

Mark Jackley

## WILD TURKEYS

OG priests robed in black  
remember a time when we  
burbled prayers from our throats  
searched the earth an acorn  
was the only proof we thought we'd need

## SNAPSHOT OF A BISON

I never found Red Cloud's grave.  
But I am holding you,

nearly a ton, a million  
nickels, in my hand.

This is the dark magic  
Crazy Horse refused.

## BOURBON, PLEASE

pour the sunset in a glass  
flame I lap barest  
sip controlled burn  
washed across the tongue  
slowly in the manner  
of the Lakota sparking  
blazes in the grasses  
to swallow other fires

## CROSSINGS

If near the end,  
bent and blind,  
I shuffle to the john

and see only fog,  
may I cleave  
the fog

with the courage  
of the chicken  
who crossed the road, because.

## DRIVE-IN MOVIE

the better angels' work is done halfway through the trailers

story-lit on summer  
nights we  
shine as one