

## **Maravilla**

**By Diane Solis**

Beyond the sweet tang of wild pomegranates splitting open  
in the sun, so their seeds spilled out into the soil  
with the phantom fragrances of blossoms, still on the wind...

Down at the reservoir before they dammed up all that water  
where even my father was a child once  
when cattails and manzanita grew untrimmed and untamed  
among tadpoles and bobcats, hummingbirds and bees...

There eagles flew soaring, I saw them and felt them,  
where wild horses ran while I climbed  
with my feet drenched in clay and my face  
to the sky, eyes squinting in the sun...

My spirit was always searching beyond all that splendor  
for your face in the clouds, I knew even then,  
certain I would find you...carrying you within.