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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 fieldsand markets. They huntedand stored their food high on platforms in the forest.They made war on one anotherand drove each other back and forth.Their bones bear the marksand carry the shards of stonearrow 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, pushedinto new lands, pushed others out,set fires, slept, ate meat, wandered, hunted, planted, listened to spirits.Rumors and disease precededthe whites. The black robesarrived first, the Jesuits and the *courieur du bois*,coming for furs and souls.The first Anglo settlers came out of the east, from Ohioand Kentucky. Land surveyorsV. NeighborhoodsBungalows in rows, fixed up, tricked out, like candiesin a box: mint green, pink,tangerine, blueberry slate,daisy yellow, stucco creme, brick and vinyl--and the awnings,porches, fences, yard lights,complimented with whiteglobes gleaming at night, at attention along the streets.The people may live in boxes,but they vary on that theme,re-imagined and re-createdby those living within, eachfor each and all of them lovely.Yews cut prettily, surroundedwith daisies, tulips, ivy, hostas,hyacinths, irises, roses, lilies,coreopsis and black-eyed Sue's.Everywhere there are yards adorned with Fisher-Pricevehicles, 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-offden of space is numbered,filled and refilled as the daysof 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 lawnchange hands, as families, lives,and fortunes wear out.A hundred years might seeten or twenty families comeand go, each one leaving behindits mark, its smells, its ghostshaunting the numbered boxeswhere we slept, ate, made love,or war, on our uncounted nights,all of us behind our numbered doors.Winter is dying in the armsof coming spring, *Heofon* islong forgotten, but bliss spillsin the streets with the sunshinereflecting on the bricked cuirassof a church front, the warm bricksshine brightly over the robins hunting the lawns for worms,and squirrels who cock their tailsand run for it.II. *A Historical Context*First here was the sea and ice.The sea dried up and the seabedhardened over millions of years.Sedimentary rock imprinted with the creatures once livingthat once lived there.The rock wore away, under the pounding of weather,leaving caves, valleys, sink holes, cliffs.The ice polished and scoureduntil fine rock silt collected,wind blown into driftshundreds 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 movednorth--oaks, ash, hickoryfollowed as the prairie moved east, its grassesand flowers thriving.Then People came creeping across the land, place to place, sometimes remaining where |