

Jay Farrar

"Cahokian"

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I will wait for you in the green, green spaces,
Wearing our post-industrial faces.
Side by side sit the trashpile twin,
And the eleventh century center of the Mississippian,
With the calendar of the sun,
A people undone.

Ceremonial mounds in the backyards and towns,
That's the way it runed out.
A city built up on the other great mound torn down,
That's the way it happened.
A culture on the run,
They vanished in the sun,
The Mississippian.

Forward and on we go,
Building our mounds out of control,
Full of our finest throw away things.
The new Mississippians,
Under a smog choked sun,
Waiting to be undone.

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