

# Battlefield

By Mark Turcotte

Back when I used to be Indian  
I am standing outside the  
pool hall with my sister.  
She strawberry blonde. Stale sweat  
and beer through the  
open door. A warrior leans on his stick,  
fingers blue with chalk.  
Another bends to shoot.  
His braids brush the green  
felt, swinging to the beat  
of the jukebox. We move away.  
Hank Williams falls again  
in the backseat of a Cadillac.  
I look back.  
A wind off the distant hills lifts my shirt,  
brings the scent  
of wounded horses.

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