

## **Mother Hips**

### **"The Figure 11"**

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There was a nation of people  
who lived on the edge of a circle  
and they truly believed in the notion  
of rotation.

But where is your circle, Black Elk?  
And where are the people that you rode with?  
Yes, I'll admit that the sky is a circle  
and the wind blows the seasons around.  
But you must always remember, Black Elk,  
two people standing together  
resemble  
the figure eleven.

Pitter patter, silver platter  
whose is the head that goes on top tonight?  
I was the brass key tied to the string of the kite and  
your were the lightening.  
If there was a rope from my head to my hands then I  
guess after this it would be tightening.  
I feel like the Yeti who reads in the paper reports of a  
farcical sighting.  
If barks could ever really be worse, there'd be no more  
biting.  
Isn't this exciting?

And there is nothing strange between two strangers.  
I am a mountain range and I don't need any rangers.  
And the people stay the same when the leader  
changes.  
Lift up your hands and extend two fingers

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