

POEM

Red and White

(For our Navajo son)

Sometimes I catch a gleam
Coming from deep inside your dark
brown eyes.

A smile plays softly upon your lips,
And then it's gone.

Did I imagine it?

Another time you laugh out loud,
Sweet strident music.

My heart soars just to listen to your
happiness.

At times we work together,

Over and over and over

Till you throw up your hands in
despair.

And then we begin again

Renewed by some small joy.

And now a poem of sadness seems
written

On your face,

Are you thinking?

Thinking, perhaps, of things I shall
never know?

Oh, lucky one—yours is the best of
both!

It is for you to know the

Fierce joy of the untamed

Who are at peace with Nature;

The silent meditation

Over grazing sheep . . .

Almost—I can see it,

Even hear it . . .

Such an immense, immeasurable
silence.

But when the leaves began to fall

You came to me

Full of shy beauty and promise

Like the new-formed bud.

And only I could draw it out.

We rejoiced together, and finally —

We loved together.

Yes. At last it came, my son,

Red and white became as one.

—By JUDITH ROSE

A foster mother in the Indian

Student Placement Program

(From INDIAN LIAHONA)