



Old Man

by Ricardo Sanchez

remembrance (*smiles/hurts sweetly*)

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old man
with brown skin
talking of past
 when being shepherd
 in utah, nevada, colorado and
 new mexico
was life lived freely;

old man,
 grandfather,
wise with time
running rivulets on face,
deep, rich furrows,
 each one a legacy,
deep, rich memories of life...
 “you are indio,
 among other things,”
he would tell me
 during nights spent
so long ago
 amidst familial gatherings
in albuquerque...

old man, loved and respected,
he would speak sometimes
of pueblos,
 san juan, santa clara,
 and even santo domingo,
and his family, he would say,
 came from there:
 some of our blood was here,
 he would say,
 before the coming of coronado,
other of our blood

came with los espanoles,
and the mixture
was rich,
though often painful...

old man,
who knew earth
by its awesome aromas
and who felt
the heated sweetness
of chile verde
by his supple touch,
gone into dust is your body
with its stoic look and resolution,
but your reality, old man, lives on
in a mindsoul touched by you...
Old Man...

<http://www.dr-ricardo-sanchez.com/oldman.html>