

Night Watch, *Cannonball North Dakota*

The hills above us glow under floodlights.
Drones move between them like shooting stars.
A plane hums close, dark,
capturing our body heat in infrared,
capturing the blaze of the Sacred Fire at the camp's center.
Eight months it has been burning,
and all its smoke is prayers,
and all its prayers are water.
All its prayers are the Missouri,
icy under yellow bluffs.
All night, the cameras circle.
All night, the smoke rises as resistance.
The smoke rises as resilience.
The smoke rises as the people rise.
The fire must blind the watchers.