

& BITS & PIECES &

Creative Writing Supplement To The Chemawa American

The Wind

Whipping, whirling, chopping, and then
very suddenly stopping.
Like a gallant Indian brave it conquers
the helpless leaves and tiny insects.
Whoosing them in a roundabout manner,
and then just tossing them to the
ground, still bouncing around just like
popcorn popping.
As I lay here on the lawn, I think to
myself as I watch the sky,
of how the brazen little things just lay
there until the next wind goes by.

-- Lynn Louis

Broken and Bent

From the great beautiful grassy hill,
Where there was health, freedom, love and content,
From this peaceful happy life they were sent
To the reservations, where they are still.
Where sickness and disease in numbers kill.
And made to sign treaties, broken and bent,
Changed and forgotten without sentiment.
Why this is done is strange unto me still.
Is it for the Indians' care and love?
No, it is not, is what I must believe.
It is like the falcon and the dove,
Who float and sail in the blue sky above,
Where the dove would die if she did not leave,
This, I believe, is far from care and love.

-- Victoria Brunette

Untitled

They never let you know before,
Not even today.
Much love for us must be
Little, oh so little!
Push, no push, so we
Do it ourselves.
Pride -- oh I have it in --
My race, yes, I'm proud of it.
Black, Indian, Mexican -- they
Belong, as a group -- so don't
Cut them down. I represent them
All!

-- Mildred Quaempts

People are strange,
So funny,
So plastic.
People come in shades,
So red,
So white,
So black.
People is Nature,
So sweet,
So mean,
So unreal.
People are love,
So hurt,
So bold,
So gentle.
People is life
So meek,
So alike,
So . . . Internal.

-- Leonard Boyd

People,
All people have a dream,
To be born free,
To love,
For peace,
For security.

People,
Some can really scream,
For their right to be,
So they pull and shove,
Just no peace,
Why can't they see?

People . . .

-- Rita George

You know it's coming,
You know you were wrong.

You've seen some friends,
They came,
They went,
They ran out of time,
The time they spent.

They're tired,
They're sick,
They feel like a candle,
That has no wick.

You feel the same,
To see them go,
The time ticks by,
It ticks by slow.

They may not be right,
But you leave tonight.

Oh damn!!
I should have done right!!

Gene Cree