Enter cave of N east wind
where shadows consume remorse
solstice flames flicker
and the pictograph hunt
springs to life.
Honor the stout heart
the limbs and sinews
that provided a good hunt:
'Your heart is my heart,
your blood is my blood,
your flesh will ~~feed~~ nourish
a proud people,
your spirit ~~no~~ provides strength
for our clan.'
My prayer is red,
the blood red of
the ~~setting~~ rising sun.
Other shadows flicker in this
cave,
of my own birth
under a gold suburban sun.

NE = Red = Birth = Spring
SE = Yellow = Youth = Summer
SW = Black = Adult = Fall
NW = White = Old Age = Winter

Tibetan prayer Flags
Blue
Gold
Cream
Green

Cheyenne –
turtle, et al?

Prayer streamers

Some shadows are vague,
diffuse at the edges,
almost forgotten.
Others still are haunted
and seem to dog my steps.

II.

Southeast wind sails from
the Gulf of Mexico
brings fresh rain ~~from~~
to the ancient hills.
From this sacred mountain
I see the white buffalo
dance
I see the enemy run
in confusion
I see our people gathered
in peace
I offer thanks to the sky
to the clouds and the sun.
The yellow ~~of~~ morning sun.

I ~~plan~~ drive a stake
in the side of the hill
~~I drive the stake on the~~
~~s e side~~
I cut a lock of my hair
and tie it ~~to~~ the
stake with a
golden streamer
The stake is on the s e
side of the hill,
to greet the morning
but the wind delivers
my prayer to the NW
where the ancestors
live.

Grocery List

Shex	1
Plums	1
Pop tarts	2
Baked chicken dinner	3
Frozen pizza and	5
a six of O'Doules Amber Bar.	8

- Fib -