

The Prairie Light Review

Volume 19
Number 1 *Journeys*

Article 22

Fall 12-1-1998

Brave Little One

Robert L. Houle
College of DuPage

Follow this and additional works at: <http://dc.cod.edu/plr>

Recommended Citation

Houle, Robert L. (1998) "Brave Little One," *The Prairie Light Review*: Vol. 19 : No. 1 , Article 22.
Available at: <http://dc.cod.edu/plr/vol19/iss1/22>

This Selection is brought to you for free and open access by the College Publications at DigitalCommons@COD. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Prairie Light Review by an authorized editor of DigitalCommons@COD. For more information, please contact koteles@cod.edu.

BRAVE LITTLE ONE

(Sand Creek Massacre, November 27, 1864)

I hid among the tall grass
quiet, stiff and still
I still can hear the soldier's voices
canons thunder against the hill.

It started with a scream
from my mother's face
It ended with my mother's death
me, hiding in this place.

The scent of smoke still lingers
the air is stark and cold
I still can hear the thunder of
the Beasts of War they rode.

I dare not, to make a sound
my little body's cold
If only I could make a break
Great Spirit make me bold.

That moment from a soldier's view
in the corner of his eye
His rifle raised, his aim was true
he raised his weapon high.

"I got the Bastard," he proudly boasts
to buddies by his side
"I hit him somewhere in the head,
or maybe in the eye."

I felt the flow of blood
as it ran down upon my face
I never had a chance to run
to escape this time and place.

I knew my life was over
as I traveled to this land.
A place where mother's waiting,
she took me by the hand.

Her face was full of peace and love
her glow was "oh" so bright,
"The Great Spirit has brought you here my son
and in my arms so tight."

"Do not cry for death is sweet
my son you were so bold
Our spirit will live forever in those
who travel.....this Red Road."

— *Robert L. Houle*