

Messages From The Drums

For Our People

By Tom Yongen (Choctaw Nation)

This day I call on our people,
 I call on the Spirits
 of the Seven Directions,
 I call on the Four Leggeds,
 I call on the Air People,
 I call on the Water People,
 Let all the elements hear us,
 Let our People remember... and listen!
 Too long our hearts have been heavy,
 Too long we have walked white roads,
 Too long have we followed white ways,
 Let our People listen to the Old Ones,
 Let us listen to the voice of the Winds
 The Four Leggeds, the Air People,
 The Water People, they will talk!
 Let our hearts hear their words,
 We have forgotten Mother, Grandmother,
 We have forgotten Father, Grandfather,
 Let us remember... and hear!
 Hear my words, Sawgee Putechassee!
 I have spoken.

-from the Nami News
Jan., 1975

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Artists:

Sarain Stump, Gerald McMaster, Eddy
 Poitras, Ray Lachue, Herman Cain -
 From Saskatchewan Indian Cultural Cal-
 endar - 1975.

The Beauty Way

Life in a nutshell
 time on a wheel
 learning to measure
 daring to feel
 swift as an eagle
 slow as a snail
 life is a window
 (ear is a jail)
 Counting my feathers
 painting my hair
 dancing the rainbow
 darning to care
 bells on my ankles
 and prayers in my eyes
 I will bring beauty
 down from the skies.
 Beauty the present
 a gift from the past
 brought to the future
 see how she lasts
 beauty before me
 beauty around
 let her renew and she'll
 always be found.
 Open 'til morning
 then closed like a flower
 change like the weather
 hour by hour
 trusting in growing
 believing in flight
 loving your best friend
 all through the night.
 Words and Music
 Buffy Sainte-Marie
 174 Caled Music

Native Prayer

Manitou
 The pot ash fires grow cold
 The tribe vanished
 as a daisy sunset dies
 Village of spirit and light
 Destroyed
 The hand of conquering forces.
 Evil progress slaughters
 Our heritage
 Children to be born
 Now dead
 Before conception
 The eagle flies at dawn
 Searching your face
 Oh, Manitou,
 Ride swiftly to our broken bodies
 The tribal song of union
 in our hearts
 With
 The morning sun.

By David Chesnut
from Nesika-Jan-Dec.



Old One

By Joe Kreipe

The Old One knows beauty,
 He has heard the robin sing,
 He has seen the morning light,
 He has smelled the breath of Spring
 He has tasted of the land our garden of delight,
 He has touched his lady's smile.
 The Old One knows truth
 Many are the trails that lead to understanding
 Sorrow is the price for daring to love,
 The land we stand on in ourselves
 The Old One knows wisdom,
 He moves in harmony with the land,
 He lives his life loving all,
 He speaks his words from the heart.
 He knows how to live
 The Old One knows his life as the many Winters blossom.

-from the Indian Leader 12-13-74

Alcatraz Birth

(Is a coisa)

Wovoka, Sun of a Chief
 child of an island
 baby of our hearts
 this day we wish you well in life.
 We are your mother's proud male
 relatives.
 We are the old women through whose
 hearts your father walks in honor
 We are the Space Age Council of
 International Straight Ahead.
 Wovoka, Dream Star
 borne on broken arrows
 we wish you strong peace
 and righteous medicine.

- Buffy Sainte-Marie

Plastic

The Indian child went in the store his first day in the town.
 Inside the glass & metal door he took a look around,
 Milk inside a carton, eggs inside a box,
 Chicken wrapped in plastic - really quite a shock.
 Remember meat upon the hoof? Or chickens laying eggs?
 Or vegetables in gardens? Now everything's in bags:
 Now everything is plastic, wrapped sterile & wrapped tight.
 The Indian child went home to bed & had a restless night
 Dreaming plastic animals climbing plastic trees -
 Plastic grandma, grandpa, plastic you & me.
 Children born in plastic - hear the babies cry
 & laid to rest in plastic boxes when it's time to die,
 Plastic homes & plastic clothes, plastic food & drink,
 Before it comes to pass this way, let us stop & think.

-Bob Baker