

# Blood Dust



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**Blood Dust**  
**D-Press**  
**Ellensburg 1988**  
**Cover drawing by Luis Garcia**

## **MEET**

The old Indian said,  
"We live on reservations."  
These words are filled with reservations.

These words are filled with the silence  
which is meat  
for my thoughts.

## **BLOOD DUST**

The cage of my bones,  
the cage of my blood, "this light," he said,  
"is not quite light

living as it does."  
The wind repeats its empty message.  
Silent night,

Miles and miles are—  
and miles have been  
a friend,

blood dust,  
a stick which tries to beat itself to death.  
Blood dust

that night was oak leaves  
seeming to pierce

the center of a circle.

Corn on the cob,  
corn on the cob,  
that night its webs  
filled my room.

Where the night was  
he sometimes thinks he is,  
right now—

blood dust,  
a man inside  
a bowl  
at midnight.



## **RED LIGHT, BLUE LIGHT**

Do you want it back?

Do you, do you  
want it  
back?

"No, I want it  
where it's at.  
I want it

where's at."

## **BERYL ON THE ROCKS**

I like the rocks.  
I like everything  
on the rocks.

I like hard rock.  
I like Rachmaninoff.

I've had it straight.  
I've had it mixed.

What I really want  
is having it on the rocks

beneath the stars.







## **THE HOLE**

On hands and knees  
crawling back  
toward the hole,

trying to find  
mother, father, sisters, brothers,  
and all the others—

trying to call,  
call them home.