

## Mary Bone

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### The Clay People

The clay people lived in the forest,  
Made pots and utensils,  
Hunted for food  
Lived off the land-  
Chanted around campfires,  
Made their own music  
Danced to a different drummer,  
They returned to the earth  
As the pow wow continued.

## **The Valley of Tribeca**

I was in the Tribeca Valley  
Where the buffalo used to roam.  
The canyons echoed drum sounds  
from a long time ago.  
Corn was planted row upon row.  
Tribes gathered from all around  
To celebrate the food gathered from the ground.  
Gourds still grow in the ravens below.  
Remnants of pots made from clay can still be found.

## **All You Left Were the Droppings**

When feathers were retrieved from  
Another's nest,  
You were trying to hide the evidence.  
You preened yourself  
Before other birds,  
Acted so cocky and shook  
Your tail feathers.  
As you flew out of sight  
I realized, all you left  
Were the droppings.

**Mary Bone's** poetry has appeared in *Oklahoma Today Magazine*, *Literary Yard*, *Poetry Pacific*, *Record Magazine*, *Spillwords* and numerous other publications.