

2020 OFRENDAS Y MÁS

Resurrecting in Little Bear Canyon

Come Spring,
when the loose ends of this life
have been tied and trimmed,
scatter my ashes in Little Bear Canyon.

Scatter me,
to nourish the caterpillars and butterflies
that feed the robins and swallows
that I may rise in their songs.

Scatter me,
to nourish the roots of locust and cliff rose
to rise to their purple-pink petals
and fill the air with their perfume.

Scatter me,
to run with the melted snow
to the river, where steeples and temple walls
tower against the turquoise New Mexico sky.

Scatter me,
to run with the river to oceans,
to mix with the ashes of ancestors
in the ash-seeded waters of the world.

Then,
read these words to anyone
who wonders where I am.

—Tom Keene

May 30, 1990



Amor Eterno Para Mi Dusty

by Rosemary Reyna-Sánchez



It's been over 50 Años, and I still love and miss Mi Querida, DUSTY. As an only child at age six, there was not much to do but play alone. Mi Abuelo saw this and gave me a puppy that I named DUSTY. She was a mild-

mannered Boxer that I bonded with immediately. We did everything together, played tag, fetch, hide and seek, but most importantly—she walked me to school daily, walking back home by herself, a three-mile trek! One morning, I awoke to find her gone. Without knowing, my father had abandoned her on a stretch of highway south of the county. Days later, I was on the front steps thinking how much I missed her when all of a sudden, I looked out onto the street and saw a scrawny looking dog confused, tired and hungry, IT WAS MY DUSTY! I couldn't believe it! It was a Milagrito de Dios! A year passed and I saw that she was gaining weight; a few weeks later, she had puppies under our house. One evening, the neighbor kid came by to play tag; after playing awhile I went inside to get a drink; while I was gone, he poked his head under the house to see the pups. DUSTY's motherly instincts kicked in, lunging at him to protect them. Although she didn't bite him, the boy had scratches on his back. The next day a dogcatcher arrived and spoke to my mother about a complaint that was made. He had to take DUSTY and her pups for a 10-day quarantine and, if cleared, they could be picked up for a fee. If they were not picked up they would be euthanized. When my dad came home from work, I begged and pleaded with him to rescue them. His words were like a dagger en mi Corazón, "I'm not taking any worthless perros out of the pound, it's a waste of money." I cried for days and still do. I never saw or held Mi Querida DUSTY but I know I will see her at the pearly gates one day!

Please spay and neuter your pets and be current on their vaccinations. Most IMPORTANTLY, please listen to your children when they talk about their pets. There is an unexplainable connection between children and pets that no one understands. God Bless ALL of God's Creatures!"

SOUND NEVER DIES

So physicists tell us.
The thread grows thin
then thinner until
the dog no longer tilts
his head
to catch it.
Every sound, every voice
raised in joy
or anger in this house

is still here.
The voices of the living
the loudest.
The voices of the dead
are here though subsumed
into the back rows
of this burgeoning chorus.
My parents', husband's, son's
though gone are here.

Carpenters, plumbers, painters
their voices
whether happy or sad
uncaring or loving what matter
now?
They are all here
in one colossal inaudible
mingle.

I am the custodian of this
concert hall—
my voice no less hostage
to the inexorable
laws of physics.

—Marilyn Wallner