

## Translating the Settler's Stake

*Tumbled Jargon, No.7*

I imagine wild buffalo  
American bodies, asking  
*Pinta*  
(with warm wet tongue  
in absent halls command)  
the  
whispers  
front aphorism.  
forgiveness the cliff porch swing,  
and we  
*Nina* into my ears as we make side –  
          everafter  
of fences  
who comes next licked!

From here I can see  
cliffs  
love  
picketing the midway point  
just unsuspecting before they tumble  
But, not  
upon its thought *Santa Maria*  
... it's not so bad,  
white horses  
she of We tackle one another's  
ravaged  
          Upon Arrival

we had it