

# 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.

