

six tatanka tanka

bulls, hit the road, please.
we don't belong in china
shops. frozen, custered,

as our numbers tank, thirty
million dads whisper
“bye, son.”

they are a fine line
which itches, groans, & wallows

across a paper prairie.
(an arabesque script)

tatanka spelling *beauty*

poets, take note: between
 bullshit
 and
 beauty
there is a fine line

that straddles
one word poetry
and
punctuation splatters

bison meat's healthy!

(Tatanka Iyotake
(Sitting Bull's real name)
means "Buffalo Bull Sits Down")

shot by fearful, hungry cops

sixteen ninjas steal
 Ryōkan's pet bison. he
 pouts, will no longer write
 tanka or haiku.

instead, the monk weeps—

starves—
withers—

can't talk to buffalo? fret
not, there's a cure. swallow this:
one part bison flash cards

one part chewing the cud
chewing the cud
chew—