

**Two Renegades III** by Robin Gile

When we camped in the llanos

In a very plain site

We laughed quietly,

For they had called us horse thieves

And we had stolen so much more than that...we had stolen our lives

A slave of the Comanche, with blood of the Mandan

Met with a mad huerto from Mexico

And we knew each other.

"Brother," you said to me,

You always called me brother,

As we sat back to back

No fire to blind our vision,

Under a moonless sky,

The stars mad and wheeling in the nite.

"Brother, shall we go again to Santa Fe

Before the cold?"

And I replied, "No Santa Fe is filled

With those with words but not heart.

There are none there now

Who can become the Badger or the Coyote

And that Woman there, who lives with the Bear

She has lost so much now she never goes anywhere."

Then I got lost in the stars, and you turned into a coyote

Not coming back "till you needed a cactus thorn

Removed from your paw.