



Coming forth with miraculous new ways to listen:
as a spoonful of birdseed packed into tight leather
pouch of an amulet worn behind the left ear....listen.
Is love what brought the tribes together. Love,
that a moment of it would feel like justice. Animal
word....like an eclipse of the mother's touch.

Go now. Breathe her breath. Tell yourself of her
love for you, as secure as a candle flame in some old
adobe sanctuary. As longed for as rivulets of calm,
of sweet water overflowing from Wovoka's hat.

for Adrian C. Louis
C. Mehrhoff