Wings of Faith

As I dream in the silence of the world
Stillness wrapped tautly round my
hopes
I reach out to touch the visions
Touching, holding round about
And my hands become as eagles
Soaring high through space and sky
Searching, dreaming ever higher
Soul engulfed in wings of fire

And the wings embrace my shoulders
Softly lend that flight to me
Then the moon becomes my Sister
And her light helps set me free

Donned within her startling silver
Eyes encounter destiny
Now is just a veil to memory
For it is and then is gone

Sister whispers “That’s what matters
Now is gone before it’s said
Yet it happens and becomes
The part of us within our heads.”

And at times those Nows behind us
Touch our heart and bend our will
But forever, Sister tells us,
The choice for freedom is ours still

In calm of night She whispers gently
Takes away the Nows long past
Tells me that I still am worthy
Restores to me the Wings of Faith

She took away the will to wander
The will to run away from me
Restored to me with grace and silver
The trust required to be Free

Then Dawn rekindled life’s desire
No more wings from shoulders
sprout
And its cold out winter mornings
Doubt and turmoil all about

Then, softly creeping in my morning
Nodding robustly at noon
Dancing through my ears at sunset
Like the distant cry of loon
Comes the presence of Her silver
Of the wings of peace and grace
Sister Moon is there forever
Now, for me, and ever hence

Sister Moon shall watch me always
In Her silver, winging way
Lending flight and ever soaring
Making Now good yesterdays

Sister Moon, your light will draw me
In the silence of the night
Wings now sprout from shoulders
gently
Wings to Freedom, crystal bright

And the wings become my footsteps
In the daily chores I do
Knowing of Your nightly visit
And the love of Sisters true.
Sister Moon, I believe.

The Legacy

What is my future? Despair or hope?
Why must I daily wonder how I can
cope
With the discrimination that dogs me?

It loses jobs, forces me to exist
At a level at which I cannot resist
One more drink to get away.

It makes me watch my feet as I walk
For who would smile at, let alone talk
To me, except another Indian.

It makes me shun the world I have
known
Of earth and sky and face all alone
The jungle of the city
Discrimination.

It makes me feel an anger to do
Anything a non-Indian can do
And do it better.

Just try to tell me one more time
That my heritage is a welfare line
And I’ll die working to disprove you

And from my fight to prove you erred
By White Manifest Destiny having
declared
And judged me by your system
I’ll show you that I am just as good
And leave a legacy that anyone would
Admire me for

For when I die, over where I lay
An Indian child will weep but he’ll say
My Mother left me hope.

And

I’ll have won.

House of Meekwun

Meekwun lies alone in his room
One he shares with seven others
The walls are cracked and peeling
Stained with artwork of his brothers

On the bare board floor before him
A ray of sunshine plays
On drab, gray soot and ashes
Piled high from yesterday
When blizzard swept the village
And the cookstove was stoked to brim
But all the wood they stoked it with
Could not keep the chills from him
Through cracks in the wall it whistled
The wind with all its force
Government required insulation
Had been overlooked, of course

The one door in the building
Opens to the northwind’s roar
An architectural genius
Had placed it thus, I’m sure

You know this is a new house
Just five or six years old
but I really think the older ones
Could more ably stand the cold
Though by Red hands they were built
And by Red hands were maintained
But the White Man had to show us
Just how much we had gained

They showed us by constructing
A row of high-class shacks
Out of Buffalo board, a little glue
Some mortar and thumbtacks

Then told us, “Look, we have done for
you
Much more than we do for us
Why can’t we then engender
A little bit of trust?

Do you trust him, Meekwun?