

The Last Days  
of Crazy Horse



Gary David

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*Island Hills Books*

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**Prefatory Notes:** The term "Sioux is a French corruption of an Algonquian word used by the Ojibwas to mean "little adder." The Sioux people are divided into the Seven Council Fires. One of these divisions is the western, or Teton ("prairie dweller"), Sioux, which speaks a dialect known as Lakota ("ally.") In turn the Tetons are divided into seven groups. Spotted Tail (Sinte Gleska) belongs to the Sicangu ("Burned Thighs"), also known by the French term "Brule." Sitting Bull (Tatanka Yotanka) belongs to the Hunkpapa ("End of the Horn.") Crazy Horse (Tasunka Witko) [Ta-SHOON-ka WEET-ko] belongs to the Oglala, which means "They scatter their own." In turn the Oglalas are divided into seven smaller circles. Crazy Horse is a Payabya ("Pushed-aside"), originally called Hunkpatila. Red Cloud (Mahpiya Luta) is an Itesica ("Bad Face.")

The photograph on the front cover of this book is a copy of a tintype supposedly made at Fort Robinson in the summer of 1877. The tintype belonged to Baptiste "Little Bat" Garnier. (For a discussion of this photograph, see *The Killing of Chief Crazy Horse: Three Eyewitness Views*, Carroll Friswold, Arthur H. Clark Co., Glendale, California 1976.) On the back of my copy of the picture are the handwritten words: "Bat Garnier Ind Scout claims this is the famous war chief Crazy Horse reproduced from the tin type taken from Bats Trunk. Jake Herman to Ruth & Web. from Pte San Ymsta. Jake Herman." A friend to the medicine man Frank Fools Crow, Jake Herman was a singer and dancer on the Pine Ridge Reservation around the middle of the twentieth century. Most contemporary Lakota claim that Crazy Horse never allowed his picture to be taken.

## Prelude

Banished from sun dance planes  
of crystal stones & spirit helpers,  
eagle bones & red-tail feathers, he fell  
into a white welter. Bewildered  
by gilded colonnades, false backdrops  
of Victorian values, arabesque double-talk  
& black lacquered lies, his dreams  
of thunder drums in a rainbow hoop broke  
on a bugle blast of bluecoat brass.

All the while his kin were fighting  
over the fading of red power  
like camp dogs that scrapped at the last bit  
of bloody meat, he was seeking  
a vision of a new reservation west  
of the Black Hills on Beaver Creek. Still 1.  
some darker voice made Crazy Horse  
forfeit his quiet shade  
that fitful summer of '77—  
those last days after his surrender  
at Camp Robinson. Inside his eyes  
waning light rotted. White seed  
now raped the veined thighs  
of Grandmother Earth. Why then  
take that shapely mixed-breed  
daughter of a trader for another wife? 2.  
His own heart knew—as though he flew  
some higher life, his people  
there below: death-drunk & stumbling  
in a box canyon of fear.

# I

While shadows of the snake-eye Sioux  
“Hang-around-the-forts” uncoiled  
daydreams to catch & crush  
his rumored schemes of flight soon  
to hatch, Crazy Horse brooded  
on the white way the gold rush blinded.  
Breathing in the green night  
that grew outside his thin nest  
of sleeplessness, he’d hear again  
cottonwood leaves rustle & clack  
in the mice-bitten Moon of Making Fat. 3.  
A single noise might startle  
this golden eagle into one black bead  
of readiness. “It’s only the wind,”  
his first wife Black Shawl would whisper.  
Too late. He was already lost in a squall  
that fell all the way from last winter...

\*

*With a lack of game, hollow-eyed hunger  
came to the Tongue’s white waters.  
Red eyes scanned the snowdrifts so long  
the land looked black. Broken apart  
Stronghearts took their crooked lance &  
hoisted a truce flag. Eight warriors  
walked toward Ft. Keogh newly foisted  
on Lakota Land. With no warning  
a scruffy flock of Crow scouts  
flew out, let loose a flurry  
of gun shots sharp as their beaks.*

*When the smoke & snow ghosts  
swirled away, five Sioux lay dead.  
Rankled by this cruelty, Crazy Horse  
helped his people capture & butcher  
a herd of Army cattle—then rode off. 4.  
Over calf-deep snow a low-hung fog  
rolled in to clog heads with colds & spit  
icy pellets that stung like salt  
in saddle sores. Bear Coat Miles' men  
hunted down the hostiles with a pair  
of trundled cannons. Guarding their rear  
Little Big Man, Two Moon, & Crazy Horse  
lured the spoor-tracking troops  
into a canyon while the camp escaped  
through the Wolf Mountains. On rocks  
slick with sleet, bundled soldiers  
slid & stumbled up bluffs  
where the Indians hid. Cannon balls  
blasting all around, a blizzard  
bore down on the scene, & the Sioux  
vanished like white buffalo  
lost in the snow. Weary of wind  
gnawing their limbs, again  
toward the Bighorns they went. 5.*

\*

A gust made tiny leaf hands  
drum the shimmering skin  
of midnight sky. “Only the wind  
again...” Black Shawl coughed up  
into her threadbare blanket  
exploding needles of blood.

## II

White on red, black on yellow, green on blue,  
the calico Sioux learned to live on  
bad fry bread. (Squirring with weevil worms,  
even their flour would soon be gone.)  
Seasoned hunters who once lived just  
to dance their horses through the dust  
& thunder –spearing with lightning lances  
a blur of bloody fur– now chased  
white buffalo clouds across the sky  
or talked in whirlwind circles  
about the wisp of a chance  
to hunt the herd once more.

Again & again the red warrior  
inquired of his desired reservation  
to the northwest, but got no word.  
Agent Irwin discussed instead  
a trip to Washington, until at last,  
disgusted, Crazy Horse said:

“I am not hunting  
for any Great Father.  
My father is with me  
and there’s no Great Father between me  
and the Great Spirit.”

Like a campfire that flares just prior  
its smoke-smothered collapse, the last days  
of the open sun dance broke  
Lakota boredom. (A spirit-numbing  
common denominator on the new reservation.)  
This year the reserved conqueror  
of Yellow Hair won honors –as five hunters 6.  
crucified their own flesh & flew  
vision wings to the Grandfather's heart–  
so the People would live again.

Alone on a dizzy butte  
for four days, Crazy Horse fasted & prayed  
so the People would live again.  
And again he saw his own life  
end: an eagle thrashing  
wings pinioned by one  
brave & brutal kin.  
A bloody bayonet flashed  
golden in the setting  
red sun. Then all turned  
black.



### III

After the days began to shorten, the Sioux  
in silence watched bluecoat shadows  
drag off Dull Knife & his Cheyenne  
till they were but a puff of dust  
on the southern rim of sky. A whim  
of a white order to move closer  
to Red Cloud's village came, & Crazy Horse  
became a round black stone  
in the white water of change.  
When his old friend He Dog asked  
why he tried to hold back the flood  
alone, the light-haired Sioux replied:

“I am no white man! They are  
the only people that make rules  
and laws for other people, that say  
‘If you stay on this side of the line  
it's peace, but if you go  
on the other side, we'll kill you.’  
I don't hold to deadlines.  
There's still plenty of room—  
camp wherever you please.”

Now the news swarmed down from the north  
like bees: the Nez Percé want war!  
While rosehips blushed & goldenrod flared,  
the soldiers' faces flushed with rage.  
(They'd heard how Chief Joseph dared  
undo the noose of the White Man's word.) 8.

Sage & red willow smoke rose  
'round a Black Chokecherry Moon 9.  
turning full. When the Sioux were asked  
to act as scouts, Crazy Horse (who sensed  
the attack would soon turn as well  
to Sitting Bull) stood & spoke:

“You sent for me. I came  
in peace. I’m tired  
of war. But now the Great Father  
would again put blood on our faces  
and send us on the warpath. So!  
We’ll go north and fight until  
not one Nez Percé is left!”

But a white-bellied grudge against  
the red leader led the ‘breed’  
translator Grouard “the Grabber”  
to betray his truer blood. 10.  
What Lt. Clark heard Crazy Horse say  
& what he really said would differ  
in the transfer by a word or two:  
insert “white man” for “Nez Percé” &  
the talks were through—the council scattered  
like fire ants when a sharp shovel  
cuts their bristling hill. What evil  
spirits swam the eastern breeze  
that evening, none could tell.  
All seemed uneasy. Some  
would even catch a rank smell  
of fish rotting on the riverbank.  
From far off a dark undertow  
tugged at each heart.

General Sherman to General Townsend,  
Chicago to Washington, September 1:

Crazy-horse and the malcontents  
made their opposition on the grounds  
Maj. Hart was going out to fight  
Sitting-bull. I very much fear  
that Crazy-horse  
has been treated too well and  
he will give trouble.

## IV

The next day another larger council  
was set to meet at White Butte  
with Three Stars Crook, but the *winkte* 11.  
Woman's Dress whispered a rumor:  
Crazy Horse planned to massacre the moment  
the two shook hands. Vouched for by scouts  
Big Bat & Billy Garnett, this black lie 12.  
hissed its fork-tongued logic  
like hot wind through scorched grass.

When Lt. Clark laid a \$200 reward  
on the warrior's head, the "moccasin telegraph"  
relayed the word, & Crazy Horse fled  
with his dying wife toward Spotted Tail.  
Intercepted by a small Indian posse,  
he stopped dead, stared  
& shot back:

"I am Crazy Horse!  
Don't touch me!  
I'm not running away."

Scared as jackrabbits, no one stirred  
as the two rode east to find  
refuge in his relatives' camp...

*At noon along the black trail  
 the last full Moon of the Dark Red Calf* <sup>13</sup>.  
*rose again within. Winter's grip  
 like He Sapa evergreens growing  
 into bare stone cracked his heart.  
 Bear Coat demanded unconditional surrender  
 of the Crazy Horse band or else  
 he'd blast them again. (Half a world away  
 Congress passed the Black Hills bill—* <sup>14</sup>.  
*their loss on the books for good  
 or ill.) Crook worked more like the wind  
 of the Greening Grass Moon than Miles'* <sup>15</sup>.  
*bough-snapping, snowblind blizzards  
 of March: if Spotted Tail could talk  
 his nephew Curly to the fort, his Sioux  
 would not be forced to the Missouri. Low-down  
 Three Stars held up to Red Cloud as well  
 sky-blue hopes for a new reservation  
 on the Powder River. (Another white lie.)*

*When the Brule chief at last rode north  
 with bribes of grub, coffee & tobacco,  
 the son of Worm had gone. Fasting  
 on a dusky butte, the Teton warrior cried  
 to the spirits for an answer. His prayer  
 outlasted the stars. Out the of empty air  
 at sunrise, an eagle feather fell  
 before his eyes. Now he knew  
 what he should do: give up  
 his visions, lay down his arms &  
 live out his last red days.*

After years singing hard  
 a good hunt song, he found old allies  
 grown soft—talking long & loud  
 against him: Red Cloud, Big Road,  
 Young Man Afraid, even his uncle  
 Spotted Tail, who faced him now—  
 well-fed on a small fork of the White.

“My son, you’ve roamed like a fire  
 in the north. You are Oglala.  
 The Oglala are yours. But now  
 you come here like a wolf  
 with its tail between its legs.  
 Above us the sky is clear and the air free  
 of dust. The Sicangu keep peace.  
 I am their chief. All obey me.  
 All who come here must  
 obey me. I give you this good horse.  
 Go now. Return to your people.”

Each pause punctuated by a click  
 of rifles & a tense tick that quickened  
 Brule hearts, Spotted Tail’s speech ended  
 in a circle of braves shouting  
 a single *Han!* The Oglala mystic  
 could never reach the Red Road  
 of freedom now. Trapped & trembling  
 like a coyote caught in a black cage  
 of his blood’s treachery, Crazy Horse  
 got taken back to face his fate.

## V

From a rise near the end of his ride  
he saw again his first surrender  
four moons past divide & scatter  
the last hope of the People  
like a herd of hunted antelope.

\*

*Winged ones against him, down from the pines  
he headed up a ragged buckskin parade  
over the same torched terrain they escaped  
with soldier scalps from the Greasy Grass. 16.  
Through ashes of war dances Grandmother Earth  
again gave birth to light-green lances.  
To the West they prayed for bravery.  
To the North they cried for fortitude.  
To the East their heart songs flew  
to the Heart of Everything  
That Is, the Black Hills. As the smoke  
of longing rose above a smoldering  
hatred, they gazed through the haze  
of time at a brighter place & felt again  
(if only a moment) that red dawn's center  
the Island's inland peace forever  
surrounds. To the South—Grandfather Sun's way  
of wisdom & bounty—each one pressed  
with empty belly. Along the White  
cottonwoods near the post unfurled  
flags of first loves & fat calves.*

*Aged more by fear than years, Red Cloud  
came out to greet his former comrade  
with White Hat Clark at his side. At noon  
the limestone cliffs looked down  
through time to that hot flat  
distant as the moon. In a blue mist  
to the east, Crow Butte rose. Out of place <sup>17</sup>.  
a smile bloomed on the cracked face  
of an elder who remembered how  
an old foe once fooled the Sioux  
to escape. "Ho!" The Psa got us <sup>18</sup>.  
that time." Soon these tales would turn  
to dull wind through a skull.  
Flanked by Little Hawk & He Dog,  
Little Big Man & Big Road, on a yellow pinto  
Crazy Horse rode the last mile.  
Dismounting, he spread a red blanket  
on the ground, sat down & said:*

*"Today I untie my horse's tail  
and lay down my gun. Kola, <sup>19</sup>.  
I shake with my left hand, the side  
my heart is found, because the other one  
does all kinds of evil.  
I want this peace  
to last as long as the rivers run  
and the grass greens."*

*Rising to offer the six directions  
of the Great Spirit the sacred pipe  
to make good his word, he went on:*



*“One does not sell the earth  
where the People walk.  
The Black Hills belong to my people.  
They will go there when I’m gone.”*

*Then he gave his sacred shirt  
to Red Cloud & lowered his head.  
A crowd of bluecoats murmured  
among themselves—a lowing herd  
that chewed the tough meaning  
of each word with their own tongue.  
After He Dog put a war bonnet  
on White Hat, the tattered train  
of nine-hundred Sioux began again, tottering  
on the last leg of freedom.  
What was left of their buffalo world  
travois would haul—the howl of dogs  
to echo their pain. From bluff to bluff  
toward a rough stockade, one voice  
of many hearts made its way  
across a plain to haunt the basin  
where Robinson lay. Thundering  
a song of suffering  
marched in to hard defeat  
their unbeaten spirits.  
But now, at least, they’d eat.*

\*

As the Bad Face camp came into view,  
cottonwoods flashed their last green  
backs before the first few flecks  
of frost-gnawed gold took hold.  
Crazy Horse shook hard  
his head to rid the wet fur  
of whatever hurt  
his last dogged days  
might recall. Maybe the white man  
really did shoot him  
with the black box to let fall  
his red shade forever  
dead on the paper. The same day  
Crazy Horse was blinded  
by the white fire  
that lit the picture, the translator  
Little Bat pointed  
at the camera, used the odd word  
“future,” but refused to carry it  
into Lakota.

## VI

General Crook to General Townsend,  
Cheyenne to Washington, September 5:

Crazy Horse was at the Bottom  
of the whole trouble at both agencies.  
I have ordered Bradley to send him off  
where he will be out of harm's way.  
You can rest assured that everything  
at the agencies is perfectly quiet  
& will remain so.

Ushered back to Soldier Creek  
in the rush of a mental maelstrom, Crazy Horse  
would fail to dream that specious order  
might well spirit him off  
by midnight stage & rail to die  
in chains on Florida's Dry Tortugas.

Slow as an iron ball, the sun crawled  
across the plains—no longer a Grandfather.  
While Red Cloud's followers circled 'round,  
the prisoner cloaked in a scarlet blanket  
got led away to the dark corner  
of his last day. The hot air above  
galvanized the ever-shifting poles  
of hate & love. With Crazy Horse between,  
Touch the Clouds & Little Big Man  
clipped through the rifle-cocked crowds  
to the "paper world" of the adjutant's office.  
As they passed, agitated He Dog  
gasped: "Beware! You're headed straight  
for the lair of a mountain lion!"

At that moment the Spotted Tail agent  
Lt. Lee was pleading with Col. Bradley  
to let the case of Crazy Horse be heard.  
The final word: "It's too late."

"Tomorrow morning then?..."

The gray-faced officer cast  
a shadow bleeding the old sin  
of his own lost race across  
a saffron ray of slanted sunlight—  
dust motes floating inside. Ashen eyes  
fixed their hard stare with a hush  
of steel. At last he replied:

"My order *must* be obeyed."

With a black heart & a merciful lie,  
Lee went back to comfort the captive:  
"They won't harm one hair on your head!"  
Then Little Big Man wrenched  
the sinister arm of Crazy Horse  
& said "Come along, you coward!"  
A greenhorn soldier seized the other  
with strict orders to lock him up.  
Beyond a door square as a coffin  
he saw —his eyes wide with fear  
like those of a whitetail frozen  
by a prairie fire— the iron bars!  
Penned inside that dark pale,  
he'd never see the stars circle  
nor ever ride the wind's breath  
again. His wingéd spirit snatched  
a death rattle of chains as he beheld  
untold pains that chilly cell  
could hold: water snakes hatched  
from a white man's skull.

An eagle screeched through the cave  
of his heart, & Crazy Horse drew  
from his wrap flying off in the dust  
a flashing butcher knife to slash  
a thin red line of beads on the wrist  
of the petty 'big man'—who tried to pin  
his arms. Struggling free at last  
he charged through a blinding door  
of steel-blue sky. While warriors pledged  
to American Horse & Red Cloud cried  
“Kill him! Kill him!”, Capt. Kennington shouted  
“Stab the son of a bitch!” In slow motion  
Crazy Horse witnessed the blood gilded  
on an iron sun that rested  
on the western rim & knew —far off  
as his former life— this scene mirrored  
his mountain vision now come true.

Like a lightning bolt from the eye  
of a Thunderbeing, a red-bearded private <sup>20</sup>  
lunged his bayonet—which stuck  
in the open door. Yanked out, his gun butt  
hit the black stone dreamer Chips  
& knocked him down. In an uproar <sup>21</sup>  
of soldiers & red men, cold steel  
struck again!—& again! This time  
the fright-thrust blade speared  
right through the back, stabbing to the quick  
this mild man the Great Mystery made  
spiritual warrior. Anger grappling  
with agony, Crazy Horse staggered.  
Stunned by the wild fire  
in his wound, he spun 'round &  
groaned (as if to the whole white world):

“Let me go, my friends.  
You've killed me at last.”

—then dropped like a stone to the dust.

When the colonel received word  
of what occurred, relieved, he smugly relayed  
this repartee: "Please give my compliments  
to the Officer of the Day. He's to carry out  
his original orders and put Crazy Horse  
in the guardhouse." Behind a fingernail moon  
of faithful Sioux who waxed round  
his limp frame, *Tasunka Witko* glimpsed  
a glittering ghost road beyond  
his earthly fame. Four bluecoats started  
to move him, & carbines clicked  
like clockwork—barrels balanced  
on the breathless air, a hair's breadth  
from bloodshed. "For God's sake, Captain,  
stop," begged Big Bat, "...or  
we're all dead men!" Vexed by this savage  
allegiance, Bradley countermanded  
his order, & the wounded warrior  
got hauled off to an adjacent office.

While He Dog laid a cover  
over the fevered body  
each labored breath  
yearned to be the last.  
In the east evening spread  
a blanket of quiet  
blue. To the west  
the late summer sun  
had turned to rust.

## VII

A violet twilight shifted  
to shades of gray huddled within  
a tight room where the war chief lay  
on a damp floor—his red life  
trickling away like blood.  
As the good Dr. McGillicuddy lit 22  
a flickering lamp, sooty shadows crept  
across a face that now strained  
to free itself from a white mask  
of pain. Beyond the dark hills'  
bison bones, medicine drums began  
to drive his heart on an inland sea

of vision. Numb as Niobrara stones,  
the young cousin Touch the Clouds kept  
a voiceless vigil. All had forgotten  
a last request the Hunkpatila made  
so he would live again:

“Paint my body with ocher, then  
plunge it in the running water  
of any river and I shall rise  
again. Otherwise, my bones will turn  
to stone, my spirit  
start to wander.”

Soon the warrior's withered father  
(who once had given young Curly  
his greater name) gazed upon his son  
then turned child again within  
watery eyes which seemed to ask  
one anguished word: “Why?”

With trembling hands wrinkled  
as the Badlands, the elder caressed  
a restlessly tossing forehead  
of his own flesh & blood—wrestling now  
the spirits of destiny's dead.  
He bent low & whispered  
in his ear: "Son, I am here."  
That voice still warm  
with first tipi memories  
brought the boy back:

    "Father... it's no use  
    for the People to depend on me  
    any longer. I am going to die."

Struggling to rise  
his last murmured prayers  
fluttered away fast  
as crimson dragonflies.  
His eagle body now lay empty  
of the sun-lit prairies  
& thundering gullies he loved  
to circle above.

Covering the rest of him  
with a red blanket, Touch the Clouds  
to the Great Spirit said:  
    "That is the lodge of Crazy Horse." He rose  
then like a lodgepole pine, pointed  
through dark beams to the sky &  
spoke again: "The chief has gone above!"  
As he dropped his chin, a flood broke  
deep within, which swept both hearts with grief  
until these warriors wept.



## Postlude

Out the window cloud-hills heaped  
a shadowy shroud on Grandmother Earth.  
Moonlight eroding limestone buttes, still  
the milky night was—as if the breath  
of time were held. Overhead  
the Ghost Road shimmered  
a hush of misty embers.  
In the distance beyond  
death, a solitary red figure  
unhitched his horse from the Star  
Which Never Moves, & started to ride  
south toward the spirit world  
this world's a pale echo of.

A smooth brown pebble  
behind his ear, hovering  
with untied hair, he threw a handful  
of mole dust at his bay mare.  
As a medicine bundle bounced  
on his chest, he chewed  
dried eagle heart & brain mixed  
with purple asters. Crowned  
by a red-tailed hawk, he hung  
a round white stone  
from a leather thong  
beneath his left arm & began  
to chant his spirit-sung  
warrior's song:

*“Hoka hey!*

It is a good day  
to fight.

*Hoka hey!*

It is a good day  
to die.

Strong hearts, brave hearts  
our women will cry.

*Hoka hey!”*

With a crackling streak of lightning  
stroked up one cheek &  
white spots of hail that danced  
on a body lean as a willow stick,  
he glanced back again  
toward his dear Black Hills—  
then started to disappear  
like pipe smoke dissipating  
on an autumn wind. Riding  
through sacred space, his spirit  
aspired among the farthest stars  
until it became one. Like a tear  
gliding 'cross the face of midnight,  
the flame of the red son fell.

## ENDNOTES

1. This Beaver Creek is located west of the Black Hills and empties into the Cheyenne River. It should not be confused with the creek on the eastern slopes of the Hills near the town of Buffalo Gap, South Dakota, nor the one east of Chadron, Nebraska, that flows into the White River.
2. Crazy Horse's marriage to the eighteen-year old Nellie Larrabee may have been arranged by Lt. William P. Clark, temporary commander of Camp Robinson located in northwestern Nebraska, or by Chief Red Cloud.
3. the Moon of Making Fat, i.e., June
4. This incident at Ft. Keogh on the Yellowstone River near present-day Miles City, Montana occurred December 16, 1876.
5. Col. Nelson A. Miles attacked at Battle Butte, Montana, on January 8, 1877.
6. Yellow Hair, i.e., Lt. Col. George Armstrong Custer
7. The Cheyennes under Chief Dull Knife and Chief Little Wolf were removed to Indian Territory in Oklahoma. They escaped in the fall of 1878 and headed for the Powder River country. Starved and frozen, only half of the 300 people survived the march. The survivors were captured and imprisoned at Ft. Robinson. On January 9, 1879, the Cheyennes broke out of the cavalry barracks in which they were being held and tried to escape. 64 Cheyenne men, women, and children along with 11 soldiers were killed in the battle that ensued.
8. To avoid being taken from their beloved Wallowa Valley in Oregon and relocated on the Lapwai Reservation in Idaho, Chief Joseph and his Nez Percé fled for nearly four months over 1,600 miles. In one battle alone he lost 80 men, women, and children. He was forced to surrender on October 5, 1877, near the Bear Paw Mountains in Montana, just 40 miles short of his destination of the Canadian border and Sitting Bull's camp. After the Battle of the Little Bighorn, Sitting Bull and his Hunkpapa Sioux had headed north, finally crossing the border on May 5, 1877—a day before Crazy Horse surrendered at Camp Robinson near Red Cloud Agency.
9. Moon of the Black Chokecherries, i.e., August
10. Some say Frank "the Grabber" Grouard was born in the Sandwich Islands to a Mormon missionary and a Polynesian woman who later took him to California. There he was supposedly given to family bound for Utah, where he eventually made his way to Dacotah Territory. Others believe he was the son of a French Creole steamboat cook and a Sioux woman living on the upper Missouri. In any case, this scout and interpreter knew both Sitting Bull and Crazy Horse well.

11. *Winkte* is the Lakota word for "transvestite"; one of the members of the sacred Berdache Cult, who assumes feminine traits and duties, and sometimes marries another male.
12. Baptiste "Big Bat" Pourier and William Garnett were well-known interpreters on the Great Plains.
13. Moon of the Dark Red Calf, i.e., February
14. The bill that authorized the taking of the Black Hills from the Sioux was passed on February 28, 1877.
15. Moon of the Greening Grass, i.e., April
16. Greasy Grass is the Indian name for the Little Bighorn River.
17. A Sioux legend says that a band of Lower Brule once camped at Crow Butte, about 8 miles east of the present Ft. Robinson. The Sioux encountered a party of about 30 enemy Crow Indians and chased them to the summit of the butte. This butte has nearly vertical cliff faces in all but the one easily guardable spot that the Crow had climbed up; thus, the Sioux assumed that they had effectively trapped the Crow on top. In the middle of the night the Sioux heard one Crow singing his death song and thought they were preparing to meet their end. At dawn the attacking Sioux climbed the butte and found it had been abandoned. The Crow had hoisted themselves down the other side with ropes and escaped in the darkness.
18. *Psa* is the Lakota word to designate the Crow Indians.
19. *Kola* is the Lakota word for "friend."
20. The sentinel whose bayonet fatally wounded Crazy Horse was Pt. William Gentles.
21. Chips (or Horn Chips or Encouraging Bear) was the great Sioux medicine man who had given Crazy Horse a *yuwipi* pebble to protect him from bullets. The blow Chips received from the butt of the rifle dislocated his shoulder and perhaps even broke his collarbone.
22. Dr. Valentine T. McGillycuddy, post surgeon at Camp Robinson and later Pine Ridge agent.

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*'My friend, why should you wish  
to shorten my life by taking from me  
my shadow?'*