

The First Of July

The first of July
and I have a little wood gathered
 from the pinon foothills
(on foot and by hand,
 carrying it in a canvas shopping bag)
and cardboard box of coal...
A few dollars in my hip-pocket.
A roof over my head.
A bed.
A stove.
A few groceries (enough for me
and what there is, is good to my appetite:
Corn-meal, sturdy black molasses (rich as loam),
coffee, sugar (brown), and a bag of beans).
Just outside the door, a well
 with cold, good-tasting water
which I enjoy drinking from a copper kettle
 (given to me by a friend)
 on these hot summer days...
Three potted plants which I have
are thriving well, each day, in the sun,
where I **PLACE** them in the morning
and take them in at night.

-- Wendell B. Anderson

Ranches of Taos, New Mexico