

# Unlike Any Other Day

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the sun breaks through  
the black clouds of a west coast sky  
and enters a small island

this island where we have lived  
for ten thousand years  
and I am a son to a people  
who once numbered in the thousands  
we were a great and respected people  
and now we are only about  
two hundred souls

this island has been through it all  
the sickness  
the Catholics  
the bottles  
and now  
the glass pipe  
of another devil

we try our best to live  
a good life and have a good mind  
and days like today  
as the sun breaks through  
our madness  
we are still here on this island  
in the middle of a river

and as the mountain snow melts  
and the early fish are near  
as the seagulls come back  
looking for a free meal  
and in the sky  
above the seagulls  
a young hawk tries her wings  
and soars over this island  
as it did ten thousand years ago  
so elegant  
so mysterious  
it soars  
above us  
but this time  
we are aware of the gift  
even as a new devil appears  
fades  
becomes  
disappears  
destroys  
and takes from us  
another piece of a people  
on an island  
so close to the touch  
of a young hawk's  
wings.