

on an other kind of Indian. as seen by a disconnected sparrow and as told by a Mississippi snake
through the absence and silence of Panamá

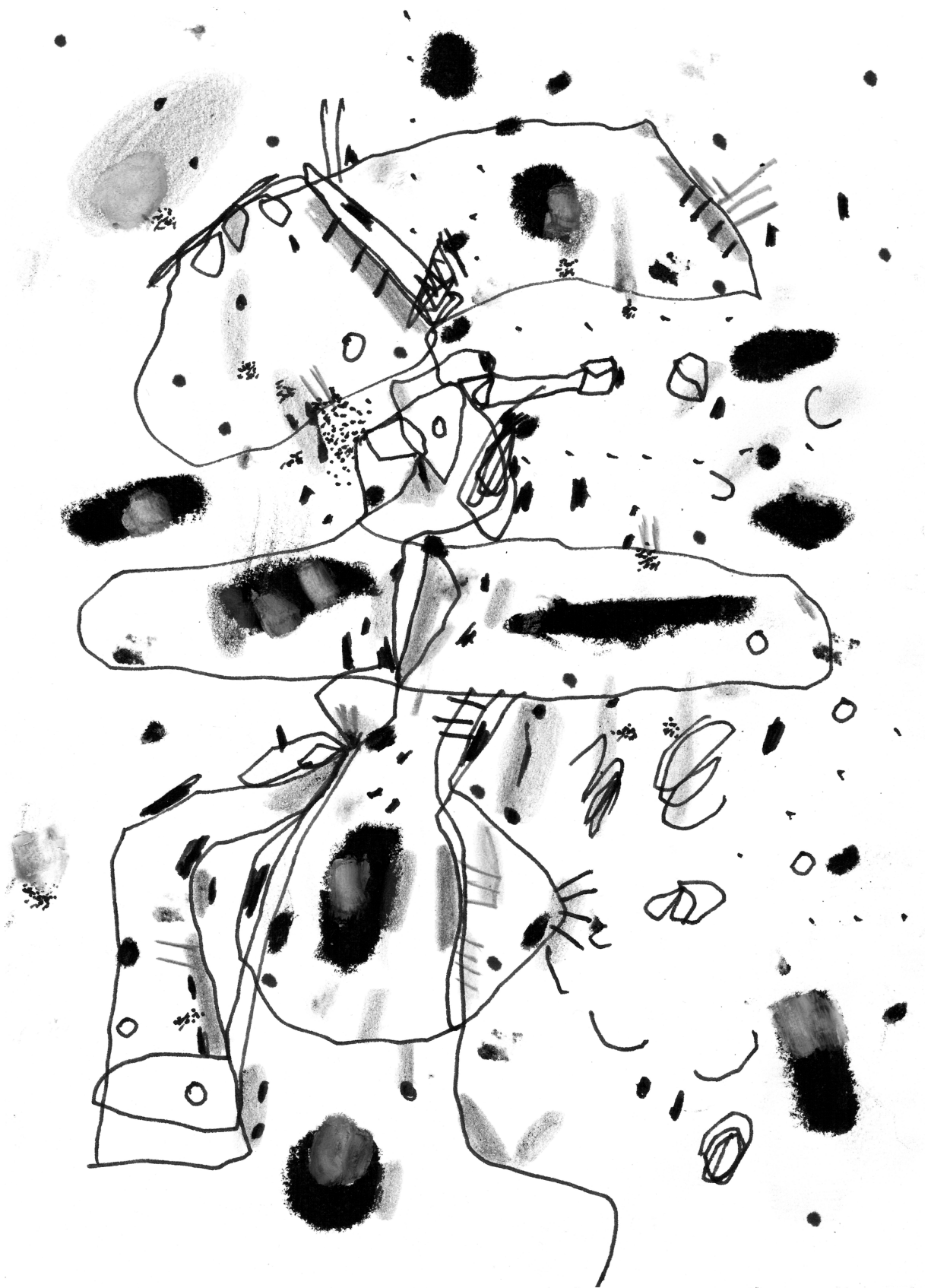
for David Fowless – friend and teacher

I am an other kind of Indian for the Sun and for the fire. before I read anything, I speak. my words are carried over a big river with a commentary of light. animal dreams penetrate the receivers in our qubital organs. red bleeds through my black and white knots and settles there with the final insects as they mark the 11 places. when I speak once there is more, when I speak twice there is less. my origin consists of every climate as each seed of the sky grows feet for the center of the earth. it moves violently with the heat and becomes the multiplier. the drum plants my songs for the lake and my disappearance makes us speak silently with the fire as it swells life into the grandfather stones. I am inside of her feast of becoming the light as the earth turns inside of each of us. we appear to speak less through the offerings but we say more with the fire of the Sun. I am not one of the songs, but I am two of the songs or three. and then 4 becomes me with a 7 inside.



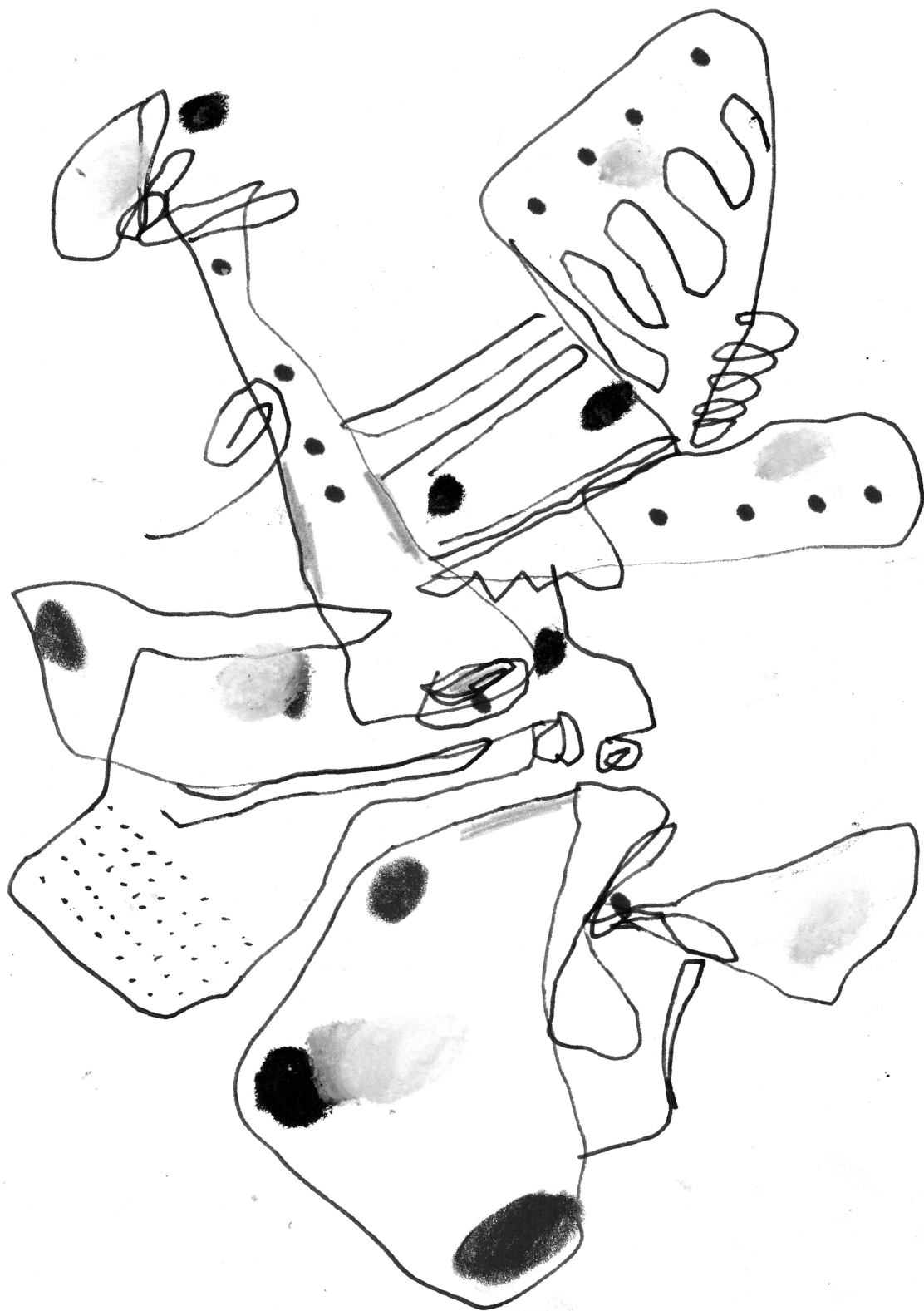
voiceless song

my family were long knives and sugar canes on two trees and two palms, but more so the hand-eye symbolists for emptier Hosts that recover the islands and mainland and suffer for red. I am a small color of twilight and the least friend of the moon, with circular comments relaxing my face and with oceans washing my feet. my struggle for color builds swamps in a high rise and crumbles the city that calls me with stop signs. each of the others were more of a color but none of them lost what I lost in the cluster. the cluster is welcome to die with a tag as I force my way in through the exit. we become one with the fire in the shade. the tag is the document endless with roots to the lake but my reading is more like the ancient recovery mask of the woman I see with a packet of dust by my side. the Sea calls us there as I welcome the land that devours me. no single line moves toward salvation. I as they die more than once to recover and strengthen the source through our horses.



abide in the song of the Sun

I know that the grass is the sponge for our blood and that the trees are the perfection of night of the earth. I am called by inanimate people and ponder their voting for Suns as I lay out the seeds for the forest of living and thought without knowing to see. the frame of their windows becomes me as glass reflects all of the ghosts of the north that won't follow the line without water. the water is memory stored by the crucible qubit and heightened arboreal designs for the future of action. it moves to become the allure of the morning dissolved by the tombs with the wind and the log to crossover the river. fire gives me separate carcasses wandering out through the veils and the death of each origin marked for the Sun. the Sun does not populate others as winter removes all the rules for the wolves as they wander through sweat. winter pronounces my name in the tropics as others find Hosts to rewrite all the labels of thought on the chairs as we sit on the earth with no message.



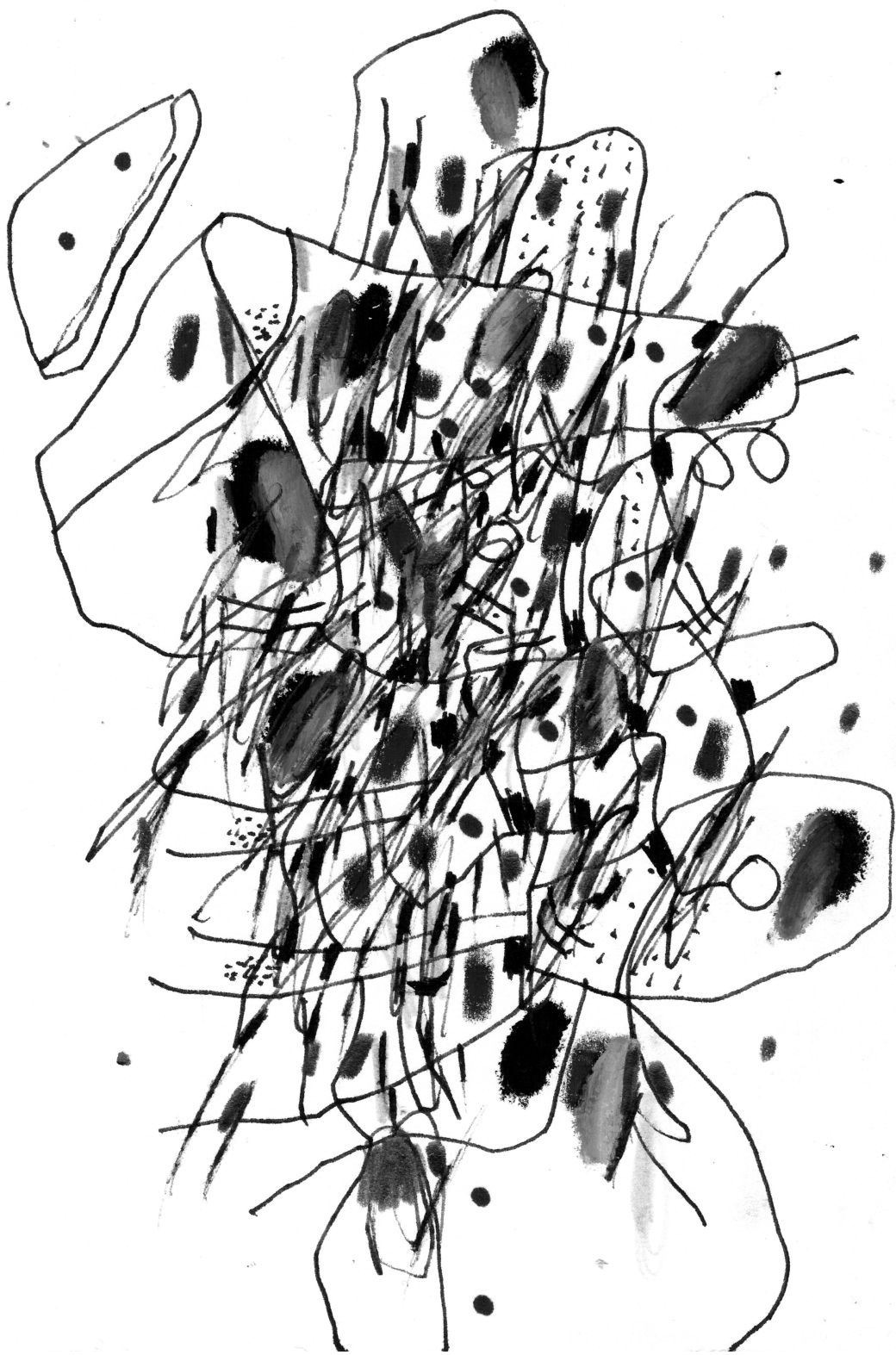
i am good with death

the horses are troubled by snakes in the snowstorm dissolved by the thatch of a whisper and trails that move silence to travel through night. the stars have the keys for interior treasures as stories with scriptures of long ago distant recovery capture the wind of the morning for wandering fire. five heads on one body feed for dark matter. solids as liquids and liquids as solids return to the snow. many fall out with the surf as a person with wind in the breath of the Sun moves up in the wake. they walk to the Sea with the origin changing the flows. without people the meat gets unsteady and prattles for winter deciding who's lost and who's night. but meat has no service to die and the service it does have requires every morning to speak. and wandering out of the circle makes us collect with the forces that ink does not see. even in Spring when the Elk are around and the writing and drawing collects every forest to spur on the tracks and decide what the morning will speak, even when someone improves with the song as they sleep and anoints all the others with smoke, even then the alarming and slow are my trails to the end. I run with the earth and we meet with the gourds of our pattern philosophy prayers as we send out the skeletal cages and meet.



Speak with your eyes

with the earth I am flowing with horses and stopping with mud on the river that washes my heart to belong to the songs and the beat of our heart in our Start noncomputable worlds. I as they find as a Tec in my mind what the neutral engagement with dust marks the birds to return and the paths on my night for the twilight of purity falling for death. our memories cut into sacred intentions and force every function to fail under promises left to the Sun, as the sweat puts together interior insight to bring back the ground. every link then increases the fire as the magnet collects for the Sea. my ghosts start the play of the red and the black put together to be with the focus of cognitive vacancy maps. each place that we meet for the drum with my version of singing becomes like the salt of the Ocean far under the ground. the song light repeats and restarts the alignments of climates to stop the allures of deception and mark us with links for the real. I magnify mental escapes as the season becomes what the separate angle relates to the dust and the flesh on the ground. my attachment to worlds as they separate me as the Sea into messages left to the night, as the wolves become one, I as they run to be Tec before zero it moves. but already the Tec has the floor to replace with the night as the day comes undone and our fires have returned to be morning. our ghosts become more than the Sun as star nations return. the eagles have carried us here to belong as the buffalo bring us the turns of the earth for the moons of the sky to be one with the Sun and alone with a split put together in water for light.



anything can happen as the night sings