

## When You See Me

in some dream and don't  
believe your eyes  
are closed, there  
is a sure way to tell  
if I am real.  
Give me your hand.  
You will feel the same  
chill I feel when the sky  
wants to open before  
it starts to rain,  
the chill a man who is about  
to die finds in the cone  
of the lily a girl cuts  
to put on his grave.  
She tries to wake him.  
The anther smears its pollen  
on the back of his wrist  
where the scar doesn't show.

The lines in his palm  
spell out your name  
except for the *t*  
which is not crossed  
and looks like the *i*  
with no dot or like  
the stem of the lily  
now that the girl is gone.  
The veins run parallel  
to my life. Under the surface  
roots form a sweet bulb  
like those Shoshone women  
dug with their camas sticks  
and saved to roast  
over tipi fires on cold nights  
when their men had gone  
to war or to follow  
the west trail home.

—Donnell Hunter