

Joan Maiers

Alien in Pima County

During a Southwest solstice,
with Jupiter
suave against the Dark Sky,
where *fled* is the past tense
of *to flee*,
a neighbor tells me how
she sings Spanish lullabies
when hiking through dark arroyos
to alert others traveling along *Placita Nueva*.

Some nights, guided by her syllables,
another foot traveler,
with moon as a torch
above shadows of saguaro,
can follow its compass
confirming his way
true North.