They Used Mulberry Tree

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Abstract

the arrow they used for small game

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They Used Mulberry Tree

by James Treat

1
the arrow they used for small game
would be made with blunt head
the arrow they used for
killing deers and buffaloes would
have the flint arrowheads on the
arrow
the bow would be of bois d’arc
wood hickory or mulberry wood

the indians in early days did not have
what is known as a gun
but the indians had a weapon

what is known as a bow and arrow

2
they would take the bark of the
trees and would boil them to make
the dye and after the dye was made
they would take out the bark
and use the colored water to dye
the goods or any other kind of articles
they would put the goods in the
colored water and boil it real hard
until the cloth had taken the color
they would use walnut tree bark
to dye goods a dark color
they would use cedar tree bark
to dye anything light red

and they used mulberry tree bark
to dye any kind of articles yellow

the indians in early times did not have
the dyes like we have today and so this
was how they made their dyes

3
there was plenty of nuts

namely pecans
hickory nuts
walnuts and
chinquapins

wild fruit and berries
were also plentiful
namely blackberries
dewberries
strawberries
huckleberries
cherries
plums and

mulberries
the culture of fruit trees was little known
on account of so many wild berries and fruits

i know that my people were civilized

and it stands to reason that if they
were the rest of the creeks must have been

*Willie Tiger, b. ca. 1881*

*Watashe Painkiller, b. ca. 1852*

*Jake Simmons, b. 1865*
“My abs are rock hard! Rock hard for summer!” he says. He is screaming it so loudly that his wife runs to him like he’s dying horribly. When he sees her, he says “Honey, look at these rock hard summer abs!” and she is very suspicious of them.

“I bet they are brittle winter abs, brittle like a dried leaf and that they would shatter if I tested them.”

He gasps and yells, louder, “They are for summer! Hard like granite for the UV rays! Like diamonds for the heat! Here, take this cinder block and test them! You’ll see that they are made for the blister rays of the hot-time sun!” His wife tosses the cinder block at his abs and they shatter.

“You see? You see, husband of mine? Winter abs, fragile like a glass duck bought at a gas station, weak like a corpse with no muscle and only ancient bone!” and her husband sulks off into the bedroom and calls in sick to work.