

Nohoilpi

John Michael Lockett

Who wins men
When luck runs out
What will the People glen
To wield a double edge sword, I doubt

Only Time will tell.
Perhaps only Nanbozho will chortle
Will it end in Hell?
Floating on a Styxian turtle.

Charion saw culture expand.
Surely, he has a sad tale —
Of guns, germs, steel, and lost land.
Of lost people, lost cities, of many things for sale —

Nanah Waiya is lonely and unkempt.
What will the Ways be once spent?

John Michael Lockett works for the Aerospace Network in Odegard and is a graduate student getting a master's in computer science. He is a member of the Caddo tribe and previously worked for the Choctaw Nation for 7 years. He wrote his poem for this issue of *Floodwall* in a creative writing course at UND last semester.