

Great tears fall down

Grown boys playing in war
while mothers worry,
crying for their babes.

Their babes . . . scared,
wishing they were home,
putting on their
soft moccasins,
walking through
our quiet forests.

Yes, they do come home,
some . . . only to the ground.

The bullets ripped through
like toothpicks,
through their fragile
bodies, falling . . .
falling to the ground.

They're digging . . .
they're digging
the holes again.

Our whole earth riddled
with prejudice . . .
with bullets . . .

with smoke
Smoke of death,
with blood . . .
with tears . . .

Great tears fall down
from heaven,
down our cheeks.

The sea beats its breast.
The wounded crying,
"Why me? Why me?"

"When will peace be declared?"

We stay home, so protected,
picking berries on
our quiet hills while
children scream somewhere,
where thy windy howls
of injustice
bomb them
out of their hiding places.

Come to me, children
let me protect you—
before my arms
are blown off . . .

Anuqsraaq,
Mary Jane Litchard
Nome