

DARCY LINDBERG

Miyoskamin—good ground

Miyoskamin—
what winter-long rumour
the earth has told the rose
that she throws her lips open
in wine-soaked song

the plant-talkers are drunk
by the bloom's first dawn

and my nohkôm's voice:

—wake, my boy, the garden sings—

inebriates a full moon shine
through the bright of day

miyoskamin—
whoever can forget
nohkôm's breath