

# An Eskimo Dreamer

## "Hinting for World Peace"

By MARY JANE TEVUK

*In this life I'm living  
my only home is earth.  
I've learned a human being  
is what I am at birth.*

*"How did I get here?" I asked.  
Why do people call me names?  
Why am I an Eskimo? Alas!  
Makes me feel so ashamed!*

*I am no longer shy  
nor am I ashamed,  
to my own eye,  
all the peoples are the same.*

*I pondered as a young child  
why this round world a test?  
Why are American people so mild,  
while other peoples are ruthless?*

*The people living on either side  
There is killing, war and fear.  
Someone frail in hunger, just died.  
Soo many lives in poverty, I hear.*

*Why have man ruined God's plan?  
A designer with all his might,  
created all, gave life to man.  
Each soul beautiful to his sight.*

*Why is there so much injustice?  
Have you heard of the Eskimodays,  
when my people turned to God's obedience;  
to love, give, share for better ways?*

*It is not of my skin color  
that I tell you all this.  
It is of world peace I hunger  
to make our home, earth, a bliss!*