

## Wilderness House Literary Review 4/4

*Mike Amado*

### **An Offering Of Eagle Feathers**

Show me the burnt villages, where the bones lay.  
where the peace pipes settle  
broken in half...there, I will place eagle feathers.  
Let me rest here and listen for your voice in dreams.  
Many are the songs I have forgotten,  
many songs I need to sing.  
Show me the path through the pines, let me feel  
raindrops from young, green maples  
drape my shoulders as I walk in mellow woods.  
Show me the real medicine and the wisdom of my heart  
so I can connect again to the log-drum song  
that only prolongs us and never forgets us.  
I've seen my peoples tired heart, withering in hospital  
rooms and on dialysis machines.  
The blood stampedes from catheters to a filter,  
then back to the dying body in a panicked circle.  
a medicine-less circle; a high-tech ghost dance.  
The blinds on the windows are shut to keep out the sun,  
the unit is cold. The manicured grass outside is sprayed  
with weedkiller to kill the dandelions.  
Ancestors, I see the defeated.  
The thirsty lusting firewater or last breath.  
Can I activate my stored credit with the bank  
of Mother Earth? Knowing that more must exist?  
The feather moon and the spider-webbed milky way.  
We are the smoke signals that the night cannot conceal.  
Show me the path through the pines, Let me feel  
raindrops from young, green maples drape  
my shoulders as I freely walk home again.  
Here I will lay eagle feathers before we all become extinct.