

MY POOR WORLD . . .

My poor world, earth. Poverty stricken. Ill.
A junkyard — even our animals eat our litter.
Damaged — in and out. Sore. How long will it hold
together?

I hear its cry — what can I do? What can we do?

We “Natives” had lived on our land — America, Alaska.
We did not damage it. We were and are so natural.
Then our land was taken over. Industry, choked our
skies, choked our rivers, killed our birds, killed, damaged,
crippled on and on. The naturals . . . the land was
destroyed, must I say more? We first in history showed
the newcomers, how to plant corn, they in return sold
our fish, our whales.

Our land is our provider for our families,
We respect, love and gave thanks for our beautiful land.
To the money-hungry outsiders — it was for their own
pockets, how selfish.

How crude, and to leave us “Natives” in confusion.
Our animals left also in confusion, the freedom was
taken for money. The Pain. The Pain.

Everything's slowly dying — the sea draws nearer.
My Poor World, Mother Earth, misses her natural people,
the natural natives of the land, we loved and treated
our Mother Earth as our temple of life. My poor world,
misses her natives, and their respect.

Be patient my people, think of the future.
How long can our World take the tortures it so long
endured? Patience, time, peace can give us the answer,
what's your solution?

— Mary Jane Brower