

# 'C' SECTION

*By John Campion*

In the tent  
you checked the zipper  
3 or 4 times a night

slept with a knife at your side  
to cut your way out  
like a 'C' section.

The time you woke  
(inverted Ishmael)  
proclaiming  
the door was gone  
I could not hold you.

You held it backward  
still  
managing to  
knife a slit up the wall  
before pushing  
your way through.

I should've taken it as a sign.  
but then I guess I  
was distracted by the  
way you sucked blood  
off your thumb.



# GHOST DANCE

*By John Champion*

They're dancing in the snow  
by the thousands  
Lakota  
adorned with images of sky  
    round  
    the sacred  
    pole.

Kicking Bear  
Hunkpapas  
    taught  
the vision of the END  
that scared the beejesus outta dem  
CAUSE  
they thought it might work since  
they deserved  
after what they done to themselves first  
and Indians second  
SO  
called out the COPS.

Having sacrificed the underneath  
we can not  
leave them alone  
though Paiute Wovoka's thunder  
can not call the buffalo back  
nor make US

disappear.

J o h n C a m p i o n

## Glass Hive

your "ova,  
our

unborn

nourished from childhood,"

but  
at my door  
you denied,

Peter,

left me  
inverted

before the green heron  
could rise  
between us—

beating your mother  
your father ejaculated on you

I hold with fire  
but ice is

the mirror  
revealing the image  
I crave.

J o h n C a m p i o n

## Movie Clip

Wandering the sansara to

Her place next morning  
after I never  
and never shall  
any but you,  
with an ant  
crawling up  
his face  
looked a

character  
from Buñuel's

Un Chien Andalou

eaten up with passion  
and dissipation,  
said I wasn't cool to say so;  
wearing the horns and all  
I had to agree.

Then again  
sing  
ling me out  
the Goddess had at least offered me something  
to remember &  
I wasn't going to let  
the opportunity go;  
besides  
what did that make her  
locked safely behind the door,  
anyway?

J o h n C a m p i o n

## Heart Medicine

Richer than slime,  
beard, my face's port-

no serpent moves  
nor knows  
the labyrinth  
your thighs lead me in-

feet  
sweet and round  
blushed with petals that  
stroke me.

Breasts rise and fall-  
I place  
hard  
in your deep

sweet &  
dark  
as heart medicine

vibrant  
in the pulse  
and push of blood  
running