

★ ★ ★ ★ ★
Poems—

Chippewa Sage

“When you pray to Sky
throw back your deerskins;
Sky hides
when you hide something.”

The silver swathed his neck and
face
Mellowed 80 autumns by the
lake.

“Though beaver’s brother
builds his house
under falling waters
does he forget the Sky?”

Though you walk thru woods
and marshes,
love the sunshine, cherish the
darkness.

—Oliver Everette