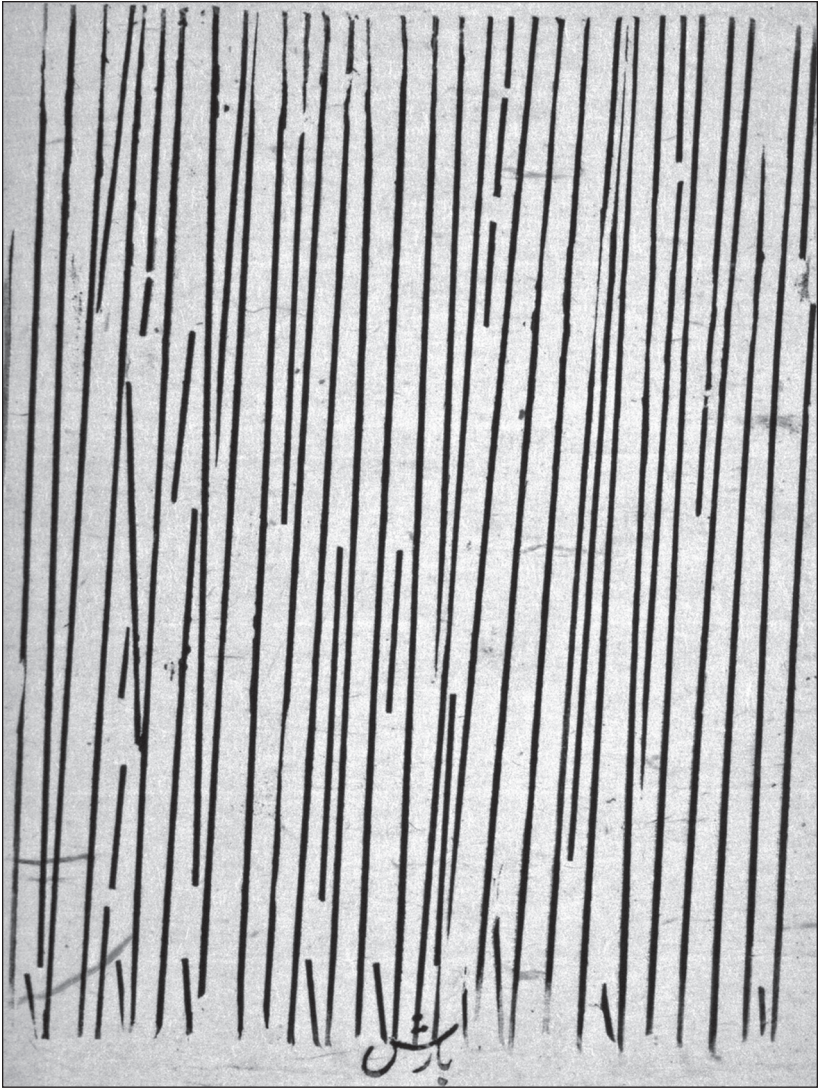
In the sky's bowl
after a season of storm
we'll watch girls
with antlers in their hair

Meena Alexander

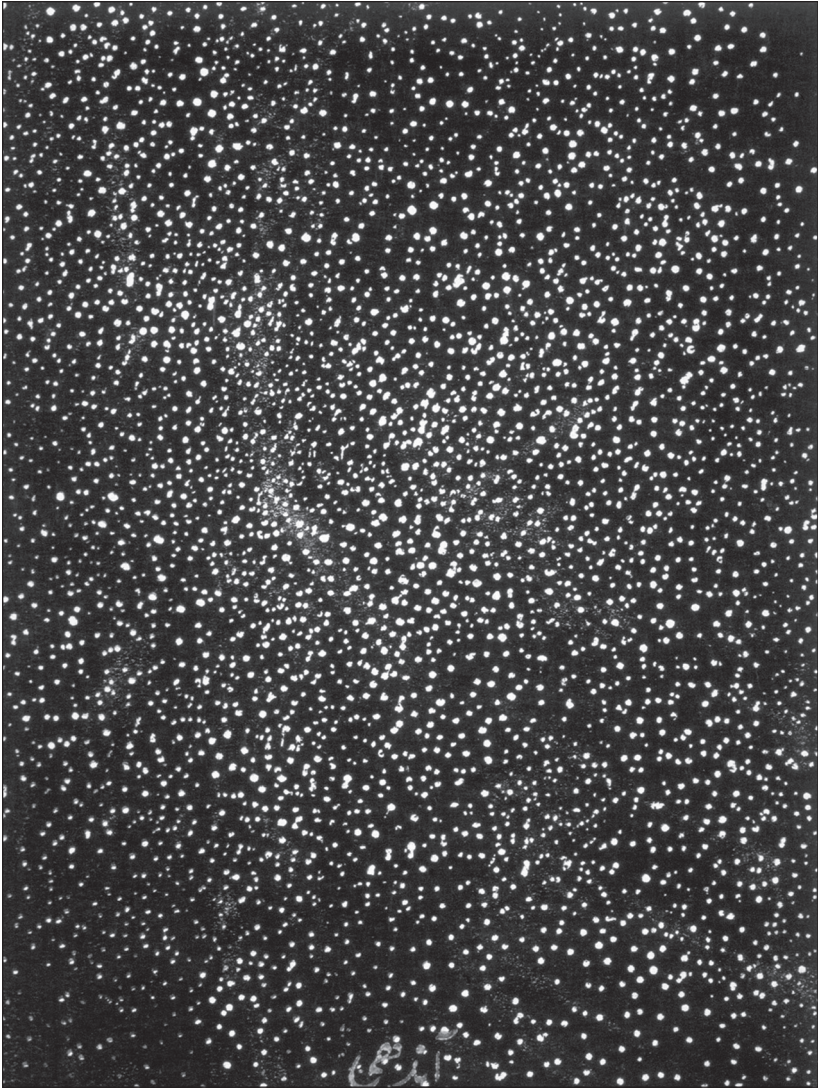
Dance, confounding
ancient hunters
who stumble westward
broken bows in hand.



*Zarina, "Home is a Foreign Place," series of woodcuts,
detail "Fragrance," 8 x 6, 1997.*



*Zarina, "Home is a Foreign Place," series of woodcuts,
detail "Rain," 8 x 6, 1997.*



*Zarina, "Home is a Foreign Place," series of woodcuts,
detail "Dust Storm," 8 x 6, 1997.*