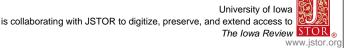
shimmer of being in time growing small, blue point in darkness dropping on a dark cry into unself where they move, on starry rapids riding down deep swells like dolphins through white foam and all of time a graceful curving as of dolphins in the deep surges of dancing gently upon the pointless point of their heavenly joy.

## A SUN DANCE STORY

For Indians, Water Boy's a good and honored job, being chosen to serve the singers and the dancers at any powwow means this person is someone learning, being taught by bringing water how we are-mostly it's younger people who do this, that's why Cousin Buck's story means even more to us, the man who gave him water wasn't young. He was hitchhiking there in Kansas-going up from Oklahoma to South Dakota, his car broke down, less than halfway from White Eagle to the Sun Dance at Crow Dog's Paradise he was out there in a parched July day on a Kansas back road where the meadowlarks were panting more than singing where they perched on the humming



telephone wires-he'd walked a mile to a crossroads hoping there'd be more cars, but the farmers passed him by, looked back at this tall Indian guy trying to thumb, probably out of prison, was what they told their wives and kids-but then this really battered pickup came along with two guys in it and it stopped and he ran up there as the door swung open. A white guy driving but an Indian man opened the door, "I thought he was an older man but I don't know why," is what Buck said-"he didn't look old, but still I thought he was. So I got in, I had no hat and my forehead was almost blistered, I'd been standing there or walking a little over three hours, I said I sure was glad they'd stopped, and the Indian guy reached round and came up with a bottle and offered me a drink and it was the coolest water I ever drank, and then he said looked like my forehead was about to blister, might wipe it off a little so I poured a little into my palm and splashed it on my head and man, that cooled me off almost like a block of ice, and I said thanks and then I saw we were coming to another crossroads there and the Indian guy said they were turning off up here, they'd let me off, there should be lots of cars, so they pulled over there and I got out, I felt so good, like I had just been swimming

or taken a cold shower-I thanked them all I could, and they turned right and headed on and I heard a car coming and looked back and it was a big green van pulled over to me then, turned out he was going all the way up to Pierre, so I'd get to Crow Dog's on time, I sure was glad, I needed this Sun Dance, you know this time our family would be dancing especially for Kelly and I was afraid I wouldn't make it there. So as I started to climb into that van I turned again to wave goodbye to those guys in the pickup who'd given me that water and there was no pickup there, I don't know how it got away so fast and I said to the guy in the van, 'Gee, that pickup must have really made time when it turned off at that crossroads there.' He looked at me real funny and after a little pause he said, 'I didn't see any pickup,' and that was when it hit me. So I realized this guy would think he'd let a crazy Indian high on drugs into his van, and I just said, 'I guess I stood there longer waiting after they let me off at that crossroads than I'd realized,' so then he kind of paused again and said,

'There wasn't any crossroads there,' and this time it was me that paused before I said, 'Jesus, that Kansas sun is just too hard on this old Okie's eyes,' and he laughed an uneasy laugh and all the way up to Rosebud we talked the littlest things, I mean like Presidential elections, football, all the kind of easy stuff you talk when you don't really know each other at all.