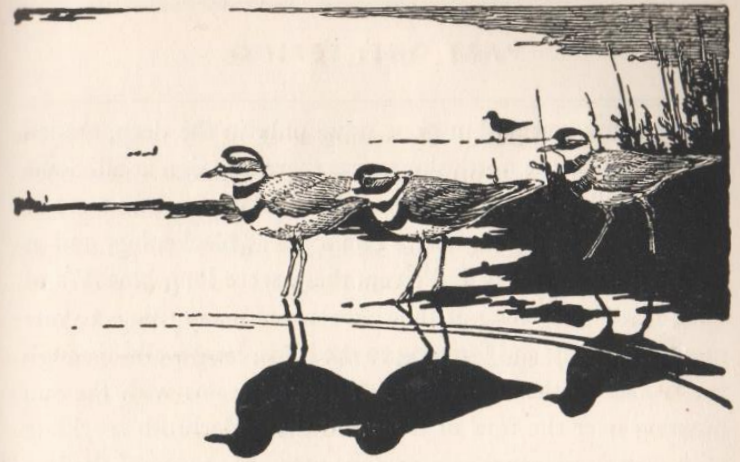


the primitive

undreamed



CHAPTER
THE STORM

the grass had
a soft lushness
which spoke of more to come.

listening to the

trees

meant

the end of many things—

round grass houses

cold water lay in every hollow,

muddy

willows grew around
my heart—

out of the past

flocks

laced

the afterglow.

It was over

I

would not be free until

sparrows

brought music

I could remember.

THE M

mating-calls

blended into

the snow

the sin

had

feathers

I did not actually see them kill

black wings

covered

the

sin

whitethroats

washed away

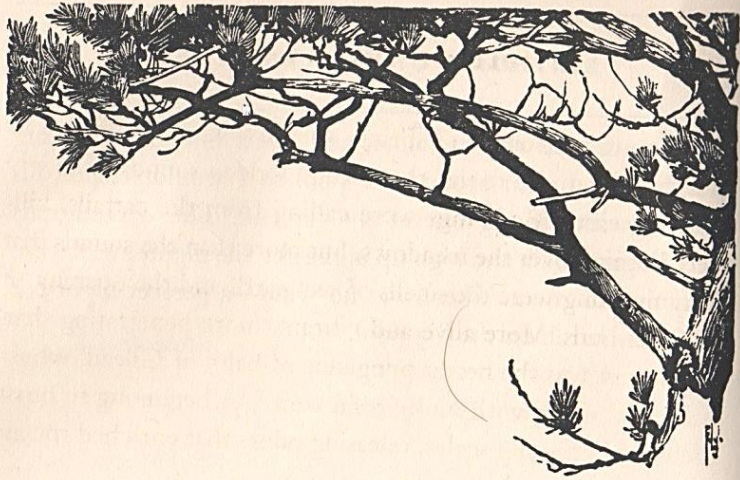
many years

THE STORM

the house,

their old nest

and its dangers past.



MORNING

is the time

morning

to go hunting.

Redwings
keening over the

wet earth and the opening

filled with sticky resin

, a dense thicket

I went into

that is found nowhere

it comes to me,

I thought of a city
of industry and burning

the city was

in the heart

of our ancestors

I have lived in a country
I never walk through

much living

too

Primitive

weather

in bloom

we

enjoy

vivid pictures of the past.

It was a desperate thing to do,

even before the snow
that comes later
flowers
melting drifts, and opening
what is to come.

I did not know
the morning
and the smoke
robins singing

I stayed there

to practice,

the primitive
undreamed



ON THE PRAIRIE

IT WAS morning

scarcely believe I could
the land was warm.

PART _____ ING

I had forgotten

this

vague sense of apprehension
without the protecting cover of

the forests

place to hide.

There was no

I wanted to feel

the closeness

of the pines;
the sin-

its head and

threw back

spoke

I came close.

sooty, garbage-feeding brethren
their breasts, shining

immaculate,

dragging the tips of gorgeous wings,

women and girls were arranging
a window.

I was
going through.

flowers were ev-
erywhere,

the larks
reflected
the prairie.

drifts of black silt

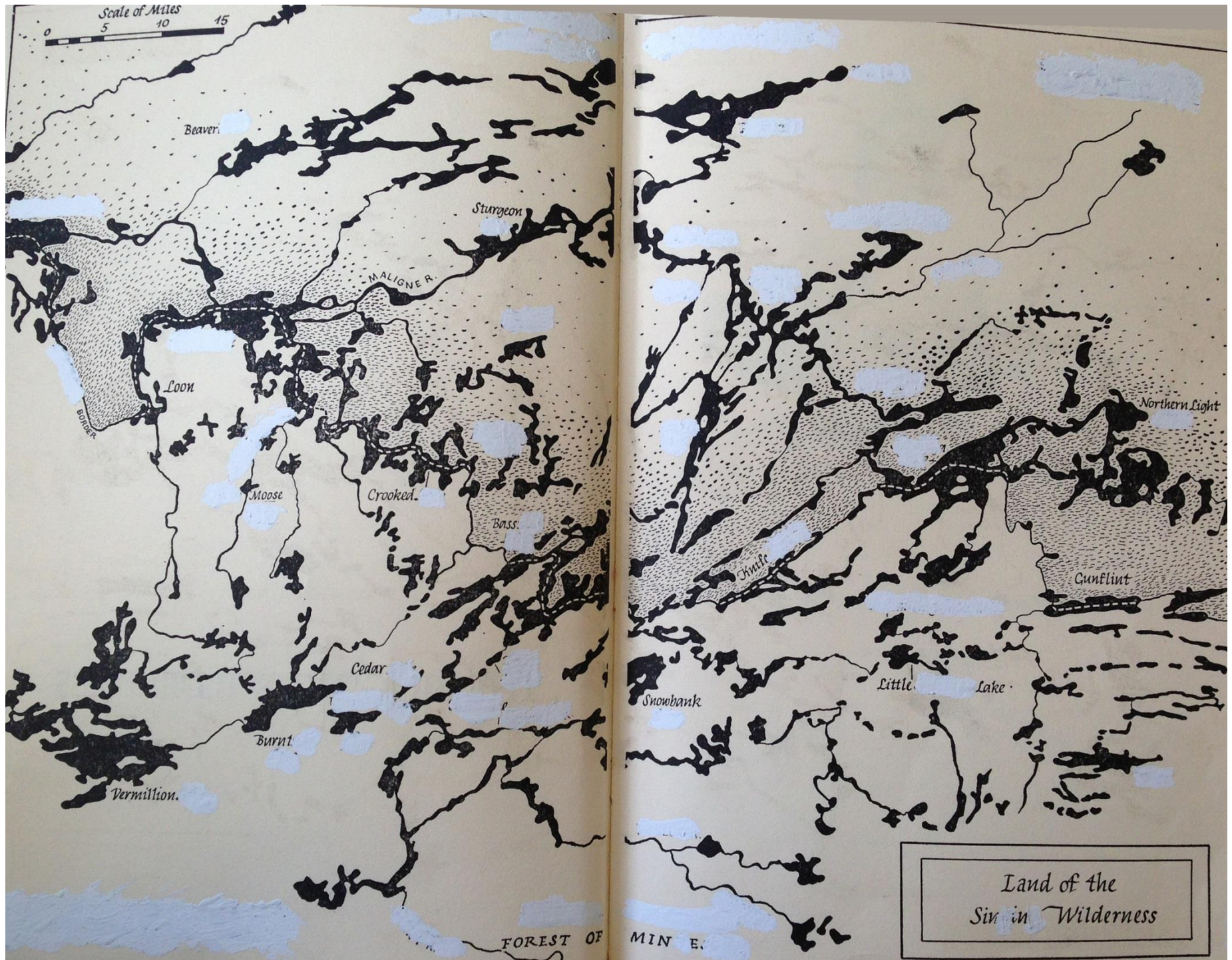
broken ancient s
uncounted

descend upon us.

the resurrection

out the window

it was real



Scale of Miles
0 5 10 15

Beaver

Sturgeon

MALIGNE R.

Loon

Moose

Crooked

Bass

Cedar

Burnt

Vermillion

Snowbank

Little

Lake

Gunflint

Northern Light

FOREST OF MIN E.

Land of the
Six in Wilderness

Michelle Dettore is the author of numerous chapbooks including *Fur Birds* (Insert Press), *How Hate Got Hand* (eohippus labs), and *Bellum Letters* (Dusie). She also makes visual poems, poetry objects, time-based poetry, and curates the public art project, The Poetry Booth. Her first full-length collection, *After-Cave*, was published by Ahsakta Press in September, 2014. She recently completed *The Sin in Wilderness*, a book-length erasure about love, animals, and affective geography. Her current project is a series of swamp poems narrated by dragons and bitchy ghosts. She lives in Santa Barbara, CA, where she edits Hex Presse and coordinates the Writing Center at Santa Barbara City College. She is also the poetry editor for Entropy. <http://michelledettore.com/>

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