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TRUTH

Wrapped in
blanket in
tobacco smoke from
my pipe i am here
somewhere like a ghost
a phrase from a history
text sitting at the
window eyes crossing hills
looking for relatives
relatives who know
that we are the
way of this
land Whites
know it too wanting
an identity but cannot
find in this land what was
left in europe but yet they
search stripping and tearing at
the earth devastating native
lives in whose eyes yet lurk
the seven cities of Cibola
They see us but cannot
hear They read
that we stood
and fought
endured
all the genocide
bullshit for homes
families survival and
they know cowardice how
they fled europe becoming
traitors using freedom and
religion as passports but it
is greed that all this dying has
been about Strange you white
man what you die for strange lies

Barney Bush has been cited elsewhere in this edition.

you tell your children They
would know truth if your
hearts were in this
land There is
always truth
at the
source.

Barney Bush