

INDIAN TRADER

is more white than indian
but plays his 1/16 for all
it's worth. he's a hustler.
the kind who'll come right out
& tell you he's one & that
he's good -- soo good --
that if he was an alky
he'd be able to con everyone
into stashing a bottle for him.
he's come back to the reservation
after selling life insurance
for 14 years & built a trading post.
he hires the local girls at \$1/hr.
and hocks just about anything
for the local drunks can switch
from new york life insuranceese
to broken indin in a flash
but like anyone else who thinks
his shit stinks except better
than anyone else's it all
comes out the same.

OF COURSE THERE ARE MANY DIFFERENT VERSIONS
OF THIS STORY BUT

you know i can get
into my car & drive
across my reservation
in about 15 minutes
the paiute said.

well, if i get
into my car the first thing
in the morning & drive
all day that night
i'll be at the end
of my reservation,
the navajo said.

yeah, the paiute replied,
i had a car like that once.