

MICHAEL WASSON

I Am Another of Yourself

*Hand-Pounded Bark, Handmade Paper: Sumi Ink:
Gayle Crites: 2016*

I speak to
this made flesh
like *latitláatit*
hilatíyo the gun-
hole opens
its one eye
& once I woke
up in a room
holding the skull
of *niséweymu*
only my father
killed where I
then skinned it
that morning
with only one
arm my right
arm was out
to gather all of
this world like
fallen branches
for a fire &
afterward I
held the gun-
shot in my
head as long
as I could
until the air
stopped &
every nerve

in the body
whispered to
me like *kix*
wapa 'áyks so
I did I swear
I washed
the blood
from my
hands & let
my last
eye open.