

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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