

Oh Prehistoric blackberry bush!
Oh forever bird on my shoulder!
Oh water container!
Oh rust, rust, rust.

oh sound on my feet ringing the
Sunday church bells
in the sleeping bag bones of a universe
so sweet
and used
so used
so nice and neat
and used
and priceless.



Jessie T. Eliason

THE DRUMS AND FEATHERS

were for days and days of
the Animal Dance. Now the steps
are fewer and the movements
cut into smaller segments.

Tourists grew tired standing
in the hot sun waiting for
rituals to end. I give my drums
and my feathers to my children
to play with.

There is no longer a reason
for dancing.