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Trickster Skat

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Trickster Skat

Skip Eno

you came to my mountain last night
squatting naked above the hard dirt
loose gravel you imagined bear
dropping big stinking magic
make everyone afraid
instead little trickster pile
probably a curse
hard to tell how potent

enough that i don't poke
black rich protein twisted round
golden hair to make us think
your magic brought down
a deer the pack of your trickster
selves whooping at dusk
aspens trembling
we closed our doors.

no one disturbs your leaving
even SUV's clogging road
miss your solitary weaving
makes me think perhaps your magic
is larger than the gift you leave us
i continue to step wide and eye
your marking—could be a land mine

mountain air sucks up trickster
moisture, golden hair fades
protein turns to dust
perhaps you mean for us to
breath in your message
whatever brings
you to consciousness
simply to be noticed
not forgotten

skat coyote
i will remember in the spring

