

Susan Musgrave / TWO POEMS
NET MAKER'S SONG

Bindweed bind
The little fish

Bind the witch.

Bind the crooked woman,
The bent man.

Bind the hunched-up
Humpback salmon

Bind the sea.

Bindweed bind
The hunting moon

Bind the stars.

Susan Musgrave

Bind the hollow mountain,
The dry stream.

Bind the backed-up
Broken water

Bind the sky.

Bindweed bind
My father's house

Bind the axe.

Bind the fallen arrow,
The bone point.

Bind my dried-up
Deadhand sister

Bind the skull.

Bind my dried-up
Deadhand sister

Bind the backed-up
Broken water

Bind the hunched-up
Humpback salmon

Bind the witch.

WITCHERY WAY

Sometimes an old man
Crouches at the river —
Sometimes he is someone
Whose bones are not formed.

Sometimes an old woman
With fisher-skin quiver,
Sometimes on the low bank
Is hungry after blood.

First Man wrenched a
Forked tree, spit
The bone. First Woman
Was a warm pelt
To carry him into the ground.

Susan Musgrave

*"People don't tell out
About these things;
They keep them
Down here in the body."*

Be careful
Of the wolf's cry -- he knows
Those ways well. Open
The toad's belly and you will
Find him there.

*"The bone at the back
Of the head is best,
A tongue black and swollen
From skin whorls picked
At night."* First Woman

Was a night cat
Prowling the red ant hills.
First Man was
Victim, sometimes
A grey fox.

Sometimes on old man
Whispers down the smoke-hole,
Sometimes on old woman
Furrows in the wind.
My skin is thick
With the dark seed
Of their coming —
The blade of a fine axe
Wedged between my eyes.