



FEB 2019

MADE BY INDIAN HANDS

by Scott Russell Duncan

I just needed a gift from Santa Fe for my wife who likes pigs and has red hair. Little wooden red pig in the shop. Salt and pepper, thinks well of himself, white clerk. “That one was made by Indian hands.” The pig, assembled like something for the PTA. I look down at my magic, redwood-brown hands and think about mundane things they make wondrous. Like how my butt gets wiped by Indian hands. Or how the red pig gets put down by Indian hands. The bird gets flipped by Indian hands. The door gets pushed by Indian hands.

Photo: “Lava” by Martha Nance

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DISINTEGRATION

*for Andy Goldsworthy
by Alex Wells Shapiro*

When time instructs the tide
to swell, and foam blurs
the border between earth
and ocean, the stones are gifted
agency: either bonds to the land
tighten and endure, or they let go
of all they have known and search
for a place to embrace
their imperfections.

Photo: "Faded" by Vanessa Maki