Coyote, Neglected

Once, long ago, Raven stood filled with dread and silence at the sight of Coyote’s skull. All words worth saying were already said.

He had warned the people: Coyote’s head is the font of all wisdom. Treat him well.
(Once upon a time, Coyote lay dead.)

Lizard, that old prophet, slept. His dreams bled flammable liquids from a frozen pool. All words worth saying were already said.

Long, long ago, of course. Don’t be misled. In a faraway land, marked off by a wall. Once upon a time, Coyote lay dead.

But death was not his style. Discredited, heartbeat or none, he laughed till he howled. All words worth saying were already said.

Gobbledygook, rot, bunk, trash, and drivel, poppycock, twaddle, balderdash, and bull – all words worth saying were resurrected though once upon a time, Coyote lay dead.

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