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Any Bar in Chinook

Sure I know 'r
You c'n find 'r 'n any bar 'n Chinook
The whole family 'r drunks
Sure I'd like to meecha why doncha write me a letter

The drive from Saco to Chinook goes on & on
They're always there on the insolent plains of northern summer
Wave upon wave of Renegade mandolins
You can hear them all the way from Sun River

At Sleeping Buffalo where the Milk bends to the earth & widens
Volcanic houses of stone marked in ancient Cree reign
The Sleeping Buffalo at Cree Crossing

I cannot find the burning skin houses
I cannot find the Crossing
Mothers & fathers I am with you crossing the Milk
Over & over I am crossing with you
Everywhere the forgotten
Everywhere the singing words of the mothers
Wash in the documentary bodies
The waves of your bodies The promises of your bodies
Letters & words of the suppressed sentence
All the punctuation of blood
Nothing is left out
You pass there forever
Your story spreads like fireweed
You cannot be cut off like a toenail
Those who named the fireweed know the power of inverted
histories
Pass before me now all my lost ones
I pass before you
I do not look away

When I get to Chinook I call Bill M. looking for traces & names
He says sure I know 'r you c'n find 'r 'n any bar
Any bar 'n Chinook