

Riding toward the dark mountain
the beast between his thighs
drew them nearer to nowhere

Ĥe Sápa

he forgot the direction
he wanted the beast to go
and take them frontier
bound for gold,
women,
lawless
digging
destiny
wind

I know direction
I am born here
Pahá Sápa
We hear you

“Hello” is our home

“Shit!” he swighed

waphóštan

Boss of the Plains
blew off his crown
,again,
onto the ground

“Hat”

this time the beast
flicked tail sideways
and let out four or five
clumps of new earth
where his head
was last

See
čheslí

“Shit!” he garfed

jumping down
feeling blood
return in his legs
wobbling sticks
over to his
Philadelphian
J. B. Stetson

I come there
step soft
down hill

touch
mila hanska
on hip

down hill

Before a swiping grab
could huff up the beaver belly
a noise

okoya
arjwicajipe
hee ya, mazakan

holster

revolver

aim mazakan

.36 caliber

mazakan rifle aimed

“Hold!” “Ayúštan”

*the beast remained
facing west
grazing
plain*

staring kte nur se ayuta

wind t'ateyanpa

sunk in between the aiming was

Boss of the Plains

felt bucket dented

full of dung

“Shit”

revolver

mazakan

“You got that!”

revolver

mazakan

“Five fucking East Coast dollars
done away with in a pile of shit!”

staring

kte nur se ayuta

wind

t'ateyanpa

more equine defecate
plopping into waphóštan

“čheslí”

“Chesslee!”

staring

kte nur se ayuta

*the beast turned around
and nostril spit the steaming boss*

aiming

a i m i n g

a i m

m i n g

i m

n i

mazakan

rifle down

.36
holster

“Hat”

picked up in a bare arm

held ginger as a first born

fisted out čheslí handfull

let it fall off palm into grass

laugh

iňáňa

laugh

iňáňa

laughing

wawihaka

laughing

wawihaka

laughing

wawihaka

laughing

wawihaka

lauhgingwawihahawakiya

iňáňalauhgingwawihahawakiyaing

wawihaiňáňalauhgingwawihahawakiyaingaughs

lauwaghingwawihaiňáňalauhgingwawihahawakiyaingaughsawlaughihaka

wowihahawakiyauwaghingwawihaiňáňalauhgingwawihahawakiyaingaughsawlaughihakalaughing

lauwaghingwawihaiňáňalauhgingwawihahawakiyaingaughsawlaughihaka

wawihaiňáňalauhgingwawihahawakiyaingaughs

iňáňalauhgingwawihahawakiyaing

lauhgingwawihahawakiya

laughingwawihaka

haiňáňala

“That ‘aint no Carlsbad crease no
Montana Peak, lemon-squeezer
,no,
that there’s a Dakota Dunger!”

wawihakalaughing

wowihahawakiyalauhging

wawihakalaughing

the beast turned back to west

fading grins gave way
to the return of fearing stares

the boss was dropped

as a feather zig-zagging

it carried itself
without sound
or weight
down

hand on holster

mazakan at side

mounting beast with hand on holster

backstepping hill with mazakan at side

trotting off riding backwards with hand on holster

watching amongst pines with mazakan at side

manifesting west

keeping home

Boss of the Plains
remained full of horse shit
as thunder lightning
broke a black rain
onto the ground

*Dead Reckoning with Heyoka on Boss of the Plains
Ray Ray Mitrano*