

The Sleeping Indian

Outlanders

The sun rise opened my eyes
To take shape with
A new purpose new workers
Make haste with
Grade a tip arrows
Are dipped and lay waiting
The feathers in my hair done switched
Can't erase it
Now we gotta run for our lives
Besides chasing
The dream Kings & Queens
Better equip to make it
Terrified women dodge bullets
And skip skate quick
Clutching the babies running naked
It's sick sacred
Trying to escape hatred
They're just basic
A new slave ship
They're pursued by pale faces
Whatever they see they take it
Just trace it
As if the island needed face lift just face it
My families fleeing the scene
Canoes signaling
Had to leave everything behind
The truth lingering
I built a teepee in a tree
The view brilliant
A giant in the midst of confusion:
Sleeping Indian