

**DESPARATE SILENCE**

Desparate silence end of  
 winter silence rings of  
 great change as history  
 has its way with arrogant  
 civilizations deceptive  
 civilizations that call  
 destruction the road to peace  
 Even patriots are communists  
 That with spirit first the  
 land animals its people  
 targeted for annihilation  
 Eyes that glow with greed  
 with power drink acid water  
 dump dioxin feces good building  
 sites they say  
 Blind fools desparate fools  
 cannot save life cannot  
 save anything but the evil that  
 possesses blinds them calls  
 threat of annihilation  
 civilization  
 Black folks naive to think  
 america is civilized that  
 humans of color will freely pave  
 the road to humanity  
 The evil fuel that feeds the  
 hearts of europes melting pot  
 has circled the planet  
 infiltrated remote jungles  
 absorbed into the ice of  
 the poles  
 We breathe it drink it  
 eat it wear it watch it  
 send our children into its  
 gaping classroom jaws  
 We the native of this earth  
 are the greedy ones Adams and  
 Eves  
 Who among us has the strength  
 now not to eat?

Barney Bush

**INHERIT THE BLOOD**

Last nights moon open  
 power of seeds rich earth  
 Ohio and Mississippi River  
 villages bring forth the  
 sacred objects  
 On flat topped mounds wise  
 elders confer bless the  
 seeds in moonlight  
 Moons power songs of our  
 elders are handsome male  
 and female spirit  
 Wet bottomlands thick with  
 budding limbs night peepers  
 crickets wind of rushing  
 water stir with morning  
 sun grandfather the  
 nourisher the mid husband for  
 children about to be born

Europeans take your sacred  
 objects statue of liberty  
 nuclear cores cancer  
 draglines washingtons monument  
 m 16s and leave america Take  
 your names with you Attach  
 them to your real world beyond  
 the stars and  
 with mad like laughter know  
 your manifest destiny is not  
 complete until each planet  
 bears your flag

I remember wind  
 I remember last nights  
 moon songs in the  
 circle of my head  
 I remember etching these symbols  
 onto this conch shell disk  
 I remember the origin of  
 our world what foreigners in  
 forty years will scientifically  
 say is inherited in the blood.

Barney Bush

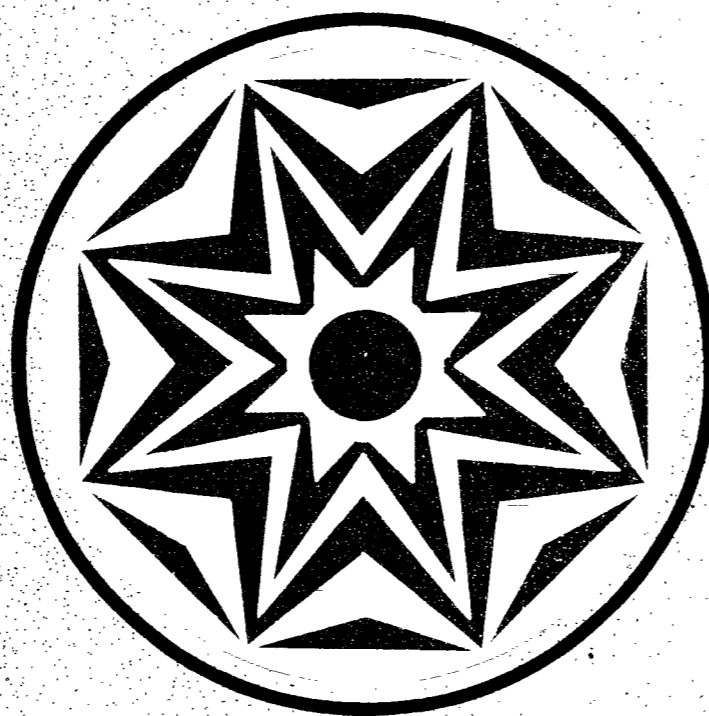


**POETRY**

**THE LAST DREAM**

No drums no songs rolling  
 over plains along river banks  
 a lonesome land without song  
 without human beings  
 Coyote pauses  
 Coyote cries out in mime  
 Without song coyote is  
 lonesome too  
 Rivers yet tumult spring  
 thaws warm summer rain  
 sinks deeply into soil into  
 fleshless jaws rigidly open  
 from the last song  
 Millions of birth places once  
 fond musings in hearts of  
 mothers fathers children  
 once even holy thoughts  
 places with secret names long  
 forgotten evaporated into  
 silence like a dream travelling  
 without wind a dream that  
 flies over canyon rims  
 down between sandstone walls  
 like a breath with no  
 lips no sound  
 a dream that never reached in  
 time to a sleeping being  
 Even the clear blue water is  
 as silent as it is deep  
 The dream yet moves  
 pauses to listen  
 coyote  
 Coyote has found blood  
 Coyote shrills like a  
 newborn baby.

Barney Bush



**THE LIQUID DREAM**

With each death a  
 change of tradition  
 Within my ears buckskin  
 to cloth kerosene lamps to  
 nuclear bombs truth to  
 lies and my grandparents  
 whose births led from  
 oakwood smoke Ohio River  
 fog left me with the  
 liquid drum died with  
 the source in their  
 hearts.

Barney Bush

**JOURNEY IN THE BLOOD**

When I have not seen brothers  
 a long time  
 when I have not seen sisters  
 a long time  
 when we have not seen each  
 other for a long time  
 we look deeply into our  
 dreams the ones that have  
 caused this to be so  
 Songs mountains prairies  
 drums relatives bear  
 elk turtle eagle and  
 we see it is so  
 Embracing is the dreams  
 roundness  
 In the blood the journey  
 never ends.

Barney Bush

**BLOOD COUNT**

Inside the star  
 inside the holy circle  
 firelight shadows dance on  
 faces awaiting word somewhere  
 spinning time in the prairie wind  
 listening for prayers to make  
 their way

It must be well with  
 good tobacco good heart toward  
 all beings  
 the sun the sky all that  
 inhabit there and on earth for  
 in the stars emblazoned image is  
 power sacred hearts blood  
 flowing through the veins of  
 earth

Eyes recount every movement  
 An unadorned warrior wears only the  
 white plume from under the eagles tail  
 Long white blacktipped feathers are  
 voices of the people  
 Seeing improperly will lose one in  
 dark dreams that will come back  
 forever.

Barney Bush

*(Just as we were considering what to do for our poetry page this issue, our good friend Barney Bush, a Shawnee poet dropped in to see us on his way home. He didn't stay but an hour during which time we had stimulating, if disjointed, conversation (we both had been without sleep for two days). It was sure good to see him and be left us these poems for you.)*

Rokwabo

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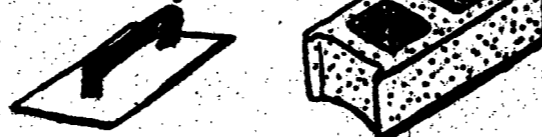
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