POETRY

"I have always known smallness...
from this old rock where Real People sit & watch
all that goes by in their long day
all that flies down the roads
roads with no beginnings, no end

this smallness means: to be part of the whole
for how can we say we are the WHOLE THING
when we cant take care of this small corner
but to UNDERSTAND it all
doesnt mean to be or want it all
to understand means to want less
less fear, less trouble, less profit
and more to be gained

but those Big Ones, they were always different
they have pride for us all
Head In The Clouds, but they need us
to watch for the little things gnawing
at their [illegible] we must protect the land
should [illegible] Big Ones fall
but we [illegible] protect their Pride
they must learn how to use it well
everyone must know where they stand
upon who they stand when they sing
their songs of pride

so much space they use, so much food
it's the work of the people, not the
work of factories that makes them grow
the work of all people should not be taken lightly
[illegible] about into the winds
[illegible] sweat just for money
[illegible] smallness, in knowing what
[illegible] and where each fits
and [illegible] fit together
[illegible] the lasting, prideful whole
always remember where you come from
to realize where you are going
always remember to look down
when you sing your songs of pride
to see who is looking up
and who is protecting
that on which you stand

— Karoniaktakie
alex a jacobs

TWOBORN

Tsikonsase
(New Face)

Twoborn, I have listened joyfully
to thy reasoning and purpose.
I take thy words to heart,
I embrace thy Cause.
I believe thy sincerity..
The Light of Mercy glows
from thine eyes,
thou art truly a blessing
to this darkening realm of men.

Further proof of thy truth
and wisdom need not be sought
beyond the ankle deep
warrior path that burns
through my lodge..
east to west..
..west to east..

These many years have cursed me
the bitter gift of presage.
I feed and care for the warriors
who pass by my humble lodge
before they vanish into battle.
I know the face of each warrior
I shall need not feed again
when the party returns from carnage.
Well I know the mask of death
that a marked warrior
wears as shadows...
Yes..the skull dines often here,
on the souls of them
who harbour the self replicating
vengeance of the Blood Feud.

I had come near to believe this world
abandoned and devoid of the grace
and hope of our great Creator..
Yet..even my failing eyes can perceive
that thou art the Chosen One..
prophet and mentor of our Creator's
Eternal Light and Wisdom...

Twoborn, I accept thy New Mind!

..rokwaho..

FLIGHT
(Tekonwatonti)

War over
Revolutionary bayonets
drove you from the river
because of your husband's
British allegiance.
You fled to Canada
pulling your eight children
by their hair.

"I left his dusting bones,
the impression of his death-kiss,
his house to burn rafter by rafter
or as spoils for the Daughters
of the American Revolution.
I left the earth, the spring smell of the river,
cornfields, larks which had sung
me to afternoon naps,
the flesh of woodchuck and deer,
breath of hot panthers prowling
mountains above the villages.
I left my sons' placentas in leaves
tied with wild grape vines.
I left the voice and vision of ancestry:
my father's echo, my mother's lullaby;
the yellow moon and stars rising
over old hills and that village
where Ayonwatha and the Peacemaker
plotted the founding of the Great
League of Five Nations.
I fled muskets, bayonets, terror
and eventual extermination as Ben Franklin
had so often suggested. Driven
like a leper from home, a fugitive, beggar
to a strange land where no lodge opened
to my children, nor my brother bathed
in the blood of American soldiers
I carried a small packet of soil,
earth rich and dark in claim,
moist of womens' sweat working fields of squash,
still firm from feet dancing celebration,
warm with William's footprint,
vibrant with Hendrick's oratory.
I fled. My sons would hunt.
My daughters plant. I would
pull grass over my tired head."

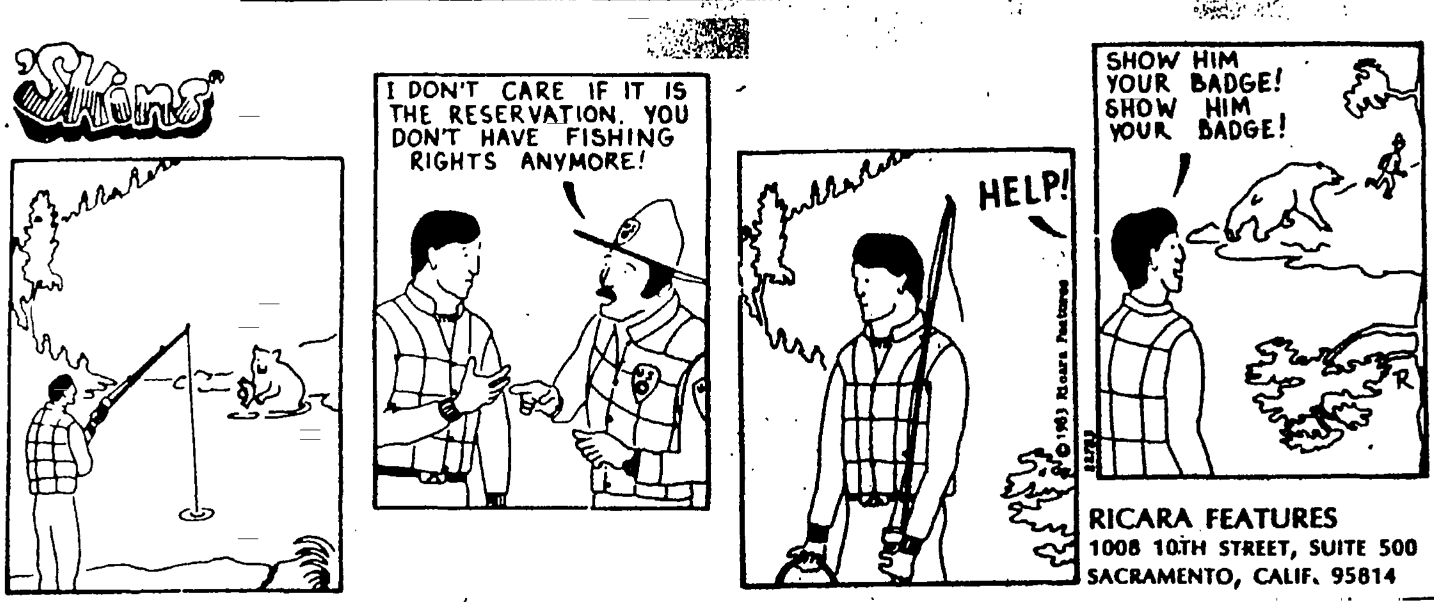
— Maurice Kenny

NOTES FROM THE POET IN RESIDENCE

We are accepting poetry and short writings for each issue of **Indian Time.** Small spot art may accompany your writing or we will supply it; also artwork no larger than 8 X 10 inches will be accepted if done in ink and of fine quality. We will run this feature every issue unless more important local news deserves the space.

POETRY: I mean short humourous to the point writing; satirical but still funny and no spiteful writing, as long as its valid, constructive or instructive criticism, we will print it

ALSO: Writings that are out of respect and homage to people in the community who have contributed their years and efforts to Akwesasne and their families. Let us acknowledge people while they are still among us and we can speak, joke and learn from them.



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