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| Butchered, salted, barreled, they, too, went south on boats. Praise the common acreage that held the beasts of men— four thousand and more acres at St. Louis, all sweet grass and salt springs, trees for pigs, and room for horses to run. Praise the enclosures where the Kaskaskia met the Mississippi, where men made breeding pastures for horse, cattle, sheep and pigs. Praise for the brands and cropped ears that men used to claim the animals and keep them straight in the herds. Praise the fire, iron, and knife that let men own their beasts. Men were the givers and takers  of beasts' lives, letting beasts live their short while before slaughter. Praise for man's dominion. Praise for his way of sucking out the marrow of the land, its juices, roasting its flesh. Praise also the first ones here, for the natives who helped  establish the *cmokmanuk*, and then pushing back against them, stealing, shooting the Anglo beasts so well, that the *cmokmanuk* gave up their common forage fields, bringing  the iron hoops, the calls of love.” The rumbling trucks, carrying mail,  pipe fittings, frozen food, books, kitchen faucets, vitamins, all a city needs. Unicorn spires point upward to *Heofon*, paradise divine, the cozy home of God, heaven. The word once meant protected,  to the Anglos’ ancient ancestors,  and watched like shepherd dogs the flocks of apartment blocks, gathered around like ruminants.  Everything here is numbered now, as if we live to keep track of things. Every door, every vehicle, numbered-- every building is addressed. The streets, though named, are numbered in grids along the points of the compass. Apartment blocks stacked one atop another are numbered within and without for easy access.  All the dry cleaners, the courthouse, the groceries, the offices of lawyers, real estate agents, tattoo parlors, psychic readers, nail salons, the music store and the store for ideas, the dress shops, the pawn shops, and shops | their animals together on stock farms,  closely held, so closely they began to die more quickly of diseases. Praise to the natives for resistance, for their last desperate blows. Praise for the energy of the land, praise for the space of the land.   IV. *Cityscape /* *Heofon*  Winter dies in the arms of spring, and the city's veins and sinews throb with the movement of city lives.  The trinity of commerce, state, and church sits like hens above the traffic  tracing its way through neighborhoods.  No ancient buildings here, nor monoliths raised, except an occasional flag flying over the nesting hens that look down upon us like scurrying chicks. We nest among cornfields, tucked  away amid towers, rising up like sphinxes or unicorns asking all who pass, "Where are you bound, traveler? Stay a little here. Listen to our syncopated music: The children playing in the parks. The laughter in the streets around  with new methods came  to measure and divide the land into townships, plats, acreage.  The People helped at first, but were soon made to leave,  so the Anglos could acquire  an acre of land for the price of $2, or half the cost of a sheep.  III. *Praise for the Room*  Give praise that there was room  enough for the beasts to run and forage.  Praise for the horsetail grass, thick in the wetlands, in the shady woods, and for the acorns that fed the pigs, making them tasty to the French. Praise the fat hams, the salt pork and pork bellies that flowed south down the Great Muddy, to feed New Orleans. Praise for the cattle drive from Kaskaskia north to feed the settlement of Detroit. Praise for the salt pans boiling to preserve food and health. Praise for harvested fields and the cattle let loose to feed on snowy stubble. |