

Germination

By Deborah Casillas

*“What do you mean by miracles?”
John Brandi*

The drought broken at last, rain pouring from canales, dripping from eaves, collected in cascades and waterfalls where before runnels of water threaded their way around rocks. Seeds dormant for years burst their hard cases, fields burning with cowpen daisies, slender trumpets of blue gilia, clouds of purple asters beside the roads.

In the high mountains mushrooms erupt beside rotted logs, sigh of them pushing up through the damp earth, sliding out from the ponderosas' rough bark. Rust-colored, burnt sienna, raw umber, color of ink on hand-printed books, on broadsides, fungi the shade of a print of San Isidro plowing furrows of faith.

By miracles do you mean backlit clouds that build each afternoon in a fluorescent glow, lightning like metallic paint split through black cloth? Reflected brilliance illuminating layers of mountains to the east, film of grass stretched across high meadows. Above you the fiery circle of sun pressing down, imprinting the land, heating your hands and hair, burning through you, pale leaves uncurling from each new sprout. Heat, moisture, a field of mariposa lilies at 10,000 feet, creamy petals flecked with pollen, yellow dust gathered in the throat.

What do you mean by miracles?

Museum As Muse

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