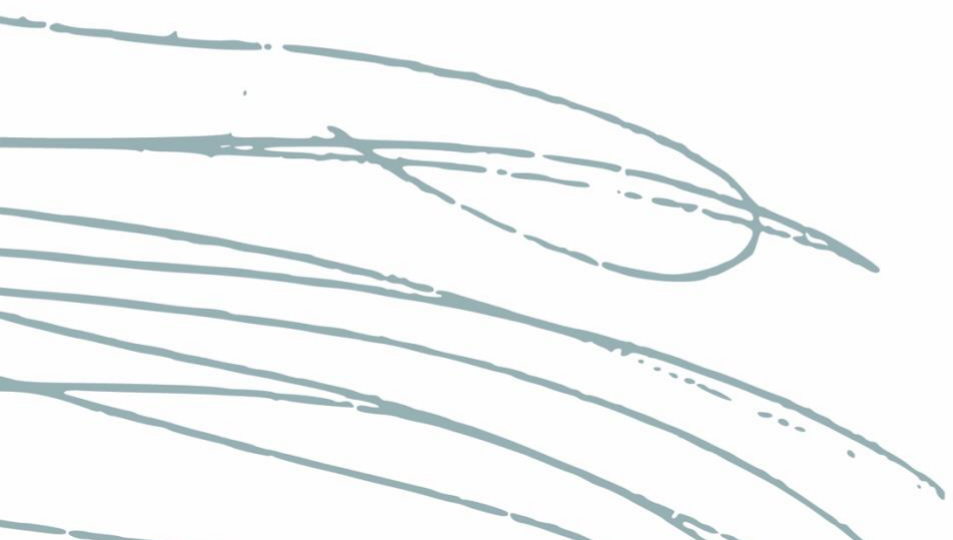


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American Life *in* Poetry



American Life in Poetry: Column 868

BY Kwame Dawes

There is a certain delightfulness in the rhythm and play of “**Moving to Santa Fe**” by **Mary Morris**, in which she enacts the farewell song of someone moving from an old home to a new one. In Morris’ case, she is leaving a childhood home in one part of the country to a new adventure in another part of the country, exchanging red dirt, peaches and armadillos for mud houses and the mesa. If we are haunted by this jaunty poem, it is because the images she invokes sharpen adventure with a tinge of danger.

Moving to Santa Fe

By Mary Morris

I packed my boxes, beat the tornado.
My brother followed in his truck
with my bed and books of photos.

Good-bye father and mother, seven
brothers who fed us wild animals.
Farewell to the stone house strangled

with red dirt, rose rocks,
green hills, and burnt grass.
I will miss you, armadillos

and hairy hands of tarantulas
crossing the road in the dark.
Farewell friends. I’m not far.

Visit me in my mud house
under the shadow of the mesa.
Bring me peaches.

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