

## The Long Haul or What I Think About When Washing the Dishes

By A. Da Silva

I'm an old school woman.

No quiet hum of a Kenmore or a whirlpool

It's a white Rubbermaid plastic pan.

It's water that goes to my garden in Santa Fe high desert, the end of the Rocky Mountain's stail. The portage

Between my sink and the backyard is tolerably short. Trees are always happy to seem carry biodegradable soap and scraps. I smile to carry the water to and fro

Between the front and back within our suburban city subdivision. Neighbours talk about how we're a little crazy with their xeriscape yards, their gravel and weeds.

But give me life all around. Give me tomatoes and knee high corn, give me composts and skunks and even squirrels, scamp and varmint though they maybe. The hum of air conditioners, still rare here; we carry cool nights generated by our mountains.

Each morning I read the paper. I lie. I read the world's weather

Seems destined to scorcher. And the water I carry always precious, is still enough not too much.

Today we are lucky. There's a lot of dishes in my house. Lots of pans and dishes and coffee mugs to clean. Time to ponder I am lucky how come another's

not?

No one earns grace. My husband taught me about a god Umpetu. He brings the red in the sky before the sun crosses the horizon. If we wake up early enough we can greet him and thank him for announcing that the sunshine is here, another day the sun's here. All the other stories the sun can bring are here too. Maybe just not yet formed.

When I think about the mornings I've slept in I can feel saddened. I want to travel like a child in love with the day before I figured out that seasons and days and nights

return for a very long time. Remember your first taste of snow? That moment when your tongue touches the

cold? Thatunmistakeabledelighttellinguswe'rehuman.

Whereisthatinthenewstoday?

Thestoriestellinguswhatwearemadeofthathavenothingtodowithnumbers,  
formulas,calculatedpredications,andsorrow?

Thisquestion,thisloveisimportant, isthe realest thing living beyondwords.

Andoneday

we wake up, doing the dishes, greeting the sun, feeling-knowing, it is for all of us.