A Three Day Dance

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A THREE DAY DANCE

It was October,
Almost 70 degrees,
Indian summer the radio said.

We hiked ten miles the first day,
Slept under stars,
Got obscene with snakes.

Second day was my pilgrimage,
Tipi, crescent moon, corn,
White man, mountain, visions.

Shaman's apprentice,
Prayed to four directions,
Smoke carried the prayers to sky.

Wankan tanka, tonka sheila, onshie mala,
My voice, not my heart,
Sunset sacred for first time.

Froze in darkness.
Entered the hot dream.

Third day we wandered around
ancient ones,
Tourists making sideshow snapshots,
Little metal signs trying to explain.

John Guard