

page 1 to 4 12/11/12

the struggle being waged without me, before me in this land of opportunity, was that for me? how the natives fought bravely for the land they nurtured, the land they were one with, the struggle being waged without me, before me in this land of freedom, was that for me? how slaves rebelled fiercely for this land they helped nurture, the land they attempted to become one with, the struggle being waged without me, before me in this land of equality, was that for me? how everyone's voice screams for equality, in this land they continue to nurture, the struggle being waged without me, before me, in this land of justice, was that for me? how discrimination flourishes & the land is soaked with our blood, sweat & tears, in this land known as the biggest prison industrial complex, the struggle being waged without me, before me, & today with me, through pain & suffering i sought opportunities, freedom, equality.

page 2 12/11/12

& justice, only to be chained,
shackled & manacled, kepted,
from one another in this
conquered land, placed in cold
soiled darken dungeons, yet with the
relentless will to be free, through
all these trials & tribulations,
hope, never ceases to accompany
us, in these struggles being
waged without me, before me &
today with me, yes its been for
me, like today i'm thinking of you,
in the struggle.

Hello my young friend, are you
paying attention to my poetry,
or the multitude of letters which
i send, can you fully understand,
that you've live to witness sweet
freedom's end, from the grapes of
wrath, all our statesmen have
deeply drank, the sweet song of
true freedom has been replaced,
as the prisoner's iron-chain
clank, despotic oppression will
clip the wings of time, treachery
& treasonous lies, are praise as
deeds sublime, everything about
this country has faltered

page 3 12/11/12

the most trivial indiscretions are now a crime, i hear you when you say you wish to move away, it be a wise decision which you make, let no one your inclination sway, find a place where freedom still rings, a place filled with God's people, who dare not clip the angel's wings, perhaps someday in the future, we will once more be glad to call America home, at present time the songs of freedom are drowned out by the moans of innocent slain, their pitiful moans, & the clank of prisoners chains,

it should be clear to anyone that native peoples are repressed more so than anyone else, that genocide has been practiced against them more so than any people who still exist as a people, well that means we got to defend them - fight alongside of them just like they fought alongside the slaves, people shouldn't be able to forget for a moment that this land was under the guardianship of

page 4 12/11/12

native americans for centuries
before anyone else arrived.
anyway, the way to start is by
recognizing if you're supporting
land & liberation for native
americans, you're antiimperialist &
should be in a movement that
recognizes & includes that, & if
there's no movement - well, you got
to build one, post for [http://
betweenthebars.org/blogs/1491](http://betweenthebars.org/blogs/1491)