

## Blackfoot

### I.

There are winds from the North  
    which hum a little diddy  
To the daisies that may in response  
    bow their petaled heads  
    in a solemn reverent way  
But the melodies are just cold whistles  
    and daisies die  
When your toe-heel steps snap twigs  
And entering the field you exhale  
    what you held  
    to catch birds offguard and daisies praying.

### II.

Your true nature rises  
    like the sun showing off  
By giving its one-sixteenth its all –  
    a descendent of Mother Earth  
    and native blood mixed in a beauty.  
Nightshade and violets play  
With the idea of you treading their roots  
    letting them  
    taste each other and sample a bride's essence.

### III.

In a teepee you dream  
    of giving birth to a girl –  
A boy would be much easier to groom,  
    a warrior raised by a warrior,  
    not a father's concern.  
It makes the earth sigh and wait  
For the daughter to outrun the mother,  
    sought by young braves,  
    and seeing father,  
    make him bite his lip bloody to see the young girl playing.