

Lone Watie

By Kenn Hartmann



I split the Edge of the Rez Trailer Park outside Bemidji at 5am on July 4th & the only fireworks were lightning strikes punctuating pelting rain & some jackass beating on a trailer door screaming "go ahead & call cops you fuck bitch." She did & the sheriff showed just as I pulled out gingerly through sandy mud & feathered the throttle onto Hwy 2 in the ominous dark storm. More squads arrived as backup. I had 630 miles to go & didn't give a shit about some sad sack who should have stopped wishing for bad luck & knocking on wood. Perhaps he should have said, 'why don't you suck my dick baby?'" Like the Johnny Mercer lyric, "accentuate the positive." Despite my own attempt to eliminate the negative, my visibility reduced to what I could barely discern through rain-splattered spectacles. Even with raingear, cold water seeped in & the northern Minnesota chill laid its icy grip on me. By time I reached Leech Lake Indian Reservation a few miles down the road, my prospects looked bleak & besides, something stood out in the road. It was a lone wolf staring at me shaking his head. What? I shrugged like David Mamet dialogue. The wolf said, "welcome to my world." I know what you mean, but I ain't stopping. "That's what they all say." I'm just passing through. "They all just pass through, but remember, if you slip or trip, stumble or fall, your ass is mine." Don't get any ideas. "Come up lame, you're fair game." Wipe that silly grin off your face. "It's not a grin boy, it's grim." So what's your name wolf? "Lone Watie." Yeah right & I'm Outlaw Josie Wales. Perhaps Lone Watie was a shape-shifter, a human adept at taking the form of an animal. Anything's possible in a universe made up of atomic matter.

I had spent the previous day at a powwow just down the road from where I saw Lone Watie, the wolf. Amongst the pines & dust of a hundred dancers, the humid air made everyone sweat. I ate fry bread & bought sweet grass & beadwork. Someone dropped an eagle feather during the grand entry. A special ceremony took place to lift it from the ground. The feather will move on to someone new to work its magic. Several native dancers approach & we talk about our sickles. I got my fishing rod on my handlebars. They didn't lay down any White Man bullshit. Harleys cross culture. One dancer said,

"Mine's a Road King." The red one by the tall pine? I saw it out of peripheral vision when I rolled into the campground. It's like what Lone Watie said, "I don't care what color you think you is, I don't give a fuck what god you claim to believe, whether you call him Allah or Yahweh makes no difference to me. Go follow Mephistopheles or Lucifer, your president or your king. You can pretend to be religious or political or righteous or damned to hell, you're nothing but meat." Lone Watie licked his chops & prowled the highway in search of road-kill. On the desolate stretch between Bemidji & Duluth not a single car passed in either direction as I roared through Tamarac Bogs like Johnny Blaze in San Vanganza swamp in Ghost Rider movie. Flash floods had covered the road in spots – hydroplaning across was the only option. My wet gloves had sucked the life from my fingers & my pruned digits looked like shriveled hotdogs.

I had made the trek from Chicago to Bemidji to see a poet of the finest sort. Of course, poets tend to be ignored in their homeland, unrecognized for their genius, so it is true of James Ray Manspeaker. I doubt if anyone around him knows of his talent. Other poets just see competition in his pure vision. James Ray is a seer, a visionary. He can see things with his eyes closed that others can't see with their eyes open. His hearing is acute & is fond of paraphrasing Bo Diddly, "did you just see what I just heard?" James Ray lost his eyesight to a shotgun blast at point blank range. The shooter was his mother's punk-ass boyfriend. James Ray carries a cane that he wields like a saber. I gave him his first ride on a motorcycle & gunned it hard, twisting the throttle like never before. James Ray let out a long whoop & cried out, "damn dude, I almost shit my pants!"

-Kenn Hartmann
www.chicagobikerbars.com
bikerbars@yahoo.com



James Ray, Ted Mahto and Kenn photo by Peebles

Heaven's Devils MC Central
13th Annual
Cant Afford To Go To Sturgis Party
August 6th, 7th, and 8th
 At: Wildhorse Saloon
 9031 County RD WW
 Kellner, WI 54494
 \$40 Per Person/\$60 a couple
 Donation Includes:
 Camping-Beer-Live Music-Soda-Water And Saturday Dinner
 Gates Open Noon On Friday
 Also Wet T-Shirt Contest-50/50 Raffles-And Much More
 For More Info: Call Tito 715-323-1633
 All Vendors Welcome
 Partial Proceeds Go To
 Tri-City Children's Dream Foundation, Inc.
 Saturday Poker run is Separate from Event
NO PETS!! **NO EXCEPTIONS!!** **MUST BE 21!!**
No Carry-Ins Allowed

leave your footprint in motorcycle history

join
ABATE of Wisconsin
"The Motorcycle Issue Experts..."
 Call 800-386-4442 or go to www.abatewis.org

Located in Southwestern Wisconsin, in Hillsboro
"a unique destination for motorcyclists"
Group Discounts **Open year round only**
April-October
 Luxury Cottages include adjacent covered parking for your bike
 Cottages feature gas fireplaces, whirlpool tubs, king-size beds, screened in porches, fire pits, gas grills, and much more
 For rates and more information call (608) 489-4131
www.bluehighwaymotorcyclodge.net