

EPISTLE FROM A TRAVELLER WITH  
FATHER HENNEPIN

Olde Father Hennepin does Tayme them Salvages with no Thoughte for Saftie.  
Hym coughing Colde in one of them Krazie Blankets, me Wondering  
If mayhap at any Moment they won't alle lose Controlle, Knocking  
Hym atop the Heade or Worse yet (that is to say: Bloodier).  
Not Attract'd to alle that Handiwork he can no more than Pitie them Soufullie—  
Commitment being, as I Understand it, merelie Highe Churche for Pitie—  
But then, in Sooth, he was Assign'd them Salvages, not as if his Desire.  
He writes Home to his Mother in Latin: "Ther is Some Thing  
Nastie about the whole Shooting Match, Mater."  
(Alle of this being to the Sounds of them Indians running  
Around like Naked Salvages blessing Trees and naming  
Ther Babies after one Byrde or another Byrde).  
They like the Wafer, I think, for Kannabalisticke reasons,  
This being Some Thing which he cannot Bring hymself to See.  
They do a lotte of Fancie Beade Worke, which don't mean Shite  
Or Onions when I think of You and New Orleans and  
I had liefer be Floating down this River on mye Backe . . .  
And they Walke too Quiet, almost Sneakie, and Smile at the Wrong Things.  
Well, Sweete Byrde, don't Harbour no Jealousyes—ther Women  
Being already Dumpie at Thirteen Years or even Less;  
Mye only Thoughte is for your Breasts and Slicke Thighs.  
Sometymes when I see hym Walking so Darke in the Woods  
I Wonder just what it is that he is After.