

### Beginning

By Harold Thompson

Little is really known about the American Indian  
Or what links our human soul with the Earth.

The Indian believed that this land was created for us  
By the Great Spirit and that it would be ours ...  
Forever

The New World – this is what the white man called our  
land  
But it was not new at all

The redman had inhabited America for centuries.

A proud, happy people  
We were here long before the white man came

Stalking around narrow paths  
We were used to hunting every day  
The rivers gave us fish  
The woodlands gave us deer and other wild game

Here upon this land  
We built our homes and raised our families  
Life was free and natural

As we moved swiftly among the trees  
This was our country  
It was here that we lived for centuries

Every day was new  
Our village was filled with smiling faces  
And the laughing voices of children  
Who roamed the wide-open spaces

The man in the sky:  
The spirit of our life and tribal graces

Oh! I want things like they were again  
Oh! I want peace with my soul again

Our people have survived  
And our eyes glow with memories  
The reservation is our home  
But for now, we'll let it be

The battle is not over and our struggle has begun  
A new hope has been born and  
Our sunny day will come

Look up in the sky as the wind whispers  
In the trees atop a floating cloud  
That echoes to be free.

In time, we'll get back the life  
That you took away  
And your land of make believe  
Will be ours again ...  
Someday

The Indian people have been out there  
On the ghetto of the reservation  
For a long long time

We have existed without adequate food,  
Clothing, shelter, or medicine  
To name but a few

In their place we have been given malnutrition,  
Poverty, disease, suicide and  
Bureaucratic promises of a better tomorrow

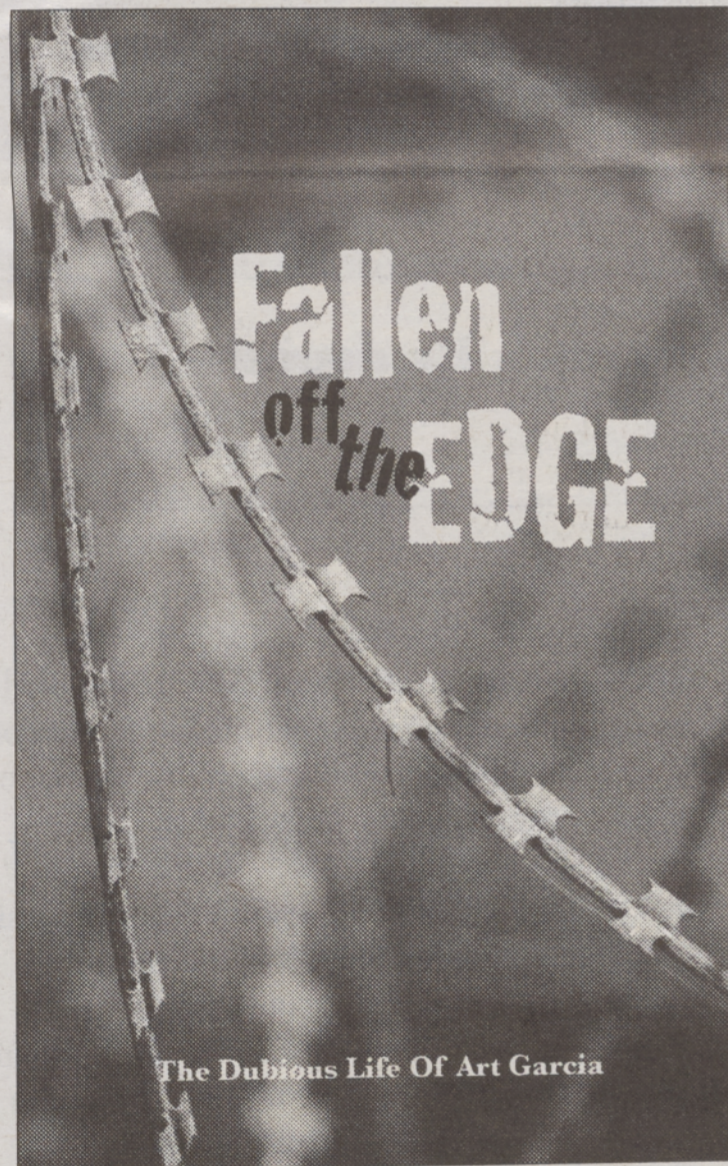
Your America has not been a land of your proclaimed  
Equality, "Liberty and Justice for All!"

May your God forgive you

The treatment of our people has been  
A national tragedy and disgrace!

The time has come to put an end to that disgrace  
Wounded Knee, Alcatraz  
Whatever necessary

We must now manage our own affairs  
And control our own lives  
And through it all always remain to be  
The True American



## Fallen Off the Edge

A new book by Art Garcia

"Fallen Off the Edge" is a chronicle of one man's experiences after returning from the Vietnam War. Told through the eyes of Street Roots columnist Art Garcia, this book celebrates the major victories born from a series of questionable choices. Art's jocular storytelling takes the reader along with him in and out of the California prison system over the course of 10 years until he found the strength and courage to pull himself up from the fall.

The book is available online at [www.blurb.com](http://www.blurb.com) under searchword Art Garcia.

SINCE 2007, AMERICANS HAVE SUFFERED OVER  
**4 MILLION FORECLOSURES**

THAT'S MORE THAN THE ENTIRE POPULATION OF Oregon...

OR 91 FORECLOSURES/ Hour...

AND THE STACK OF FORECLOSURE NOTICES WOULD BE TALLER THAN THE Eiffel Tower.

FOR MORE INFO, VISIT [WWW.WRAPHOME.ORG](http://WWW.WRAPHOME.ORG)

Original artwork from *The Hand That Takes* by Eric Drooker, courtesy of WRAP (Western Regional Advocacy Project).  
\*Foreclosures (2012: Robosigning and Mortgage Servicing Settlement).  
The New York Times 2 April 2012.

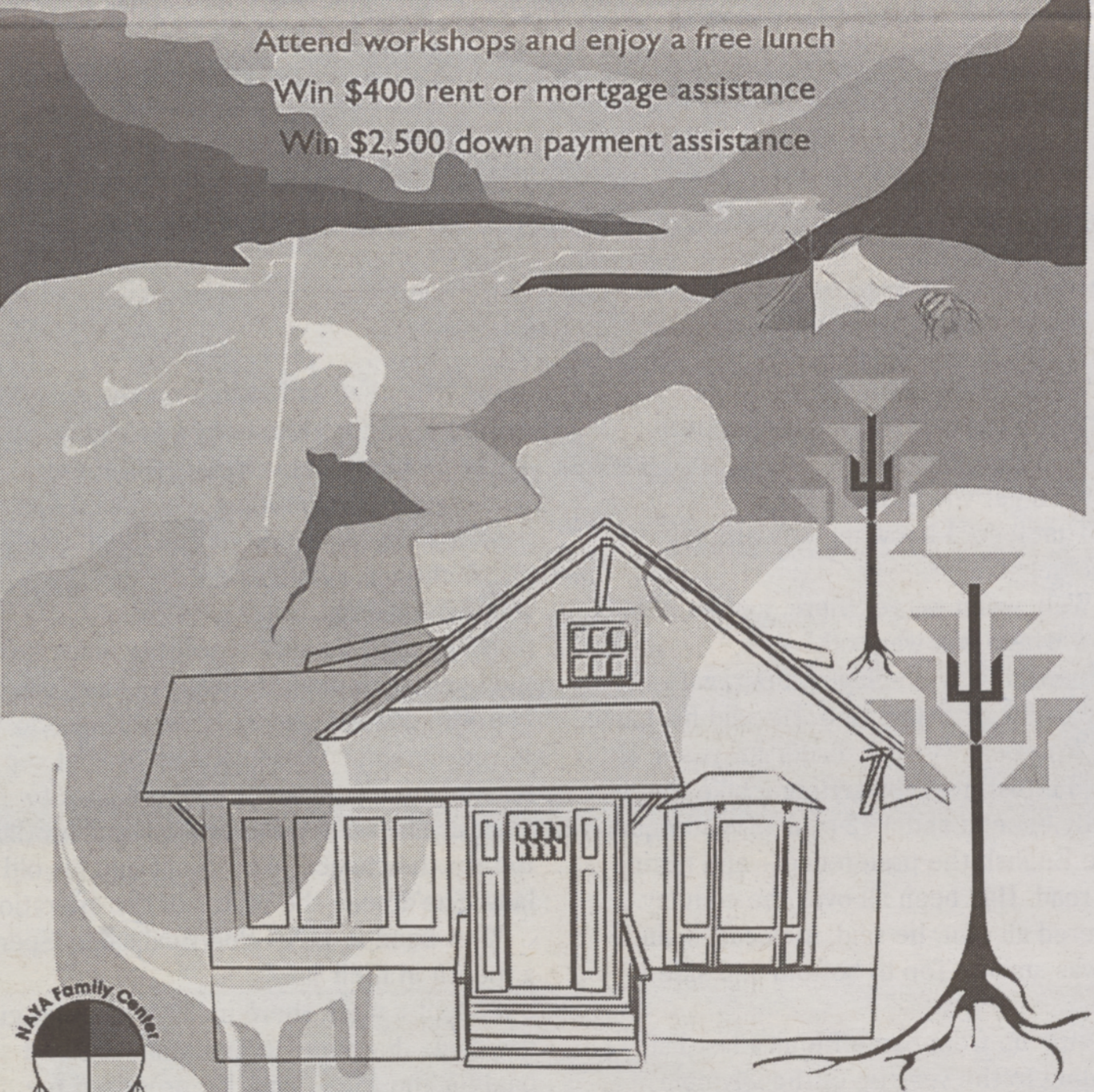
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