

For Robert 'Bob' Anderson

There are only a few who dare
Whose vision unclouded, endlessly share
There were none who saw at Batzulnetas
The ever coiling hand that would unseat us
It was in Autumn, falling red
When at last the roasted salmon place
The People of the Tanada, quietly tread
When facing west they bowed to truffles and lace
Katie, my friend, was barred from home
Whilst the western man was everywhere, free to roam
A simple issue it was, but not understood
Til came the medicine wind, quiet of foot
A strange tongue was unfurled
To pry, to unclasp, quickly uncurled
You can go home now, Bob said
Ever knowing of the years, sadly fled
There are some now, who know that that face
Quietly hidden, secure in grace
A Chippewa twas said, but the alset nay
Will not soon forget, this quiet keeper who showed the way

by Wilson Justin

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