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| the game was, sheltering  in rock cliffs, caves and dells. Wickiups went up, *wetus*, among the trees, villages, mounds and temples. They laid out ball fields and markets. They hunted and stored their food high  on platforms in the forest.  They made war on one another and drove each other back and forth. Their bones bear the marks and carry the shards of stone arrow points, the damage of axes. Every group declared 'we are People,' but those are not, and so they lived on, died out, formed confederacies, betrayed each other, stole wives, pushed into new lands, pushed others out, set fires, slept, ate meat, wandered,  hunted, planted, listened to spirits.  Rumors and disease preceded the whites. The black robes arrived first, the Jesuits  and the *courieur du bois*, coming for furs and souls. The first Anglo settlers came  out of the east, from Ohio and Kentucky. Land surveyors  V. Neighborhoods  Bungalows in rows, fixed up,  tricked out, like candies in a box: mint green, pink, tangerine, blueberry slate, daisy yellow, stucco creme,  brick and vinyl--and the awnings, porches, fences, yard lights, complimented with white globes gleaming at night,  at attention along the streets.  The people may live in boxes, but they vary on that theme, re-imagined and re-created by those living within, each for each and all of them lovely. Yews cut prettily, surrounded with daisies, tulips, ivy, hostas, hyacinths, irises, roses, lilies, coreopsis and black-eyed Sue's. Everywhere there are yards  adorned with Fisher-Price vehicles, trikes, bikes, and toys, access ramps, decorative stones,  Buddhist prayer flags, Rainbow  flags, W flags, Trans flags,  American flags, Blue line flags, the Ten Commandments signs, Hate does not live here signs, | for bikes and hardware, and the jail—every cubed-off den of space is numbered, filled and refilled as the days of life are counted down.  The people here move in and out,  as their mobility and ability  to contribute comes and goes. Even the great houses gated away  on tracts of woods and lawn change hands, as families, lives, and fortunes wear out. A hundred years might see ten or twenty families come and go, each one leaving behind its mark, its smells, its ghosts haunting the numbered boxes where we slept, ate, made love, or war, on our uncounted nights, all of us behind our numbered doors.  Winter is dying in the arms of coming spring, *Heofon* is long forgotten, but bliss spills in the streets with the sunshine reflecting on the bricked cuirass of a church front, the warm bricks shine brightly over the robins  hunting the lawns for worms, and squirrels who cock their tails and run for it.  II. *A Historical Context*  First here was the sea and ice. The sea dried up and the seabed hardened over millions of years. Sedimentary rock imprinted  with the creatures once living that once lived there.  The rock wore away,  under the pounding of weather, leaving caves, valleys,  sink holes, cliffs. The ice polished and scoured until fine rock silt collected, wind blown into drifts hundreds of feet deep. Piles of moraine-debris. Floods left dunes of sand, gravel and swale. Winds  over millennia gave place  where grasses and brush  caught hold, and boreal  pines and spruces moved north--oaks, ash, hickory followed as the prairie  moved east, its grasses and flowers thriving.  Then People came creeping  across the land, place to place,  sometimes remaining where |