

## Cliff Senior

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I wish I remembered more stories from my grandpa (who doesn't, I guess). My mom would often comment on how he talked so quietly you could barely hear him. My little brother spent more time with him than I did, as he lived with him for awhile when he got out of juvenile detention; he has some good stories and they're all new to me. Sometimes at my gas station Indians I didn't know would come in, learn who I was, and tell me stories about my grandpa's house back in the day; "There was always a big pot of soup on," they'd say; "He was always feeding everyone who stopped in." I remember visiting him on my way up to Sundance, hanging out with him in his bedroom when he was on oxygen. He sat up and lit himself a cigarette, handed me one when I asked for one. He was on his way out; this was the kind of smoke you couldn't regret. "So what are they gonna do, pierce your nipples?" he asked. "Yeah, something like that," I said, smiling. I wonder what story my grandpa would share if he heard me read this poem. I wonder what he would share if he could only share just one. Grandpa? You're up.

## Myron

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I helped this old man, Myron Longsoldier, with his sweat for 13 years; from age 22 to 35. I'd get off work at 7 AM, go home and sleep for an hour, and then drive out to the sweat and get the fire started. I learned what humility was from him; it was a quality of the heart; it had a palpable, tangible texture. Myron grew up speaking Lakota, had gone to prison, was an ex-alcoholic, a Sundancer, a leader in the community. He's retired now, is on oxygen, can no longer pour sweats. When I post about going to Tokyo he comments that I better wear my best Indian clothes that I got and to give 'em hell, whatever that means. Once as he was praying with the first seven stones I saw all of his prayers coming out of him, like a big twisting smoke coming out of his face and front; animated energy traveling up. I think of him while facing the shelves on a quiet Thursday evening, turning and stacking the cans to get them just right. All these ones I've known, I think; May I please never forget them.