

## CHARLES HARPER WEBB

as Black Hills gold—showering down.  
his bloody boots, his hair—yellow  
his hands into brown earth, and raised  
“Watch this!” he roared, thrust

knives, the Sioux braves rampaged in.  
as, swinging tomahawks and scalping  
twitching at his feet. “Look!” he cried  
alone and laughed, his horse death-

heard his soldiers' shrieks. He stood  
cracking, sword flailing, he barely  
notes, he never flinched. Colt pistol  
When Little Big Horn blew its sourest

Ulysses Grant grabbed General Lee's.  
with both hands, the way that drunk  
between his feet, not snatching it  
a conquered general's sword

like savages. He dreamed of gripping  
screeched war-cries, and pranced  
bronze faces breaking into grins,  
over his head while Indian scouts,

feet dangling like a scorpion's tail  
He walked on his hands, too,

at full gallop, as his soldiers cheered.  
He held this posture on horseback,

inverto!—his boots were in the air.  
to scrutinize a track; then—presto—  
the West Point rear, he would stoop  
Sent to Indian Territory after bringing up

## **CUSTER'S LAST HAND-STAND**