

afternoon with a weed in my teeth

i sit on the banks of polluted  
tittabawassee river dreaming of indians  
but somebody's laughing at me

i imagine the long house village  
buckskins and smoked fish  
i can almost see the people

chipping arrowheads or  
paddling the water in birchbark canoes  
you know, one of the factories that made napalm  
was on the tittabawassee river