Smokey Water Doubled Over

Daniel Hill
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1.

A nylon rope tugging me up out
across the water aims my skis
into the enormous stretches of Lake Sakakawea
so hastily that ridges

along the cove have slid their necks
beneath the reservoir of Garrison Dam
before I dare lift mine.

Far ahead, Grandpa, his boat
bellyflopping waves, sprayed,
scans my towline clasped to a metal rod
lassoing the motor's blind head.

The pair of angled waves rolling away ever wider
form an arrowhead;
it's shaft, froth bubbling longer
than the length of my skis.

Beneath them, I've heard,
ilies Elbowoods, a town
Hidatsa, Mandan and Arikara Indians
had built near the Big Muddy.

Nowadays rumors hint about fish
evolving in depths sun sealed;
their eyes, white scales. Not a few,
gigantic, like wiggling rotted beams,
taste of burrowed silt.

My waterskis smack across the smooth foam.
Finetails thump, so I look
for the air bubble pearl
of a huge, blind fish surfacing.
2. Arikara Legend

_The Wolf and Lucky-Man Create Land_

Wolf bid a duck circling
an immense lake to dive
down beneath the water to fetch dirt
from the bottom. North of shore
Wolf flung the mud, said, let it be
prairie for rambling buffalo.

Lucky-Man sent the same duck
underwater for even more lakebed.
Thrown south: buttes, coulees formed.
The people, he said, will choose
shelter for their ponies and dogs.
In wintertime, kicking
storms will thin the prairie.

Soon a river wobbling
between the two shoulders of land.
3.

Northeast, on a flat square lot
by Whiteshield, the nearest water
the kind that lies in asphalt,
heat wavered,
ever splashing the tires,

an Arikara powwow has begun.
Dancers in gaudy costumes,
numbered contestants moving to drum chants,
aimlessly circle an electricity pole
set in a grassy ring
enclosed by concessionaires, tents,
campers, a gate with a sign
that says, NO DRUGS OR ALCOHOL ALLOWED.

Fur trader’s whiskey: gunpowder,
river water, Jamaica ginger,
chewing tobacco or molasses
sparked by a jigger of booze.

Suddenly an amplified voice
hushes the drummers. The dancers halt,
while the grasshoppers sit munching
the announcer’s platform
built of plywood not sacred cottonwood.

The snow tree’s split-axed
log faces once stacked by Indian woodhawks,
then berry-stained, dealt as cedar
to steamboats owned
by J.J. Astor’s American Fur Company.
Brigadier General Lewis A. Pick’s Corps of Engineers cast a concrete dam. *Pekitanoui*, the smokey river of dirt, bloated the valley now as exposed as northern prairie.

Along the old riverbed, flooded groves of snow trees still huddle. Their gaunt watersilvered arms, snapped off above the wrists, stretched, can’t reach the trinket beads strung on powerlines overhead; those sparkling baubles meant to warn only bladed wings.

*Awaho*: floodplain timber, wild fruit and medicinal herbs both nurtured by surface water. The bottomland soil held remnants of Like-A-Fish-Hook village.

The widened river washed over gravestones, split the three tribes of Fort Berthold onto lands forked by swollen creeks. Electric plants took root.

Lifted from the rising waters, the Mandans’ Lone Man Shrine: a water willow sash marking the high tide around the stockade He built to save the tribe from a great flood.
Cars driving west from New Town 
cross a bridge moved upstream; 
its original site swallowed by Lake Sakakawea. 
Nineteen spans, each named 
for a different chief, but the exit 
honors the Mandans' Four Bears.

Killed by a smallpox epidemic 
brought aboard a steamboat, St. Peter's, 
Mato Tope called from his deathbed 
for an uprising to leave 
not a single wasicun alive.

From the bridge, Four Bears Motor Lodge 
beckons. Modern currents 
flow from the outlets 
in each room. Visitors, 
lured by a chance to race outboard motors 
like ponies down the flooded valley, 
reel in big, ugly fish. Some 
of them, eaten, leap hard again.

— Daniel Hill