

**in the cut**

*his being punished / for talking Indian.*

-Cedar Sigo, 'Prince Valiant'

person of clear salt water  
*warm clear deer*

the mosquitoes I am  
delicious to them  
because of my fairy  
or my indian blood

he is immune  
to poison ivy  
because indians dont  
call it poison

utter unfaith in humanity  
the leaves dont turn right  
the leaves so that  
they dont know how to turn right

when the guy at the bodega  
complained about white ppl & gentrifications  
you said me and my friend are native  
I'm Suquamish, look it up

I vaporize the weed  
we had for breakfast when  
I come home from the poetry reading  
thinking how low & how lively  
we know of the cut

droppd my parasol in a ditch  
pretend it didnt happen