

Almost Gone

In a short space of time I've seen. The Alaskan Native people here are truly in between. A spirit of life they once knew. It's almost gone; what's left is new.

To love a way of living, for some they can't transcend. To

be lost in modern time. Their sorrow has no end. I've seen them walk with staggered gait to fall upon the ground, their empty hearts, their shattered hopes for them they can not sound.

The hurt they feel within

themselves, it's hard for me to find. The reason for that smile they wear, it's there most all the time.

To take time to understand. To help them live again, we must give them back some dignity and a helping hand.