

Medicine Wheel

Jess Williamson

Been draped over dozens of faces
Been cut, dried, bleached, and braided
One part dead, one part haunted
Get up close and you see the ghosts
A little squint, now skeletons, now skeletons

Shamans drink the salt water
State your case, all stand and rotate
State your case, stand and rotate

Ain't it just like me to talk so ugly?
Wash my mouth or just watch me now
It bubbles up and gargles down to a stomach pit
And my words, my words, they drown
And go on and out

Can't count the pretty little ghosts in you
Or all the color I put you through
Grow longer, longer, longer, long
Lash my back, spur me on
Longer, longer, longer, long
Weighs my neck
Keeps me young