

Could you America?

There was a plume of smoke for days
After the totemic towers toppled, a highway of
Souls making their way to the hereafter

Why did the towers come straight down
Like a high tech demolition job?

Blood over flowed the banks, flooding lowlands
But there was no one to receive that outpouring

The A train didn't make it to Harlem that day

We Huddled like a lost village in front of the TV
Warmed before the fire of information that perhaps
We were emotionally incapable of handling.
Anxiety ridden our parasitic freedom in question.
The Bill of Rights under revision.

Was it pay back for the economic
Terrorism we have waged on the world, for innocent
People we have killed by accident in our high-tech wars
For profit, to maintain and improve our
Standard of living, our Jihad for a buck?

Why do you think they hate us America?

Do we force feed the second
And third world geese, ramming down their long minaret necks the farce of free
Elections, cutthroat capitalism, Hollywood standard equipment,
Prozac, Viagra, implant and lip-o-suction lifestyles ? When a bowl of rice or a loaf of
Bread would be more kind.

Their livers enlarge and rend the paté of global marketing and economic
Expansionism.

Capitalism is a razor that slashes the wrists of democracy,
Hemorrhaging justice, equality and freedom.

How can we be for the people if we're trying to tele market them into
Something they aren't sure they need or want. Pornographically we make our case For
that hot dripping hamburger and the "buff, erotic, he-man, hard-on", of cold beer.

Oh America!, even with your discards you could save so many.
And perhaps quality of life has nothing to do with material things.

Oh America!, could you live with less and let more live?

Broken Medicine

In the dream-time I learned
Of the broken medicine.

It is a medicine longing for wholeness,
A native medicine , of the ancestors,
The medicine of remembering what is meaningful,
The Humming Bird Medicine, of the Ghost Shirt Religion.

Those who are to step forward, know who they are.

It comes, after dark trials, to a soul who is ready.
May that soul step forward, share their voice, their unique gift,
The medicine is broken it must be healed.

Do these words resonate in you?
Then, let your words ring.
It doesn't matter, if you feel alone, are imperfect,

We heal in the loving compassion of each others sincerity.
By showing up, taking the risk, spirit does the rest.

All that came to pass was necessary, don't look back.
Find the others, it is a grave need they have.
It is a restless medicine, of troubled nights, heroic journeys,
Heightened awareness for the things unseen.

It is a medicine of finding your voice,
Speaking your truth, fragments
That together , form a circle.

We are warriors, wanting,
To return home to our tribe.
It is a long way.

This is not the medicine not of being
Who you wanted to be,
But being,
Who you are.

Those among you know who you are, please, step forward.

We are the Ghost Dancers only we can heal
The broken medicine.