

# **Poem— One of the Silent Majority**

The caribou is smelling of  
the stacked pipe casings;  
he stands thinking  
like an Oregon deer  
under the trunks  
of the fallen Douglas firtrees.  
He grinds out his velvet antlers  
against the steel casings.

Sir,  
do you intend to cash in  
on the North Slope oozings  
like the other natives?  
You must write your congress-  
man  
and state your claims  
and your objectives.  
We are all in this together.

—OLIVER EVERETT

