

Poetry—

From—

THE WRITERS READER

(The Institute of American Indian Arts)

Then and Now

Then I had someone.
Then I had a place to go.
A strange thing happened,
then—

I found myself, at nights,
sleeping in filth and cold.
I was almost always hungry.
I shivered in a farmer's
cowshed, like some
whelping bitch.

Thoughts came to my mind.
What shall I do now?

I could hear my mother's
gentle, husky voice, but it
gave me no bravery, no
resolution; and she
departed from me.

Nothing was left for me to
cling to, except to live
with loneliness,
far beyond loneliness,

Now, I have no one.

Now, I have no place to go.

—ROSEY E. GARCIA