

The American Indian

*He never left a track, as he walked across this land,
Nature was his only guide, his only helping hand.
He trusted in this way of life, all things it did supply,
Through countless years he never dreamed this way of life could die.*

*In harmony his life was lived, as part of a greater plan,
He never tried to change his world for the benefit of man.
He had all things he needed, and took only for his need,
A way of life where you wasted not, there was no such thing as greed.*

*He followed herds of wild beasts, thru the seasons of the year,
All needs were well provided for, by the buffalo and deer.
His shelter from the cold north wind, his food, his clothes, his tools,
Nature was, always in charge, and he followed nature's rules.*

*But change does come, and everyone, eventually will change,
When progress marches forward, many lives must rearrange.
From the east, men came one day, to remove him from this land,
although he fought, he could not stop, what he did not understand.*

*On reservations far away, to a life he did not know,
They would teach him how to farm the land, how to make things grow,
And many did learn those ways, and the life they live is good,
Some tried and failed, and some rebelled, most are still misunderstood.*

*Today he lives a peaceful life, in his modern reservation home,
But in his dreams he is free again, where the buffalo still roam,
Yet there are times he tells himself, this is not how it should be,
Then he leans back in his easy chair, to watch a western on tv.*

df10/03

Oranna Felter has my permission to post this poem on her web site

