

## Blood Line

—for Svati Mariam, one year old

My child is rain  
on the tamarind tree

She is an enemy  
to burnt grass,  
to fruit sieved  
with metal

Struck  
from a stunted branch.

She is my mother's  
mother who cries in me,  
my line of blood  
our perpetuity.

When wild deer  
track the mud  
for buried roots

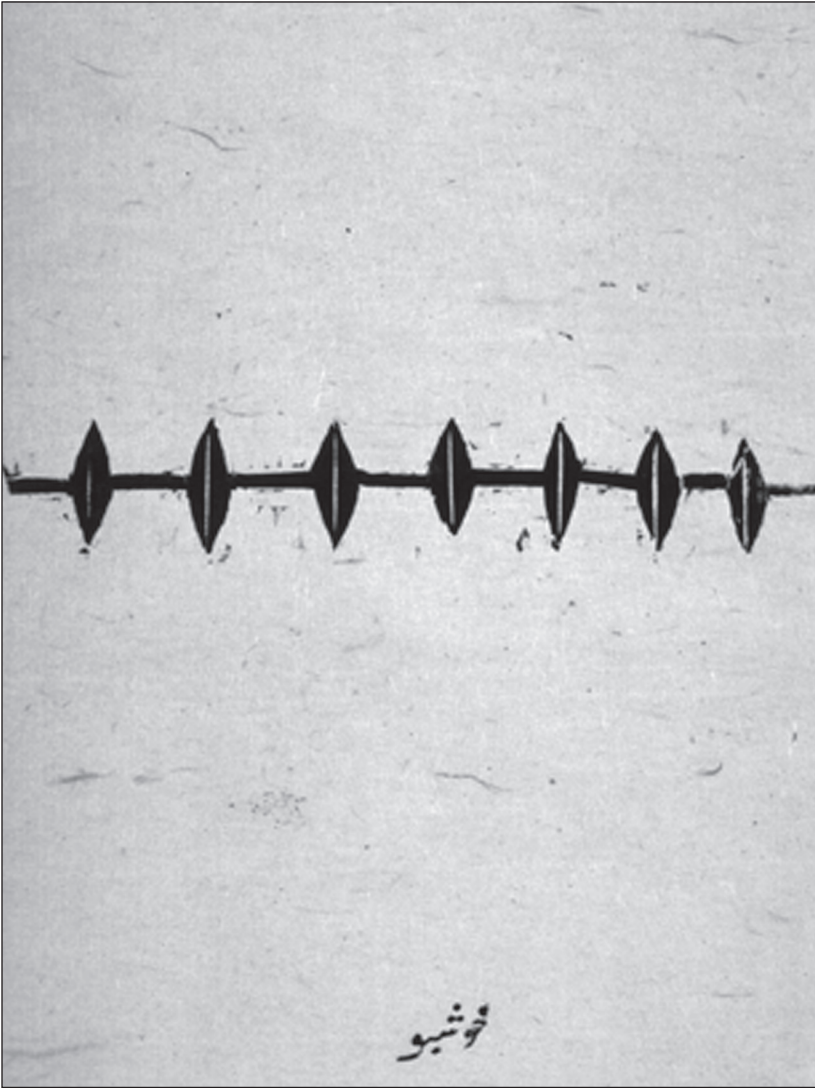
I'll grip my blouse  
and loosen it

I'll show her how  
my throat can hang  
a woman's weight.

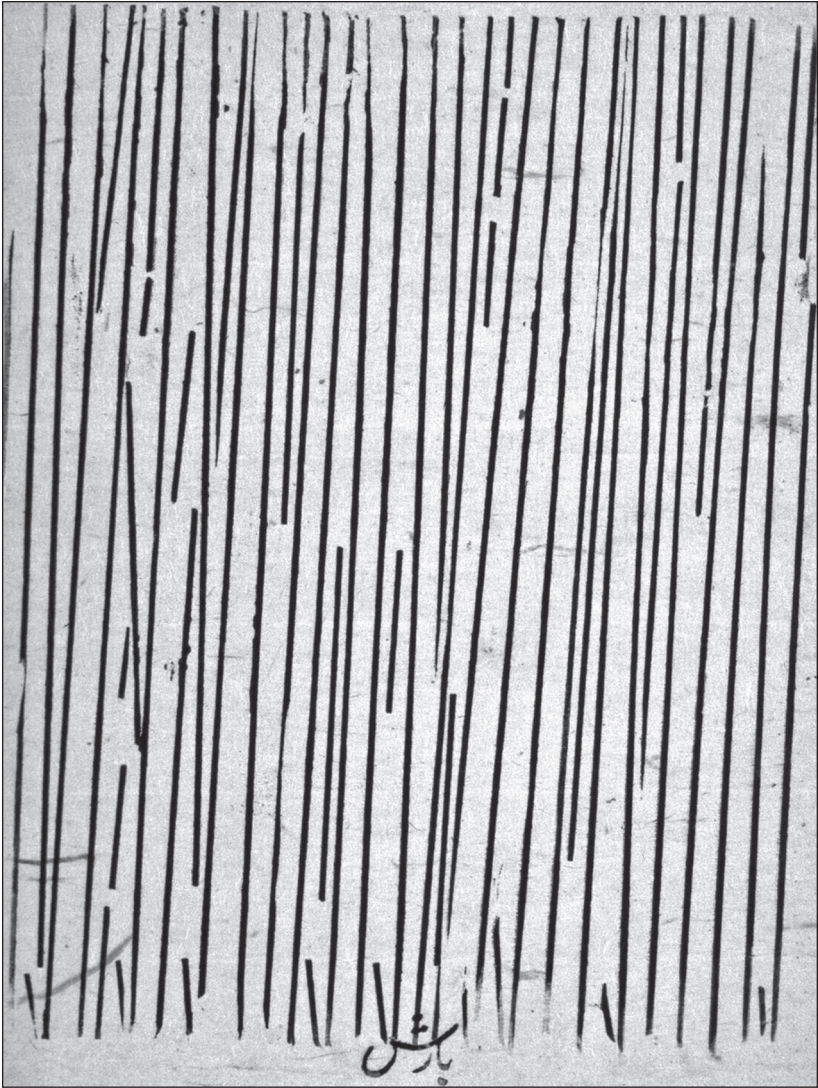
In the sky's bowl  
after a season of storm  
we'll watch girls  
with antlers in their hair

*Meena Alexander*

Dance, confounding  
ancient hunters  
who stumble westward  
broken bows in hand.



*Zarina, "Home is a Foreign Place," series of woodcuts,  
detail "Fragrance," 8 x 6, 1997.*



*Zarina, "Home is a Foreign Place," series of woodcuts,  
detail "Rain," 8 x 6, 1997.*



*Zarina, "Home is a Foreign Place," series of woodcuts,  
detail "Dust Storm," 8 x 6, 1997.*