

# Lakota

by Kirsty Logan

The cabin has windows all around, like ribbon  
tying a birthday present. The bow on top a chimney,  
rain-sparkled with spiderwebs. He hears the tack  
  
of deer's hooves against packed dirt, the settling of dust  
into his nostrils from the buttered-wood walls.  
A succession of pin-up girls wave at him  
  
from the torn-edged calendar. Home,  
he breathes to the snow-capped hills.  
Home, he calls to the rabbits hiding  
behind their ears. Home, he shouts  
  
to the sky, the sky, the sky.

