

Smiles

The old Indian smiled. He'd been at it a long time. The young Indian seemed hostile and hard looking. Not much away from his own sat easy in his mind. White people thought the young one dumb but what could they know. There was no communication. Sometimes they would have liked some to blanket their fears. They looked into the hard brown eyes and knew the worst could be there. What they didn't know was that he put the face on like a heavy coat when the wind was cold and cutting. Around the corner and out of sight the weight lifted as the masks came off. Now the old Indian smiled less. The young Indian smiled easily.

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