

banished by coyote  
carried her eternally howling child  
tied to her back  
as they moved forever through the tree tops  
mother crooning to the child  
how sometimes she would swoop down in anger  
scattering berries off bushes

Maggie told me I had heard  
the wind woman sing  
she told me that I would remember that song always  
because the trees were my teacher

I remember the song clearly  
but it is always Maggie's voice singing  
her songs  
filling my world  
with the moan of old dark pines  
as the wind woman  
that sings to me  
follows  
with her hungry child  
wherever I go

1978, 1991

## History Lesson

Out of the belly of Christopher's ship  
a mob bursts  
Running in all directions  
Pulling furs off animals  
Shooting buffalo  
Shooting each other  
left and right

Father mean well  
waves his makeshift wand  
forgives saucer-eyed Indians

Red coated knights  
gallop across the prairie

to get their men  
and to build a new world  
Pioneers and traders  
bring gifts  
Smallpox, Seagrams  
and rice krispies

Civilization has reached  
the promised land

Between the snap crackle pop  
of smoke stacks  
and multicolored rivers  
swelling with flower powered zee  
are farmers sowing skulls and bones  
and miners  
pulling from gaping holes  
green paper faces  
of a smiling English lady

The colossi  
in which they trust  
while burying  
breathing forests and fields  
beneath concrete and steel  
strand shaking fists  
waiting to mutilate  
whole civilizations  
ten generations at a blow

Somewhere among the remains  
of skinless animals  
is the termination  
to a long journey  
and unholy search  
for the power  
glimpsed in a garden  
forever closed  
forever lost

1979, 1991