

Poems

Jordan Abel

hybrid

Mula, you son of your father, don't you dare to lie down!" They were Mexicans, a mixture of Spanish atrocity and Indian cruelty. In the latter class there was a tendency for the colors of the old Spanish stock,--coyotes, and other mixtures,--after being dormant for generations, to crop out again. Some years before he had conceived the idea of izing buffalo with black Galloway cattle; and with the characteristic determination and energy of the man, he at once set about finding a suitable range. The of the Galloway cow and buffalo proved a great success. Old Dorion and His Progeny--Family Quarrels. The individual in question was a half-breed, named Pierre Dorion; and, as he figures hereafter in this narrative, and is, withal, a striking specimen of the race on the frontier, we shall give a few particulars concerning him. From some wilful caprice, that worthy pitched his tent at some distance from the main body, and tethered his invaluable steed beside it, from whence it was abstracted in the night, to the infinite chagrin and mortification of the interpreter. The narrative of the Indian woman closes the checkered adventures of some of the personages of this motley story; such as the honest Hibernian Reed, and Dorion the interpreter.

speakers

An inquiry and answer followed identifying the . The convention was patiently listening to all the oratorical talent present, and my friends held out a slender hope that once the different had relieved their minds they might feel easier towards me, and possibly an exception would be made in my case. The were none other than the two cowboys whom he had accosted in the Mexican hotel. Evidently the were approaching the station. The hedge was thinner in some places than in others, and at times he could see not only the light through it but even the moving figures of the , and the occasional white flash of a summer gown. "And, Mrs. Mattern," continued, "if I may say so without offense, the age (real or imaginary) of the may make a difference in Albuquerque, but with our committee not the slightest." I am proud to tell you I have augmented our number of strawberry by nearly fifty per cent." According to his prudent habit, Eastman had the follow each other alphabetically. Then the speaking began, and the were welcomed, coming and going, with mild and friendly demonstrations. Unexpectedly I found embarrassment of choice dazing me, and I sat without attending to the later . Yet, on the other hand, Guy had one prize, and where merit was so even--I sat, I say, forgetful of the rest of the , when suddenly I was aware of louder shouts of welcome, and I awaked to Josey Yeatts bowing at us. An inquiry and answer followed identifying the .

whitewashed

He had come to Albuquerque for his lungs' sake a few years ago, and he still thrilled at the sight of bright-shawled Pueblo Indians padding along the pavements in their moccasins and queer leggings that looked like joints of stove-pipe; while to ride in an automobile out to Isleta, which is a terribly realistic Indian village of adobe huts, made the blood beat in his temples and his fingers tremble upon his knees. But his idea of luxury is sitting down in the kitchen to a real meal of beans and biscuits and all the known varieties of jam and those horrible store cookies and having the noise of the phonograph drowned every five minutes by a passing street car. He went out into a wide, , high-ceiled corridor, and from that into an immense room which, but for pool tables, bar, benches, would have been like a courtyard. Farther down the main thoroughfare were several weather-boarded stores. Nels was rubbing her hands, calling to her. She saw a house with clean wall and brown-tiled roof. The room Shefford entered was large, with logs smoldering in a huge open fireplace, blankets covering every foot of floor space, and Indian baskets and silver ornaments everywhere, and strange Indian designs painted upon the walls. Here were situated several edifices, the most prominent of which was a church built of wood, , and remarkable, according to Withers, for the fact that not a nail had been used in its construction. It was kept scrupulously

clean and . A
wall enclosed a court containing another adobe building, baked with the solar beams of many summers. It was a rudely built oval amphitheater, with crumbling, adobe walls, and roofed only over portions of the gallery reserved for the provincial "notables," but now occupied by a few shopkeepers and their wives, with a sprinkling of American travelers and ranchmen. Somehow, when she looks at a fellow, he feels like a nigger." "You can be very splendid when you want to give a man that feeling; he isn't right sure whether he's on the map or not," reproached the train-robber.

Jordan Abel is a Nisga'a writer from Vancouver where he is completing a Ph.D. at Simon Fraser University. Abel's first book, *The Place of Scraps* (Talonbooks), was a finalist for the Gerald Lampert Memorial Award and the winner of the Dorothy Livesay Poetry Prize. *Un/inhabited*, Abel's second book, is forthcoming from Project Space Press/Talonbooks in Spring 2015.