

## 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