

The gichi-mookomaanag,
they gawk at me,
clothed in the finest silk,
they bring their children.

I am chained down
to the ground.
I cannot move freely
upon the land
of our ancestors.

When the gichi-mookomaanag
come to our land,
we treat them with honor.

Several strings of lives ago,
we prepared our finest feasts
then show them
our native traditions,
but they are hostile,
and violent.
The land is to share.
Now they treat us like slaves.

When they stare at me,
I feel alone and helpless
as a red fox caught in a trap.

The gichi-mookomaan bring gifts
for each other,
but they do not trade.

When they climb the stairs to me,
I fall silent and motionless
like a clever opossum.
The children pitch corn and
clay and marble to awaken me.
I still lay silent.