Don't Touch Me Yet, Geronimo: I'm Dancing Apache Rock

Aaron A. Baker

Follow this and additional works at: https://dc.swosu.edu/westview

Recommended Citation
Available at: https://dc.swosu.edu/westview/vol10/iss1/17
DONT TOUCH ME YET, Geronimo;
IM DANCING APACHE ROCK

–By Aaron A. Baker

Weaving spirits of Red Rock Stompers,
bare chests and naked feet,
Mini-skirts and lithesome legs swaying
to psychosomatic sound

of banging drums in hard rock rhythm
of restless hunters with phallic
guitars picking like wildfires

with shifting lights and tilting shadows--
Apaches roll and bruise pungent sagebrush,
weaving spirits and clanging ghosts.

Can't be trusting on video,
If seal is broken,
void the treaty

with laughing paleface turning redface
to baggy trousers of Tipi Tail Twisters,
worldly wise but not wisely.

Choose your band; your TV's showing at 2 a.m.--
or take handy earphones for radio doings
of Dusty Earth Dwellers--

happy hunters shaking, shifting, loving,
night-time warriors digging lightly
hardly listening to fading hoofbeats,

feeling only the soft west wind shifting--sighing
Little papoose, stop your crying--
Geronimo rides again!

Illustration by Mark Williams
Design by Mike Sigurdson
Production by Sandra Snell

*Dedicated to the poet, Diane Wakoski, and her many
Apache friends living west of Interstate 35.

(AARON A. BAKER, a faithful and prolific contributor to
WESTVIEW, appreciates the Western Oklahoma sense of humor
often expressed following everyday occurrences, though at some
point in time seemed quite serious.)