



POETRY FOUNDATION

Wokiksuye

BY ALLISON ADELLE HEDGE COKE

—in borrowed language in honor and memory of Bill Ice

Like a horse's tail
 so thick, black
 down past his waist
 beautiful. Wanyaka.
 Chemotherapy—
 white man's
 man-made cancer . . .
 doesn't distinguish
 between good or bad
 cells . . . just kills.
 The spirit is connected
 to the hair at the
 crown—pahin hocoka.
 The hair falls
 the spirit goes,
 the will is
 connected no more.
 Leukemia—
 cancer of the
 White
 Blood Cell.
 Lakota wicasa
 Oglala wica
 Ha Luta Oyate wicozani sni
 Kuja, unsika
 Canku Wakan o mani
 ma wanagi o mani
 wasigla
 ceya
 wokiksuye

wokiksuye
wopilamaye
miksuya
Canku Luta o mani
Canku Waste o mani
wohitika
iyomakpi, iyomakpi
ake—anpetu
anpetu waste
I knew him well.

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