



1986

## Arapaho Surrender Artwork

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## Arapaho Surrender

The circle drawn in a darkened cell.  
You stare through shaman nowhere: eyes flat black  
like scorched ground. No more magic on the plains,  
The grass has dried and withered to pavement.  
You ride the last horse standing

on a cheap, splintered chair. Perched,  
arms out, you wobble like a flightless bird;  
pink feathers glued to a trinket headdress.  
You are hollow; empty fingers tie  
the knot. The rope dangles, a shadow lasso

on the wall. Ghostly wheel turning,  
rolling towards the finish. Your end,  
merely a formality. You were born  
in a graveyard. Baptized in whiskey  
and tobacco spit. To leave must

be to leave alone—blood drained  
and pale. A corpse has no choice but  
finally to lie still. You cinch the leather  
cord and kick, suddenly alive, twisting  
in a brittle dance. Colors like warpaint

streak your face. A vision of flint passion  
calls you. The ancient voice clings, infant  
cry at birth. An aborted warrior.

Pandora Dixon

