

**San Miguel de Allende Six Months After Your Death
for Elnora Skrivseth Hagen Bixby, March 7, 1923-July 23, 2006**

Last night green and blue confetti fell in the square,
lofted by whirling children among satin-clad beauties
and graying couples dancing cumbia, salsa, danzón.

I dove into the circle, hips pulsing to rhythms
learned far from northern water and pines
where my people ice fish and dance polka on weekends.

Afterward I walked home on streets dark and warm
shut off to traffic, sky pierced with stars,
like those shining through aurora borealis.

Except for cobblestones and wrought iron, I could
have been sauntering back from a movie in that hamlet
of border and peat bogs, the one where you lie--

ashes in box awaiting your wish: spring
scattered, food for new tamaracks, white spruce, trees
that would perish here among cacti and poinsettias.

The night freight whistle reminds me of lost
houses, lighted windows, flashing past these railroad tracks,
but mostly of you riding the last train to the border.