

WINTER COUNT

By their own report america has killed
forty million of us in the last century
The names of those who murdered us are remembered
in towns, islands, bays, rivers, mountains, prairies, forests
our own names
We have died as children, as old men & women without defenses
We have been raped, mutilated, we have been starved
experimented on, we have been given gifts that kill
we've been imprisoned, we've been fed the poison of alcohol
until our children are born deformed
We have been killed on purpose, by accident, in drunken rage
As I speak with each breath
another Indian is dying Someone part of our Holocaust
which they have renamed civilization
Our women are routinely sterilized
without their consent during operations for other reasons
I have seen the scars
We are the butt of jokes, the gimmicks for ad campaigns
romanticized into oblivion So carefully obscured
that many think we are all dead
For every person who came here to find freedom
there are bones rattling in our Mother
The ravage of suburbia covers our burial grounds
our spiritual places, our homes
Now we are rare & occasionally cherished as Eagles
though not by farmers who still potshot us for sport
Suddenly we have religions they want & they'll pay
Down the long tunnel of death my grandmothers cry No
Give no solace to our destroyers
Into the cold night I send these burning words
Never forget
america is our hitler