

## **Poem —**

# **Lament to the Native Corporations**

**By NELS A. ANDERSON, JR.**

**It's always over before it's begun —  
The battles are lost and the battles are won.  
The feelings are muffled by trying too hard;  
Your battered nerves are your only reward.  
Perhaps you should never have started this fight  
Because winning is losing and no one is right.**

**Brother, oh brother, how much I have hurt!  
How can I fight you, you gave me your shirt.  
Cousin, oh cousin, my tears fall for you.  
My horizon is cloudy, the skies are not blue.  
Mothers and sons are at each others' throats,  
The people are screaming and common sense bloats.**

**Forget we were brothers and sisters and sons?  
We are the losers, the embattled one.  
Our futures are tied to each other's hearts;  
We cannot destroy and be forced apart.  
I pray for a unified voice to be free,  
A good land, good home for you and for me.**

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