

Chief Seattle

by Peter Erich

This road goes into the next
verse - Brother, do you know
the way?

Neighbors trade novels
through windows

No-frills. The front yard is the
hidden treasure

Sit on the curb. Leave with the
sun.

This road goes into the next page -

The paper is a soft chord, play
each turn into a sandstorm

Arouse the carbon in the
words

Splash whiskey on the rhymes

This road goes into the next the
chapter - Brother,
become the gold strolling waves

become the story told in the
flower bed.

