

MABEL DODGE LUHAN HOUSE
Taos, New Mexico

It's a holy task to build a house
to shape the unformed,
to stretch it to pockets
of lavender light.

Mabel's house blossomed slowly
green wood beams,
wheat straw and earth,
adobe, stone,
a patio of pink where I sit writing.

Here they sipped tea,
strolled through arched doorways,
perhaps tasted cookies on blue china plates.
Jung, Cather,
Lawrence, O'Keefe,
minds making rainbows,
story threads spinning.

This house is like a life unfolding,
selves bubbled over,
a scaffold simmering.
Like the process
for anything:
to honor the journey
from the inside out.

My thoughts spill onto
the table of glass
hanging like whispers in the clear breeze
and I almost hear their voices
through the silence out back.

The elder cottonwoods nod.