



four poems

by charlene

A Loss

Listen! . . . . a lone sorrowful  
cry in the night,  
The mother wolf has lost her only  
child  
to the  
great  
white  
hunter  
who kills for kicks . . . . .

Pride & Prejudice

Rubber faces disguised with earnest smiles  
which are only phony covers  
for a heart  
filled with pity.

Multitudes of minorities,  
Each face reflecting another's sorrows.  
Each voice meeting his own.  
A melting pot of races  
Wants discarded and ignored  
A struggle for pride.

Heads held high.  
Chins abrupt.  
Chests bloated  
Shoulders proud.  
Inside loneliness still  
Exists, once a sharp pain.  
Now a calloused throb.  
Yearning lingers within the  
Glint of a shiny black eye.  
Acceptance is a dream.

Take my hair and pull it.  
Take my sight so I may not see.  
Take my heart and shatter it.  
Take my bones and break them.  
Take my soul and condemn it . . . . but I beg you,  
Leave my heritage.

This Man

He sits under the hot sun,  
Sweating, but feeling relaxed.  
Clad in an old shirt,  
colorful beads,  
faded levis,  
worn moccasins,  
and long hair with a funny hat.  
Is he a hippie? - - -  
Hell no! He's my grandpa!

Sleeping Paradise

I hear distant drums,  
my ears deceive me.  
I see the teepees and smoke  
drifting from warm fires,  
my eyes play tricks.  
I smell cooking meat, pounded  
berries and fresh buckskin,  
my nose is only teasing.  
I feel long braids hanging from  
my head,  
my hands reach to stroke,  
I wake up with tears in my eyes . . .  
I am only dreaming.

Red is my color,  
White is yours,  
Blue is how I feel,  
Because, like the flag stripes,  
We are in separate lines.

The food is eaten.  
The fires are cold.  
The drums have ceased.  
The songs have ended.  
The dance is over.  
The dancers are gone.  
My people, where are they?

- - Charlene Bearcub