

Ghost Village

The Seminole says little to a white man
so we must travel to ghost villages
that lie hidden on hammock islands.
We cut a tunnel through jungle walls
until we find charred chickee posts.

We peel away the dirt and roots
and glimpse the barest flicker
of their life that seeps from
midden shell and blue glass beads
and have our conversation with their
trash.

I hear the wind that fans the highest
branches and raise my eyes
to the canopy
of vine and thorn
that shrouds the summer sky.
“We are gone”
says a voice in the wind.
“Our heart has been eaten by the panther.
Our soul has been taken by the owl.
We are gone.”

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SEAC
Big Cypress