**Some Say**

*Some Meso-American elders believed there’s a fifth direction.*

*Not the sky or the ground but the person right next to you.*

 —Eduardo Corral, “To Francisco X. Alarcon”

Charity Everitt

From the blue floor of heaven Woman-

in-the-Moon pours beauty into my hands.

I spread it over our sorrows.

Under my feet burn the fires of all that haunts me,

bats of memory that never sleep, a fist I could not

open, the earth in pain to reshape itself.

Some say up and down don’t matter but without

the plumb line between hell and heaven we can’t know

when we tilt, can’t purpose our giving or taking.

From the tallest peak to our south the great telescope

hunts beyond the wound that is the border wall

for the Southern Cross, mother to the small white ones

with no names we set in the killing heat against forgetting.

The idea of freedom walks north, away from days of wasted toil,

nights of gunfire and hunger. Here are calm-speaking pines,

eyes that smile. When the waiter grinds fresh pepper

onto your salad remember also the lettuce fields.

Rain comes from the east on the heels of blinding red wind

that scatters trash and small birds, erases any guiding star;

rain needful as new shoes and a bus ticket to Tennessee

where a cousin has an extra bed.

Patient hills in the west cradle the weary sun.

Dusk spreads the blanket of work done and undone,

gifts given or withheld. Woman-in-the-Moon

tucks the corners around tomorrow.

Some say what balances the world is the person beside us

on the downtown bus, or asleep in the early morning shade

of the hardware store. Offer from the pockets of your need;

say I see you; here is my open hand.