You feel the wavy lines.  
You are sick.  
Clark bleeds your arm again.
He gives you a dose of salts which make you worse. You have pain that does not stop. Clark gives you bark, laying it on your stomach.

The ghost horses are walking on the river. You think of walking with the horses. You could leave your sickness and follow them.

You remember the buffalo calves that followed you. They had lost their mothers and would be eaten by the wolves. You tell Jean Baptiste he will not be like them.

A little buffalo calf licks your arm from the other world.

You tell the ghost horses to leave. They are nothing you can ride. They do not pull a travois.

You see small beings. You call them animal spirits. Half animal, half spirit. Buffalo, elk, bear, no larger than a prairie dog.
You watch them like you see Lewis watch the animals. The buffalo has stars on its hind legs.
The elk has small spots on its back as if moons.
The black bear has hailstones for eyes. When it growls, white sparks fly from its mouth like snow.
Now you see smaller animal beings.
A badger with blue spots and a small lightning bolt for a tail.
A porcupine with a cloud riding its back. Its teeth pull your sleeve. But you know it is the baby they hold to your breast.

You see the white beaver without a tail. Your remember your grandmother's dream. How she gave you a white stone in the shape of a beaver without its tail.

[Clark]  
June 10th Monday 1805  
a fine day dry all our articles  
arrange our baggage burry  
some Powder & lead in the point, Some lead a canister of  
Powder & an ax in a thicket in the point at some distance,  
and in the large cache or hole we buried on the up land near  
the S. fork 1 mile up S.S. We Drew up our large Perogue into  
the middle of a small Island in the North fork and covered her  
with bushes after making her fast to the trees, branded sever-  
al trees to prevent the Indians injuring her, at 3 o'clock we  
had hard wind from the S.W.  
thunder and rain for about an hour after which we repaired &  
corked the canoes & loaded them. Sahcahagwea our  
Indian woman very sick I blead her, we deturmined to  
assend the South fork, and one of us, Capt Lewis or my self to  
go by land as far as the Snow  
mountains S. 20'. W. and  
examine the river & countrey  
course &c be certain of our  
assending the proper river...

Printed at the Book Arts Studio, College of Saint Benedict, on the occasion of Diane Glancy's reading, April 8, 2003.