

Fall 12-1-2004

Not Yours to Take

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Recommended Citation

Adams, Clayton (2004) "Not Yours to Take," *The Prairie Light Review*: Vol. 25 : No. 1 , Article 68.
Available at: <http://dc.cod.edu/plr/vol25/iss1/68>

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Not Yours to Take

Clayton Adams

Borders traced in shifting sands
Like map ink speaks in different tongues.
Land and water claimed and named,
by blood that cries, "It's ours."

Once a line that trickled into blank paper spaces,
explore, discover, chart the maps already plotted
Long ago,
Before they planted banners like dead trees.

Conquer, use the savage, impose your politic,
Civil lies.

Rip the woods from their mother's embrace,
Suck out her viscous black.
Imprison the rivers, make their might your slave,
Drown the land for a fistful of gold,
Put it in a pocket full of holes.

Progress is costly, but to those who pay the bill
are not always buyers.
Choose, act, do.
Struggle ends with bended knee,
accept with open palm.
The gifts that can't belong to you
were given to us all.