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## Finds the Path Mourns

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# Finds the Path Mourns

by Robert Cooperman

Hair Filled With Sun died today.  
I hoisted her into a tree,  
so she can fly off easy  
to the Land of Plentiful Game.

Sometimes, when she thought  
I wasn't looking, she'd sigh  
for a bath or a new dress,  
or her Boston childhood,  
or even that gold hell-town  
I took her from.

Still, she swore she wouldn't  
trade our wandering for anything.  
Then she'd hold me tight  
and sing she loved me more  
than her own breath  
or the kids she couldn't have.

Hair Filled With Sun,  
I named her. She said  
I was a natural poet;  
she took to snaring game  
like she'd been a fox  
before she was a woman,  
could stitch our leggings  
and tunics finer  
than a Lakota squaw.

Just let me see her again:  
in her preacher Pa's heaven,  
or my poor Ute mother's  
Land of Plentiful Game,  
or in Hell, but together;  
even if we're old  
and wrinkled and useless,  
except to each other.

