

*Kim Guthrie*

## **Ca. 240 BC**

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Hot, dry, dusty,

Somewhere near the juniper—

Though I've never been to New Mexico,

I was there,

This time in San Francisco.

A basket in glass encasement

Next to a printed page—

Ca. 240 BC, New Mexico.

A woman had woven this,

A woman I desperately wanted to see,

There were no photographs.

There is a picture I remember,

Of my great great grandmother.

But it was in black and white

And the juniper was green

And I was wearing white Nikes with a blue swoosh—

But I was there.

There, seeing her hands fade in and out,

Her face with only one expression

Because of the photograph.

Hands like mine, but darker, they were hers.

Hers in the photograph

Or hers in ca. 240 BC.

Because of the photograph  
 There was an image  
 Of something disappeared  
 Struggling to survive  
 Anasazi  
 Woman  
 Because of the photograph  
 And the basket  
 Whose hands had woven  
 Whose hands  
 And the colors of black and white, green, blue  
 Fading  
 Mental fragmentation  
 Those hands,  
 Old, dry, weaving a basket  
 Image-making power  
 There was in San Francisco one day  
 An Anasazi woman  
 Because of the photograph.

And the basket  
 An artifact  
 Art and fact  
 Bound by the time on the page  
 An Anasazi woman never knew  
 Whose motionless lips could never respond  
 To the meaning on the page  
 And the basket under glass—  
 Material substance  
 Woven by hands and documented in text—  
 Justification in language  
 Without the sound  
 Chafing  
 Of dry grass and old hands  
 And the wind  
 Through the door leaving the museum  
 And the basket.