

PAUL NELSON / The Day the Weather Decided To Die

(After a Haida tale told by Robert Bringhurst)

On hearing the wooden rumble of thunder we realize
that we are situated below the platform of the sky.

—Ramón Gomez de la Serna

What constitutes a good family they say and give instructions
to servants under the backdrop of the hugest sucking
sound in history prelude to when the wind'd no longer
rumble from under the skirt of the great Ma no longer
float a blue heron's Xacho-side lumber no longer
sustain.

Age of celebrity tattoo news, of the rise of Yurok
Duwamish Tsimshian Haida Puyallup Muckleshoot
Musqueam of tornadoes hurricanes earthquakes
tsunamis bee silence Fukushima and Fukushimas to
come.

The weather born out of cockleshell embryo
or out of snot, weather that hunts birds and sends winds
out in the skins of blue jay, weather that steals hats of
campesinos (compassions) for kicks weather that would
sprout houses when adopted by a master carver weather
that would be a scholar of carving.

The weather
when painted would sit facing the sea would weep for
owls with spots and the new northward range of
dolphin's neighborhood weather that would warn of the
Big Ones who think of biting weather whose big fish
story is dried halibut and waits and waits and waits for a
shift in settler rituals.

It could start with *today is a good day*
to die could start with the inheritance of the campesino
(compression) who opened up about his daily prayers for
humility or when he the one born in a cockleshell wd
dress as wren & sit way above the sea as a cumulus cloud
waiting to see what his latihan would bring: dance, song,
chant or something more cathartic just beyond his out
stretched wings.

Remember: crow's yr brother, stumps
never lie, we
hold up the sky.

6:34 pm – 6.25.11