

POETRY CORNER

featuring

DRUMMING HEARTS
THE QUANDRY OF THE WAY
BLEEDING SOULS

by

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DRUMMING HEARTS

Our hearts feel bare
And the eyes grow dim,
While white man's ways
Corrupt our land.

Once we stood proud
In painted places
But the white man's brush
Has changed our color.

Our people's stand
Grows dark and heavy
For spirits of life
Were distorted every way.

Spin, spin, spin
Stories of old,
As Spider Woman
Becomes a plastic widow.

Mind, soul, eternity,
Heart, blood and sadness,
Breath, death, and madness,
Because Indian prayers
Could not change the way.

THE QUANDRY OF THE WAY

These White and brown ones
Where are they from?
Who sent them here
What news do they bring?

Let us talk to them.
About their clan
or place of immergence.

Maybe they are lost
What are their needs
Can we help them.

Are they human brothers?
They are made like us
but act so different.

Like us
They have women
and children
but they see us different.

Why has the Creator brought
these people.
What does this mean.
What does he want of us.

Who are these white ones
with such new ways.
They say they are good,
but haven't ours
served us well.

What should we do
Why should we change.
What can they offer us.

And who are these strange ones.
The Mexican people
They look like us
but act so different.

A puzzling bunch
these backward ones
who resemble us
but act like whites.

What shall we do
These are strange ones.

BLEEDING SOULS

Why should this be
Great one of all
That we must suffer
by another color-
in your creation.

Once our hearts were sure
and our souls were pure
but today
they are cold and bitter.

Then we were one
but now we are many.
Our thoughts are torn
and our spirits wonder.

Today we shed
wasted tears
that are quenched
by dry souls
of white society.

That unforgivable white wrath
which has plagued us so.
What thirst it has
that burns our souls.

It has bled our lands,
Abused our mothers
and bereaved our fathers.

Hear us then
with tobacco tears.
Return our souls
and change
this wounded land.