Who Owns these Trees?

I am not quite sure
who owns or manages these trees.

they are nice.
I am not quite sure

who manicures this forest
it was incorporated long ago.

I am not quite sure
who has planted these seeds
they are biologically engineered.

I am not quite sure

who to thank
for the fences that surround them.

who could also be you
but then the Coyote say, maybe

if Buddha were American
maybe I am Buddha then

and thus the Coyote man
I got no place, no rest.

I’ve no story of Coyote man

eyes to grind sea, road roll

long before there

was light once more

the world fell apart

he with both hands face the ground

Why I’m not Coyote

Transcendence

the night sky
beyond the stars
is void
from within to without
there is no space
the ground
at your feet
the mutable grass
on each blade

the translucent
reflected in the pearl
a life sign
larvae
a mantis prays
to primordial wounds
in each blinking eye
the immutable globe
assembled and
reassembled
in each body
a blueprint preparation
for the next phase
in each parting thought
a place for the whole

so that even though your outside mildewed
so that even though your face prints
marking your footprints
your palm
so that after each step the surface gave slightly
so that with each step the surface gave slightly
and the fingers of light in their path
so that each needed point punctuated the skin
across the grain
across abstracted fields of invisible untouchable
Fields of wheat and flax and prunes and
strawberry jam
over the latest idea in type
in permanently inky darkness
stars glint like life
the babe’s crying eye
heaven inside it
the baby’s crying eye
shined glint like life
in perpetuity
in dearth

Who Owns these Trees?

Lizzie Red Bird

On this date
Friday December 12, 1919
Lizzie Red Bird froze to death
in the darkening winter night,
on the South Dakota plain
a prisoner of the Rosebud Reservation in
the Imperial United States,
she ran away from boarding school
with Annie Coarse Voice,
who lost her feet to the cold
& amputation frost bite survivor
long enough to face the 4-H,
the tea party set, cut your hair
take your seat obedience,
Poor Lizzie, you only wanted
to escape that shapeless shoe-less fantasy,
office of interior design;
the snow still falls from Canada up north
I hear, lines are thickly drawn;
Were you buried, my Lizzie,
with the bars facing up or down?