

# Tukté unmá yakáħniġa he?

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Five hundred years ago,  
columbus discovered America,  
like I discover my shoe's untied.  
he leaned over,  
and he tied it,  
and tied us together.  
But he was clumsy,  
tripped,  
fell,  
and made an earthquake  
so big  
that every Indian soul  
lept right from the earth,  
into the sky,  
to never be heard from again.

what do you mean  
never be heard from again?  
you're standing  
right  
here.

yeah  
but what i wrote sounds more poetic.  
\*

did your grandmama  
tell you the story  
of the lakota ghost?

she didn't talk much  
about sioux stories.  
her stories.  
I never asked.

the lakota ghost,  
he repeats  
false stories,  
fades away,  
floats into the sky,  
white and all.

\*

also, columbus didn't discover america.

but they don't like the word invaded.  
i don't wanna feel the awkward  
that genocide creates.

your pride in not saying it  
turns you into a ghost.  
where's the lakota pride?

you know.  
your chosen pride  
massacred those people.

thwe lakota one,  
he didn't leap from the earth,  
from lakota country.  
the earth opened its arms,  
and took him in,  
and cradled him,  
in a mass grave.

when you look around  
what do you see?

you know, that earthquake,  
it's rumbled for hundreds of years.  
hell, i'm still trying to find my footing.  
but those souls that jumped  
far into the sky,  
they were ghosts.

no.  
either you stand up straight,  
or bend your knees to jump.

you get someone to help.  
do you want help?

buried,  
somewhere near wounded knee.

that's true.  
although,  
my great  
great  
great  
grandfather  
might have died there proud.  
but maybe the white one too.

am i looking down at the grave,  
or up at the gravediggers?

i see the ground at my feet  
and the sky up above

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can you stand  
and be a ghost  
at the same time?

and how do you straighten out your knees?

Save  
one soul  
from Sioux Skies