

## *Wi'-gi-e*

Anna Kyle Brown. Osage.  
1896-1921. Fairfax, Oklahoma.

Because she died where the ravine falls into water.

Because they dragged her down to the creek.

In death, she wore her blue broadcloth skirt.

Though frost blanketed the grass she cooled her feet in the spring.

Because I turned the log with my foot.

Her slippers floated downstream into the dam.

Because, after the thaw, the hunters discovered her body.

Because she lived without our mother.

Because she had inherited head rights for oil beneath the land.

She was carrying his offspring.

The sheriff disguised her death as whiskey poisoning.

Because, when he carved her body up, he saw the bullet hole in her skull.

Because, when she was murdered, the *leg clutchers* bloomed.

But then froze under the weight of frost.

During *Xtha-cka Zhi-ga Tse-the*, the *Killer of the Flowers Moon*.

I will wade across the river of the blackfish, the otter, the beaver.

I will climb the bank where the willow never dies.

Note: "Wi-gi-e," is spoken by Mollie Burkhart, whose sister, Anna Kyle Brown, was murdered during the Osage Reign of Terror.

## Birth

Armored in red, her voice commands  
every corner. Bells gong on squares,  
in steeples, answering the prayers.  
Bright tulips crown the boulevards.

Pulled from the womb she imitates  
that mythic kick from some god's head.  
She roars, and we are conquered.  
Her legs, set free, combat the air.

Naked warrior: she is our own.  
Entire empires are overthrown.

## Monarch

From milkweed to lupine a woman shadows  
a monarch. Slowly makes her way, conveys

her weight with care. Inside the womb her son  
flutters, then butterfly-kicks against walls.

The woman tracks a trail of burnished wings,  
migrating into the heart-notch of forest,

then settles on a lichened tree-trunk where  
underground rivers flowing out of snow-

mountain lakes rumble the decree of her  
unborn son: "*Journey farther, journey deeper.*"

Into darker woods she transports a monarch  
ruling, even now, unnamed territory.

# Under the Dome

For Agha Shahid Ali

At times they will fly under. The dome  
contains jungles. Invent a sky under the dome.

Creatures awake, asleep, at play, aglow:  
they float – unbottled genii – under the dome.

Southern Belle, a splash of black, dusted with gold,  
dissembles, “assembling,” acts shy under the dome.

Cattleheart, Giant Swallowtail, Clipper:  
sail, navigate sky high under the dome.

Like confetti – a wedding – bits of Rice  
Paper: sheer mimicry under the dome.

Magnificent Owl, in air, a pansy,  
it feeds, wings up, eye to eye, under the dome.

Name them: Monarch, then Queen, last Viceroy.  
What will scientists deify under the dome?

Basking against a leaf: a Banded Orange,  
displayed like a bowtie under the dome.

A living museum. Exist to be observed:  
never migrate, but live, then die, under the dome.

Lips, lashes, eyes. From the outside in,  
do beings magnify under the dome?

*Lepidoptera*. From the Greek: *Scale-wing*.  
Chrysalis. Stay, butterfly, under the dome.