

*Suzanne Ghiglia*

## **Come Here, Francisco Lopez**

(who discovered the first gold in California dirt  
while nibbling on wild onions)

Listen. A soprano creases the top of this paper sky,  
now a void, the whole of your life suspended,  
in these few moments like my branches  
slung over your shadow, your tired bones.

If you are thirsty, find water.

People will say I am the Oak of the Golden

Dream, Francisco, and you are like a danger!

Forget the cows. Heat is rushing from your pores  
and I have nothing important to tell you.

Your eyes are closed. A Redtail Hawk swings  
there, see? You won't see him.

And munching grass, the lovely cows you've herded  
to this valley. Imagine having water

when you're this thirsty. Dream a little  
under my leaves, of all the shiny things

for which you hunger. Sleep in your certain peace,  
before you wake, before you unearth those wild onions.

*Winner,  
American Academy of Poets, 1990*