

POEM ON SUBSISTENCE

**We were raised off the land,
We were always happy with it,
We took care of what we had,
We took food when it was necessary
We always had boundaries with different tribes
Now why do the whitemen
Have to put a stop all this,
I don't really know
It'll never be the same as
It was a hundred years ago
I ask you the White Man
To give me what was mine.**

**By
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