***WORKDAY* by Linda Hogan**

I go to work

though there are those who were missing today

from their homes.

I ride the bus

and I do not think of children without food

or how my sisters are chained to prison beds.

I go to the university

and out for lunch

and listen to the higher-ups

tell me all they have read

about Indians

and how to analyze this poem.

They know us

better than we know ourselves.

 I ride the bus home

and sit behind the driver.

We talk about the weather

and not enough exercise.

I don’t mention Victor Jara’s mutilated hands

or men next door

in exile

or my own family’s grief over the lost child.

When I get off the bus

I look back at the light in the windows

and the heads bent

and how the women are all alone

in each seat

framed in the windows

and the men are coming home,

then I see them walking on the Avenue,

the beautiful feet,

the perfect legs

even with their spider veins,

the broken knees

with pins in them,

the thighs with their cravings,

the pelvis

and small back

with its soft down,

the shoulders which bend forward

and forward and forward

to protect the heart from pain.