

Christopher Francis Smoke  
by Carmen Craig

I want your native babies,  
but I want them blonde, Chris.

can they have my sister's ringlets?  
can they also have her lips?

will you meet me by the round-about  
to hold hands and to discuss

how and if we will—  
whether or not we must?

for

nan tells me stories of the rez,  
gran of travels overseas,

dad, drunk, of Indian dancing,  
mum of college over teas.

if these cultures simply merged,  
constructed some one single sound,

maybe danced a shallow jig to the  
deep beat of the deer skin pound.

I think then our native blondies,  
they'd be perfectly content—

Not wonder how or why or where  
or whether or not to bend

like I, and like most natives  
living on the boundaries,

to fit the places they've heard of  
inside any myths or nurseries.