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Author

GoingSnake, Jan-Michael

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I Hear Them Singing in the Distance

Jan-Michael GoingSnake

the mower needs an oil change
and the pulley is broken on my trimmer

I'm standing in ankle high grass
tending to my pork steaks
sizzling on the grill

a cool northern breeze
replaces the heavy humid heat
of this Oklahoma summer

saturday nights Gourd Dance
session is going strong
at Bell Pow-Wow over in Stilwell

my chair is in the garage and
my drumstick bag is in the closet
on the top shelf
next to my cedar box
which keeps my Eagle tail fan

I am holding a pair of tongs
in one hand
and a cold beer
in the other

JAN-MICHAEL "J. M." GOINGSNAKE is Cherokee from Oklahoma and currently resides in Tahlequah with his wife and three daughters. He is inspired by Pablo Neruda, Vicente Huidobro, the early works of Sherman Alexie, and Charles Bukowski.

I hear them singing in the distance

I have beadwork projects gathering dust
on my desk in my room
4 or 5 medallions
1 hatband
a pair of buckskin leggings
2 Eagle drops
a Roach feather for my brother
a Gourd dance sash
a visor for my wife
and a lanyard for my work i.d.

I think,
I need to get that stuff done
and I flip my pork steaks
take a long slow drink

I hear them singing in the distance

tomorrow I will see pictures
on Facebook of last night's dance
while I nurse another hangover

I will take cautious sips of tap water
and see my buckskin leggings over the
back of my chair over by my desk

I will see my empty loom full of potential energy
eager for another belt to be made

my old one from my
younger self
is much too small now

over the years the beers haven't been kind
and all the while

I hear them singing in the distance