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Bury My Heart at Badger Creek

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Bury My Heart at Badger Creek

LaNada Peppers

Frybread & honey
stolen from the cupboard
high above the crockpot
full of spices and spells.

Honeydew,
the morning dew,
and the do it yourself garden
smell magnificent in the torrid mid-summer dawn.

Bury my heart at Badger Creek
where the Lord's Prayer is spoken behind closed doors
to someone else's god.
Congregate around fires in the night and howl at the moon.

Surreptitious Ghost Dances
near fresh chopped wood in a hand-built fire.
We whisper don't-look-backs and never-say-dies
they respond with don't-talks and speak-ups.

Here is where the fragrant pine
perfumes finger-combed hair wind-styled pretty
and the tail from Thee Ol' Place to Badger Creek
worn walk-away whisper-wide leads home.