

I FLEW IN FOR THE NATIONAL POW WOW

During a break
between the dancing competition
and the drumming,
people stream into a nearby McDonald's.
I am chided for my chant
Coffee, coffee, coffee
but I pay no mind.
How wonderful to be squished between men
in full dress
more exquisite than any I've ever seen.
They are so tall,
their headdresses making them
even more-so.
It's a gift to be in line.
Looking over my shoulder
I spot a gang of older teenagers who
only minutes before
were running the place rude,
keeping everyone a tad on edge.
Now they are awestruck.
They may even be packing
yet they are wounded
by the braves.
Smiling all the while,
the Indians are counting coup.

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