

POETRY CORNER

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*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.