



**Handout 5 - *When I Was in Las Vegas and Saw a Warhol Painting of Geronimo*, b: william bearhart
(Anishinaabe-St. Croix)**

b: william bearhart (1979-) is a writer, editor, and poker dealer in Wisconsin. He received an MFA from the Institute of American Indian Arts in Santa Fe, and his poetry has been published in multiple magazines and journals.

I thought *We could be related*, Andy and I. We're both
blue walls and yellow cows in a gallery of pristine white. We're both
screen prints, off-set and layered. Under exposed. We're both
silver clouds filled with helium and polluted rain. We're both
white and blonde and scared of hospitals. Only I'm not really any of those
things.

And then I thought *We could be related*, Geronimo and I. We're both
code names for assassinations. We're both first
names you yell when you jump from a plane. We're both
gamblers and dead and neon acrylic brush strokes on a screen printed
image. Only I'm more
like a neon beer sign sputtering in a tavern window: burned out, broke,
a heart with arrhythmic beats.