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LANDSCAPE: the marble game

the new mtns rise tumble & race for the blue-orange sky no longer brown/or black/the sky starts to separate after the MESS/remember that MESS the earth heals/i always knew it would the waters revive/the terrible times/gone the black rain dissipated/all thats left is . . . marbles/black marbles they cover the new world/its wild & rough hewn everything turned upside down the biggest bar-room brawl of all furniture covered in moss sprouts bright green life broken glass shines all day long & breaks down in the rains into sand/the walls long opened hands that seem to pray to the keeper in the sky/trust me trust me again there is only one rule in this no horse landscape dont pick up the marbles/the black marbles they contain bad memories they will eat you alive/always remember that

that one rule: now start over.

Karoniaktatie

Karoniaktatie is a graduate of the Institute of American Indian Arts in Santa Fe, NM and of Kansas City Art Institute, Missouri, as well as shares editor duties in the *Akwesasne Notes* collective.