

The Pocahontas Forgiveness Goes Viral

by Darryl Price

You generated coal light from your gait
as easily as the new sun crawls
through a sleepy forest, without worry over
hot spillage, or who might be horribly
blinded or grossly revealed or given visions
in that rare moment of wet earth
and ancient sky becoming one nation. You

wore always a warm candle in your face.
You could summon the Mother's absolute love
from a buried stone simply by holding
out your palms. All things poured desire
toward Matoaka, as you wished, and sparkled
through you, flowing like so many days
into all time and also no time,

if you wished. This stunned every wild
thing to the molten core of its being.
And so many plotted then to end
your monstrous reign and capture your one
and only animal spirit to use as
the ultimate weapon against spirit itself. Such
a creature stirs awake the Great Neck within

to want to destroy the known universe
with a mighty thrust of its horns.
It's not your fault alone. We cannot
shake the smell of your sweet beautiful closeness

without being torn apart by a clutching
sadness, like a bear's jaws, crunching our silky
skulls into stardust and feverish dreaming.

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