



Handwritten text in a stylized, cursive script, possibly a signature or a mark, located in the bottom right corner of the page.

the wrinkles and cracks upon this ancient shell are the
natural contours
created by the feel and request of burdened
rock and soil.
tribal mountains, their clan arms merging sea and plain.
glaciers reflect tundras and deserts, air into wind into
storm into rain; the round dance is life, all life.
to an ocean island a grain of sand carried by guardianship
from the granite peaks of sierras.
turtle's back, welcome aboard, please do not sneeze barbwire.

what dream was the womb; was it plant, animal, place or
time; could it have been your clan?
rage, torrent, rampage, flood crest, ravaged, emergency,
spoil, rescue, death, destruction. river, monster,
warning?
yes, now they say, a plant actually can feel pain and
other emotions: welcome to the monkey-housed-
computer; technological feedback, feedback from
our own hands, the drum, the drum.
has your clan spoken yet?
sorry, but god told someone to tell you to fuck-off 'til you
got your shit together.

stands tall wanted to go downtown to peddle the fleecy white
clouds. we wept. mental fences.
"come, seriously," she said, being a pornographic excerpt.

pretty bad forest fires out here in the west. won't let
the natives burn the underbrush in wet seasons.
gone deer browse, gone acorn and pine nut. lower
limbs and dead wood once sang the round house
warm, now ground to crown the fires anger.
hey, coyote, do you figure there's any hope for all
these human beings?
"what human beings, and who you calling coyote?"

peter blue cloud

have you heard the wind from Wounded Knee? a medal
of honor has been implanted in the frontal lobe of
the skeleton of tomorrow's promise of a crumbling
democratic structure. if it be a good day to die, our
each and every death, past, present and future, will
sit before every feast. our ancestors crowd this
great land, called upon, awakened to outrages. ours
was never hate or rage. ours was contemplation and
the gentle strength of council. the herds of buffalo
are storm clouds. the wolf, returned, is our scout.
the little people of the caves and mountains are
chanting earthquakes. a flood or fire is no accident,
but a warning of our mother as she tries to regain the
life balance.

all power to the people via pge. the underground is
overgrowth of wall to wall ground cover duplex. the
overload leads to brown-outs in toilet bowls, the
massage is mediocrity. right on! is an agreeable
pricetag. the merchant is the message of telestar.
bm has left the movement to become buck minister
for the fence.
the body often rejects a transplant. tickets to Europe?
no clan yet? maybe, just maybe, ain't no thing wants
you, huh?

making a drum takes many lives. knowledge of what deer
wishes, of hunting, which is ancestry, worship, praise,
song, purification, skill, and the later of sharing
and singing deer. again the ancient skills of skinning,
scraping, soaking, scraping, drying, soaking-squeezing,
rubbing-rubbing, scraping, rubbing. this powerful
magic odor dilates the nostril and quickens heart.
the choice of wood and fire and steam to bend the
circle. the fingers at work of creating. the songs
of past and future in the lacings of rawhide. the
gentle drying and the first beat of sound. is it forest,
plain, desert or frozen north the drum will throb?
whose quavering voice calls to the steady beat?
this is the first step in a drum.

this might be written with berry juice, on a corn
tortilla. the brain waters at such image.
now, i wish to begin this message with a name,

turtle's son

