

# A SEASON

by

Lana Carol Rice

Brown wrinkles in a weathered brow,  
Solemn eyes, black eyes  
reflecting an image of the world

Spotted ponies running across plains  
with sinew clinging to their backs  
Arms arching arrows  
into the sides of ponderous buffalo  
that fall, struggle, die and give life

The victory of the hunt.

Snow sifts like feathers down  
Cold December winter days  
of smoke-filled  
song and work days,  
Days of making robes from the hides  
and of eating the sun-dried meat

The Medicine Man chants the death song  
While somewhere another child  
is born to Mother Earth

The creek by the village flows in the spring

Red berries mashed into pemmican,  
Herbs gathered and crushed to heal:  
Prickly pear, mesquite, cholla,  
and paintbrush bear

The moon rises full:

Old Man stands up on the Monument  
faces the sun  
Going alone with prayers of death  
Bones bleached dry and white  
beneath the Giver of Life

Brimming tears in the eyes of a young brave,  
Sad eyes, black eyes  
absorbing an image of the world.