

COWBOYS AND INDIANS  
Susan B.A. Somers-Willett

I was the cowboy, and pointing  
a stick at you said *bang*.  
You refused to be dead.

You ran around the yard half-naked  
patting your mouth like a native.  
I continued to kill you  
until the end of the game.

Then we traded weapons  
and I smeared the warpaint onto  
my own nude body like a target.

You wore a hat. I wore a skin.

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