BREATH

WE

BREATHE

deCoy Gallerina

We went to YELLOWSTONE!!!

I can't even begin to say it...
It was sooooo amazing!!!

The last day was like being on the most brilliant, lucid peyote high
Everywhere our eyes lit, was lit
To the point of stupefying the critical mind
I went beauty blind, as in 'snow blind'
My eyes and heart ached

******
Antelope trotted across the sloped plain
Looking back over its shoulder
I said "Watch the animals, look where they look."
We'd seen many signs warning of Bear activity
With my eyes, I followed the Prong Horn's gaze
Thinking a Bear might be approaching
I glimpsed a flurry of beige to my right, just beyond a ridge
SUDDENLY, locked eyes with Coyote on the hunt

I must have looked small
Maybe the red I was wearing looked like blood
Ears cocked forward, a crouched with a quick pace...predator
Directly towards me
His approach filled with territorial intent
He sped

ALARMED, I exclaimed "What do we do!?
It's a dog, it's aggressive!! IT'S COMING RIGHT AT US!!
Nonchalantly you replied "It doesn't even see us."
My attention held to Coyote's dead eye contact
I declared "YES IT DOES...WHAT DO WE DO!?"
You checked Coyote, said "Don't run."
I said "GET A ROCK!"

When I first saw Coyote
I focused my camera on him, turned it on
Never breaking eye contact during all of this
I could feel his fangs clamp down on my flesh
Tear my limbs, taste my blood
This is what I saw through his eyes

You FOUND a large rock
We turned to face Coyote
Ready to fight

Coyote came near...looked us both over
You're so tall and we were ready
Coyote thought twice
Veered to the right of us, skirting our stand
Changed his posture to a gesture of "JES KIDDIN!"

But, as he looked over his shoulder
He bared his fangs and snarled a quick one
"FOILED AGAIN!"

After that, Coyote clumsily sat down and scratched behind his ear
Just like any other dog would
Then, sniffed the air and continued his pursuit of Antelope
Who was, by then, LONG GONE!!

Coyote, we are linked in four phases

Driving down the highway later
We passed Coyote trotting nonchalantly
Across a meadow of tall green grasses
Head high, eyes alert
Once again in pursuit of Antelope
Doing what Coyotes do in their world

Further on

SUDDENLY:
Coyote was at road kill
On the white line separating the lanes
A split second ahead of us!
You mumbled a quick curse
Wisely did not step on the breaks, did not swerve
Avoided losing control of the car, avoided an accident
Avoided killing Coyote

WHO WAS QUICK
HE SPUN 'ROUND
TORE OFF TO THE RIGHT
OUR BUMPER JUST MISSING HIM!

Only the tick of his tail tapping our fender
Told of Coyote's near fatality
Into the desert he safely disappeared
Like Coyote's do

******

We saw everyone's babies in Wyoming
We saw a brick-red, threeday old Moose
Two gangly, homely, cute as shit teenage Moose
Lanky baby Elk, Bison children suckling

A few feet away
Mountain Goat kids darted out from steep cliffs
Playfully kicking, chasing each other, bleating with excitement
Tiny, young black birds with cadmium orange tinged heads
Gathered at our feet chirping excitedly

Still as ice, no more than a yard away
A delicate fawn stared

It's huge, shiny, black eyes unblinking
As it waited for our car to pass
Waiting to rejoin it's camouflaged mother
Invisible to us, just across the narrow road

Ethereal, a hallowed, soprano symphony whispered, whispered
Rang chillingly, precariously, preciously from snow shrouded peaks
Reverberated hidden valleys
(The call of my own abandoned psyche)
Echoed; private meaning conveyed
Decipherable only to apparitional hunters
Converging mysteriously, magnetically
At the sinuous, sublime siren call

"Did you hear that!?"
As if it existed and welled up solely
From the depths
Of my own haunted soul
Inaudible to any other
Ravenous
Primal
Forbidden testimonial
To survival

A teenaged Black Wolf tore at a carcass of chalk white ribs
Protruding from an icy, freezing river

SO CLOSE

A nocturnal Red Fox passed just beneath my car window
Just beneath my fingertips
A Blue Heron uttered a guttural, rumbling threat
Mimicking a Mountain Lion's growl
Causing us to stop dead and gasp
In harlequin masks, gentle ducks rippled calm waters
Shuffling dried Aspen leaves
A fluffy, chubby, funny ground hog rooted for...
What else??? ROOTS!!

SO CLOSE

We glimpsed a blonde Grisly digging near the highway
A Black Bear grazing on a hill, limping, it's paw injured

******

We saw, we saw...

A mother Black Bear with twins
Brown and black, only a couple of months old
She bathed in a spring, then exhausted, rested beneath a tree
A single mom caring for two babies
TUMBLING, THEN SCRAMBLING UP A TREE
LIKE A FLASH YOU COULD BARELY SEE!!!
Two quick playful babes

SO CLOSE, so mellow, sooooo RARE

Seeing this little family brought to me
My HUMANITY
A young mother and her darling little ones
Just trying to survive in this world...THE ODDS
When we had to leave
I felt like I was leaving my own little family
My tribe, my rare culture
My eyes teared and teared and teared

******

We saw every king of wild land formation
Strange, angled, fantastically entangled geometries
(over, under, sideways, down)
Earth sliced and tossed like no cake of salad could ever be

Clear pools of boiling ACID colors
Our most phantasmical dreams mirrored back at us
Hypnotically bubbling pots of molten, pastel clays
Geysers, the sacred, steaming breath of Terra
Lifted high into cool, blue, misty clouds

Vast ICE lakes in unbelievable SUNBURST patterns!!????
Awesome things to make me aware

Of my limited, banal imagination
Visions beyond "ME"!

WE SAW GOD

The universe spoke
Behind my ear
Pulled me
Where there is no hearing
Pure presence

...to once immense; their circumference as wide as you are smart;
Ancient, Petrified Trees on a peaceful mountain slope
Concentric rhythms of opaque glass
In candied orange and caramel colors

Above signs warning of eminent death to the right of us:
"BEAR ACTIVITY, DO NOT ENTER, MANY PEOPLE HAVE BEEN KILLED!"

Humbled, I surrendered

I was soooo STONED!!

Wyoming 'GAVE IT UP' to us!!!

If anyone ever asks my religion
It's "WYOMIAC"!
I am transformed, purified; "STONED EMMACULET"!

I wept to leave

******
...and when we did
I wept again

The week after we...returned home
Our very good friend
An incredible musician, comedian, philosopher, literati and compulsive
A homeless person who proudly slept on the beach
Played for coins at Bart
Gave his life to art...
DIED

BOTTLES, BOOZE, NEEDLES, PILLS
OBESSIONS, PROJECTIONS
INJURIES WITHIN

ESCAPE: NONE

BUT, TO FACE WHERE COYOTE'S SNOUT SNIFFS
Our history, our plight, our will to fight or not
That trickster sense of powerlessness within
That fools us into acts of foolery

His Coyote got him...he probably OD'd
And, through the sadness, through the sense of helplessness
Understanding, compassion, forgiveness
Of him...of ourselves

******
It could have been you
Had you not made the decision to fight for your life
To do what it takes to have your life...in a right way

******
He was one of those brilliant stars
That streaks across a moonless, midnight sky
He was like "Into the Wild" man
A truth see-er and sayer
Despite his Coyote
In tandem with his Coyote

His unique brilliance was overcome by his

CIRCUMSTANCE and CONDITIONING
I got footage of him performing two weeks before he died
It's on Youtube, look for Patient Zero "Wal*Mart"

******

The weekend after he passed, we were digging in our yard
The wind was blowing a different and peculiar kind of wind
Fabulous, WILD!!
Not warm, not cool...shooting, rippling, buffeting
Tugging from every side

A PLAYFUL, EXUBERANT WIND

THINGS WERE BRIGHT, ALIVE
FILLED WITH BREATH AND MOTION

I FELT EXTREMELY EXHILERATED, AWAKE!!!
The world was full of CHARGED ENERGY
ECSTATIC PRESENCE, PURE CONNECTION!!!

******

I believe they stay around for awhile
You can talk to them
They talk to you

YOU FIND YOURSELF STARING OFF
JUST STARING OFF

LISTENING

Seeing pictures in your mind
Feeling...them

******

IN THAT MOMENT
HE WAS HERE!!!

He WAS the wind, the leaves, the grasses and weeds
The bug and flowers, the sky and dirt...the cat!!!

At this realization, my face lit with surprise!
I was filled with amazement, DELIGHT!

I turned to you, your body filled with grieving
I looked all around us
Into your eyes I said

"NOW HE'S EVERYTHING!!"

******
He's in everything
He IS everything

I'm in everything
I'm in him
I breath, I breath him in
He's in me, his spirit is in me
We breath, we breath him in

He's in us
ALL OF US!!!

Spirit

Transformed

He's no longer confined by the matter which once focused him
The flesh through which he experienced
Felt pain and pleasure
Gained understanding
The MATTER which manifested, reflected, expressed
CONTAINED Him

HE IS FREE

Still, he will be missed
His; him and only him
Perceptiveness, wit and buoyance

He's returned, or evolved

It makes sense
We come from everything or a nothing thing
We all return to it all
Re-enter, become IT ALL...

The trees, the leaves, the water, the dirt, the air

THE WIND
FILLED WITH SPIRIT
IS THE BREATH WE BREATHE

ENERGY

Transformed

I no longer have fear in my heart

******
Coyote
We meet once more
While hiking the blonde California hills
Your rich fall coat blending
You watche us peacefully as you cross over a ridge
We watch you
The beauty of your gait as you disappear

******
My surrogate mother just passed due to cancer
And, yesterday I found out my surrogate dad, her husband died also...

My aunt, who once told me there were once
FEMALE GAHE' (my tribe's spiritual protectors)
The aunt from San Carlos Reservation
Also, recently succumbed to cancer
My step father has been PURIFIED
There have, as always, been the deaths of elders
Sadie our dog...just barely survived yesterday

I dedicate this to all of them
To our friend
To Coyote
To you
To us

ALL OF US

SEEN
And, UNSEEN

The Universe spoke
Where there is no hearing
PURE PRESSENCE

The wind filled with spriits
Is the breath we breath

ENERGY
TRANSFORMED

DEDICATED TO

PETER J. MCINTYRE &

PATIENT ZERO

& to all our loved ones, the environment and all beings see and unseen.

SPECIAL THANKS TO OUR PARTIAL FUNDERS:

THE CHIRICAHUA WARM-SPRINGS TRIBE OF NEW MEXICO
& PETER J. MCINTYRE

DECOY GALLERINA: SHORT BIO 2022

STATUS & ORIGINS: Rebel Irish/Chiricahua Nde' (Chakonen, 'Fort Sill' Apache; the group Geronimo & Cochise are from), Matriarch/Elder, Culture Bearer, Two-Spirit,
Cross-Platform/Cross-Genre Life Long Artivist & direct descendant of Cochise
Raised in San Francisco/New Mexico/Apache/Oklahoma

STYLES: Psychedelic Stomp to Deep Traditional works

GENRES: Beadwork master, costuming, painter, installation and performance art, video, lyricist, composer, writer, performance artist, actress, singer, dancer, visual artist, perpetual student

MEMBER: Chiricahua Warm-Springs Nde' (Apache) Tribe of New Mexico, Theatre Movement International, Radical Medicine, Idle No More, Member/Curator Komotion Int'l SF, more...

TRAINING: Nde' ceremonies, several decades study and research in Chiricahua cultural aspects with Tribal Historian, Cultural Expert, Linguist & tribal member; Leland Michael Darrow, extensive private training in music, dance, arts & training with Nde' Grandmother Minnie Nicholas in writing, beadwork, painting and with mother Caroline and aunt & Mary Zurega in costuming, music appreciation and San Francisco 'Live Culture'

INFLUENCES/TEACHERS: diverse Bay Area culture, Leland Michael Darrow, Jill Parker, Rene Yanez, BadUnklSista, Rudradeep Chakrabarti, Charles Justin Hoover, Guillermo Gomez-Pena, Janeen Antione; American Indian Contemporary Arts Gallery, Black Panthers and their artist; Emory Douglas, American Indian Movement and Richard Oakes, AIM WEST; Tony Gonzales, La Pena, Standing Rock Red Warrior Camp, Pennie Opal Plant & Isabella Zizi; Idle No More, Upward Bound, Oakland Intertribal FreindshipHouse, Leonard Peltier, Alanon, Ceremony, David Solnit, Norm Sands, Annie Sprinkle, Malaquias Montoya, Juanita Barry, Phil Foss, Santa Fe Opera, Steven Paul Judd, American Indian Film Festival SF, BAAITS Powwow, First Nation/Indigenous culture and struggles far and wide, many more teachers and inspirations

BFA DEGREES: San Francisco Art Institute, California College of the Arts, College of Santa Fe, Institute of American Indian Arts

PRESENTATIONS: San Francisco International Arts Festival, Allan Houser Garden Gallery, Santa Fe, Studio 23, Alameda; Displacement Show, High Street Gallery London, deYoung Museum, IAIA Museum, POWPOWPOW SF, REAL FACES interviews of 500 artivists (youtube), Playwriter/performer of "Homecoming" Chiricahua Nde' Apache Odyssey' and 'Haunting Our His&Herstories; Indigenous Children's Boarding School Experiences', Yerba Buena Gardens First Nation Festival, Berkeley World Music Festival, Ivy Room, Venice Biennale, Counter Pulse Theater, San Francisco Independent Arts Festival, United States Arts and Crafts Board, La Pena, Stork Club, Galeria de la Raza, San Francisco Art Institute,
many more...

decoygallerina2@gmail.com
radicalmedicine.org
radicalmedicine.bandcamp.com
deCoy Gallerina on sm & youtube

c'22