

V.B. Price

from *Chaco Elegies*

THE SAME SWEET FOLLY

There are those to whom we are vermin,
or sources of food, or impediments
along the way
to the “inevitable.”
There are days when the sky tries to blow us away,
or drown us or dry us up
and we resist.
We hold in common
this Resistance
to change that discounts us,
holding onto our doors
like ants against other ants
holding on
against trifling horrors,
holding on
to our gardens
our children,
our calm nights,
all of us in Troy,
in Argos, Cuzco,
in Chaco and Hopi,
in Watts, Los Chaves, and East LA,
this family of the homely
clinging to home.
Time is no barrier between us.
We are continuous as the history of air.
In the Resistance
we learn
to want nothing
to be

less important
than us,
to diminish
only
the demon
jerking the hand of the grabber.