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Robert Cooperman

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William Eagle Feather, After a Visit from Chief Many Horses

by Robert Cooperman

He's one pure-blood
that don't spit
when I cross his path.
At least the tribes
hate me honest:
don't act
like they're saving
my soul for Jesus.

They've got no future:
whites rounding them up
for reservation-jails,
claim it's an honor
to scratch the soil
and not hunt the buffalo
disappearing like the magic
tricks I seen once,
at a medicine show.

Many Horses knows
I can keep my mouth shut
about his plans
for a ghost-dance battle.
I could almost hear him
chant his death-song.

When he was gone,
I dreamed of
Hair Filled With Sun,
and the night we'd spent
the nights and days and nights
we might spend,
if folks just leave us alone.

To be continued in future issues

These poems are part of a collection entitled *The Widow's Burden*.

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