

SILENT CALL

They stand tall & they stand mighty
 They stand fighting
 for their right to live on this earth
 but they don't have voices & they don't
 have words.
 And we don't hear their ancient call
 'cuz that's not what we do in America
 No — we don't listen in America
 These trees give us clean air to breathe!
 They give us what we need!
 & they house birds
 & they house squirrels
 & they house bugs
 & they house bears
 & they house us
 Yes they house us
 People, don't you understand?
 The Mother needs a helping hand!
 Because she's given us all that she can
 And she's tired so tired of us wasting the land
 These trees give us clean air to breathe!
 Give us what we need!
 & they house birds
 & they house squirrels
 & they house bugs
 & they house bears
 & they house us
 People — they house us.

LOVE YOUR MOTHER



2 MORE SONGS BY HEATHER CHRISTIE

The last time we printed the lyrics of a few Heather Christie songs (October 2001) the purpose was to look at them as words rather than synergetic to the music they were written to accompany. She wrote these two songs purposely acapella.

~MPMc

SHATTERED

It's hard bein' confused.
 And your feet don't wanna fit the shoe.
 And your mind is goin' around again.
 And you know it's time to settle down —
 and relax — to the day it is.
 Don't stress out over the faults of His.
 And kiss someone you really love.
 Walk to the ocean to unload all that stuff
 that's weighing you down
 so heavily.
 Take a deep breath of the sea.
 And give praise to her as she does you,
 until the day is filled with truth.
 It may be *ANGER* & it may be *RAGE*
 but go through it all to unlock the cage
 for on the other side — if it is there,
 will welcome you with windy hair
 and give you the distance you also need
 and the nourishment for your seed.
 So I guess it's not as hard as it seems
 to become a part of your beautiful dreams
 if you break the barrier of the mind
 that only appears to keep you from finding
 all of what you need to know
 and all the tools to help you sew
 the dress of life you wear
 so tattered
 and put in place what is shattered.

KOSOVO

A POEM ABOUT HOW TO PLAN ONE'S DAY

BY CAROLYN DUNN

The poem was written during the ethnic cleansing raids that took place in Kosovo in 1999.

A somewhat blurry newspaper close-up photograph caused me to write the poem. It showed a young father carrying his pre-school daughter away from one of these early morning ethnic cleansing raids. I saw the image as an extremely sad indictment on human ferociousness, which, in its inventiveness and repetitiveness, share with — but also goes beyond — the instinctive brutality of some other animals, even the simple housecat.

We humans are up against the hard and cynical truth that violence and war are probably not eradicable from this earth. But the fact that we cannot eradicate violence and war does not excuse us from the pain and effort of looking at it, and of trying to think of something better to do with our hours on this earth.

What do you think the man
 with his small daughter
 clutched to his beating heart
 thought his day
 would be like?
 Down the road
 in rain
 in winter
 he's crying
 so that his child won't see or hear,
 with her hair at rest against his shirt.
 Let's just say
 he didn't finish his cup of coffee,
 he didn't kiss this child
 and run to catch his bus to work.

Cats are sliding around
 the borders of my yard;
 they startle each other
 as they seek the best hunting blinds
 under the laurel hedge.

I plan my day.

One of the cats jumps
 at the sight of my face at the window.
 Two species,
 we both hunt
 even when we have no hunger.

Young father,
 perhaps
 we could each plan the day again.
 Let's plan the day. What shall we do,
 six billion of us?
 Here, let me pass you the cream
 for your coffee...

we'll think of things.
 We'll think of something.



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