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## Indian Fall

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# INDIAN FALL

— by Carol Rothhammer Lackey

Self-sufficient, going to town in buggies  
Just once a month—tales that seem like memories.  
Here my childhood springs to life in sharp relief:  
Running free, barefoot, miles from nowhere,  
Without care, among the miles and miles of oaks  
And pines and creeks to wade, up to my knees—  
Plucking huge round bouquets of wild  
Small-fragile violet blossoms, faint aroma,  
Climbing oaks with vast, sprawling limbs—  
Sleeping there in the limbs some afternoons.  
Now here in this fertile, not-yet-desecrated  
Field, my past and peaceful present meet  
Within a teeming brain of familiar sounds and smells.  
Above, criss-cross patterns of jet-stream clouds  
Emit vague jet motor sounds.  
Beyond, harsh barbed-wire cages fence field after field  
As far as my eyes can see each direction—  
Partitions for God's fields of praise.  
High above, on the tallest hill,  
A television antenna towers high,  
Raising its ugly head above the natural landscape,  
To taunt the dreams of yesterday,  
To mute the glimmerings of tomorrow's escape,  
To bring to these quiet, still hills  
Sixty minutes of today's outstanding atrocities.

Hilly plains accept this sunset,  
Infinite color combinations,  
Autumn's late greens, yellows, oranges,  
Colors tossed against the pale blue heavens  
In shining golds, dark blues, tinges of pink.  
Here my world takes on a ceaseless reality.  
Here I'm loose from fetters  
Of close enclosing buildings,  
The trees, rocks, open fields invite me  
To a permanent feeling—  
Here my dreams turn loose.  
I see the duck's formations overhead  
And hear their mournful, searching cries.  
I dream of ascension.  
Here I see the small brown hills beyond  
And picture in clear colors  
Indian dwellings two hundred years ago—  
Brown horses, brown dogs, brown buffaloes,  
Brown men fearing white men's pale eyes.  
A curved white sliver of moon peeks  
Through the sky's darkest dusk blue.  
Here the repetitious whippoorwill song  
and the evening language of cows  
Going home create a rustic music—  
Dredging up tales I've heard of rustic farmers,

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ILLUSTRATION BY DR. R. SAMUEL LACKEY