

I place my philosophy of driving on the road: just keep going toward the destination, no matter how far ahead. St. Paul to Chicago. Then the hundred-mile jaunts: Indianapolis to Cincinnati (the same hundred miles I used to drive from Tulsa to Oklahoma City when I lived in Oklahoma), Cincinnati to Lexington to Knoxville to Chattanooga to Atlanta, and you find yourself across the country.

I love gasoline, its oily colors. Down one hill and up another past the trucks, which are the regulators of the road. When oncoming traffic backed up for miles, I saw trucks in the inside lane stop cars from getting ahead of cars already in line. I hate to pass animal-transport trucks, most of them carrying shoats. They did not step willingly into the truck.

Now I travel north on I-25 from New Mexico through Colorado, east across Nebraska and Iowa on I-80, and north on I-35 at Des Moines to Minnesota.

In St. Paul, I unpack the car and drive to the Blue Mounds Reading series in Luverne, Minnesota, the next weekend.

After the reading in Luverne, I decide to drive the 250 miles back to St. Paul instead of spending the night. I drive east on I-90 in the dark. Bikers pass from their summer *blowout* (fallout) in Sturgis, South Dakota, headed back east to Wisconsin or Michigan, or wherever they're from, their headbands blowing in the wind, their red taillights sparking the dark night. The fury of their engines ripples the highway. They are black, flying hot pads. Overhead, the white sparks of the Perseid meteor shower.

TRANSMOTION

... that sense of Native motion

I am a bird who rises from the earth, and flies far up, into the skies, out of human sight; but though not visible to the eye, my voice is heard from afar, and resounds over the earth.

KEESHKUMUN

from *Fugitive Poses*, Gerald Vizenor

—and his dress filled the temple.

ISAIAH 6:1

THE HOLY HAS always seemed unholy to me. Or at least ordinary in the central Great Plains of America where I've lived. In Protestant, Holy Ghost country. A hidden place. A place as though it weren't there. A place streaked with the vapor trails of passing planes.

My father worked for Armour, coming north from the Arkansas/Oklahoma border to Kansas City for work during the Depression. He was transferred to Armour stockyards in the Midwest, then from Indianapolis to Denver, from Kansas City to Iowa. All the time we went to church.

Because of church we survived the roads we passed in blizzards. The moving van somewhere behind us with my chest of drawers like a suitcase, going here to there; my mattress turned up on edge, let down again in one bedroom before sailing to another. It was when the packing plants were huge wooden ships that began to leak. Slowly they were razed. My father was part of that process. His life closed down along with the plants, and he is in the grave where he sent all those cattle.

We attended church every Sunday morning. When we moved, a new church was chosen like a sturdy winter coat. Sunday mornings happened only in church. Nothing else went on anywhere.

Once, in a flash of lightning, a light pole split behind our house. Its blue light filled the room / was the closest I can tell you to what it would be like to be struck with the Holy Ghost. The power you need to get through the weather on the Great Plains. The extremes of heat and cold. The entry into new classrooms

and Sunday schools. Everyone stared. The sun stared. The stars stared. The Holy Ghost flew in a blue dress with all His spirits. Like toast and the crumbs. When I found a chair, everyone's heads turned back to the front of the room. The Holy Ghost held them there.

I have been born again by Jesus' blood. Filled with the Holy Ghost. I can't say which I like better. They are children asking whom you love most. But you say you are BOTH my favorites. I speak in tongues. I tell them in tongues. They are both the best. And God up there over them somewhere is the best also, like the three brothers who lived behind me and overshadowed my house.

God, the Word, and the Spirit, which is the spoken voice of the Word. The mystery wrapped in the Trinity.

Now my parents are in their graves side by side in Kansas City, as if asleep in their twin beds. I am in Minnesota, traveling back now and then. I am in my own life when I thought I would no longer be moving with my furniture, house to house, but I kept moving when I had decided to settle FOREVER in one place. But the road kept calling and I shifted across the Great Plains states. My sense of place is in the moving.

You may not understand. Not being from here. How it is when the Holy Ghost enters your life like a brother-in-law you know is going to be there a while. He may not leave and intrudes/invades your house like the Foreign Legion. You have NOTHING left He doesn't own. He asks for a potato and you give it to Him. You feel a pilot helmet on your head / you say you don't fly but you ascend to the clouds / to the Northern Lights / your duck's feet lifted back like paddles of a boat when the duck flies.

You move so often, sometimes you cannot stop. You feel your mother's ancestors still in boats crossing the Atlantic from Germany and England. Your father's people still walking to Oklahoma on the forced migration of the Cherokee. When you are grown, you still make your own migrations from Oklahoma to Iowa to Minnesota.

You're in a Pentecostal church on the Great Plains / the Holy Spirit flies low in His blue dress. Yo. A Moving Van. Carrying all you have packed inside. I have broken clothes He mends. I have sheep He crates for moving. Sometimes I cannot see my way. I have a duck's foot for a hand. What are you doing a sloppy, ragged job like that for? / I ask myself. But He drives all over the place. He and the

friends. Those blue-dress flyers, buzzing. Smearing the windshield they kiss. They leave a fog with their paraffin lips.

In a ceremony He gets a new name: The-Holy-Ghost-Who-Hangs-in-the-Blue-Folds-of-Air-Above-the-Road-Which-the-Great-Plains-Is. The scriptures are the well-holes of the ear. The oil-pools of the eye. The Holy Ghost gives you a topography map. He lifts you above the plains with the skywriting He does. Sometimes you see the little blue moons circling.

The car with the water bag hanging from the hood ornament in case there's a few miles between gas stations. You wouldn't remember the days when gas was far apart. *You stop here; there won't be another for 249 miles.*

Give me these deep waters I do not have a dipper for, that do not come easily. Give me well water. Magic water. Firewater of the Spirit. The water turned inside out. The water of the Word that opens up Possibilities. I speak-into-being the road ahead. Not magically making the world I want, but lining up what the Holy Ghost wants. The rain that falls after lightning pokes its finger from the sky.

There are many wells in the Great Plains.

The Bible itself is a well.

For years I drove the back roads of Oklahoma. The Spirits slid by the car. I could never outrun them. If I'd had a gun, I could not stop them. They wore old ghost dance shirts with hands printed on their chests. They wore the blue dresses. I've already said that.

The woman at the well (John 4) asked where she should worship: in the mountains or in Jerusalem. *It doesn't matter*, the Word said. The Father seeks those who worship him in spirit and in truth. This is the landscape where it is done.

The Holy Ghost slashes Difficulties like tires. He blasts them. The Holy Ghost is the nozzle I see like a funnel. I hear it clank against the tank. I hear the hiss of the cap loosened on a hot day. I smell the gas going into my tank.

I've been outnumbered. I have been where there was no way out. Yet I drove across Oklahoma to Minnesota on the Word that said I could. The motor-cycles passed / they surrounded, but the Holy Spirit sent his covered dish. Often it is in that hard place where the Spirits wait. Sometimes Jesus pushes them out of the way / waving now as I pass.

Sometimes I see the Holy Ghost dangling in His place.

Lord of Transformation.
Lord of the Road.
Lord of Potholders.
Lord of the Cattle.
Lord of Buffalo.
Lord of the Far Horizon.
Lord of the Roily Sea.
Lord of Wind.
Lord of Cloud.
Lord of Northern Lights.
Lord of Cold.
Lord of Tongues.
Lord of the Ear Drum.
Lord of the Prairie.
Lord of the Tornado.
Lord of the Rock.
Lord of the Oasis.
Lord of the Flood Gate.
Lord of the Plateau.
Lord of the Fox.
Lord of the Fish Net.
Lord of Transmotion.
Lord of the Well.