

FOR ISHI

You were one of our favorite Indians,
Doing little things we could patronize,
Like counting your 50-cent pieces, but not
Minding the patronizing.
And the way you said things was
Downright cute, like
“Evelybody hoppy?” even if it may not
Have been original. When you got
Our diseases, we felt a little guilty,
But kept right on living, while you,
In the sunniest room in the old museum,
Dying, smiled wanly and said,
“You stay, I go.”

—Hugh Miller