Drum Talk

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College of DuPage

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Drum Talk

On Dakota reservation in awe of strange land formations we stop at store to even stranger glances playing bongos to the passing sky
Car of young Native American men giving life to dust clouds Eyes mistrustful and wary
Drums boom "I am the liberator of spirit, through me brethren and I in the name of our father, Holy Music, shall we change the face of creation."
The tanned boys on the verge of manhood weigh the answer with the music they hear The silence of dust settles to the ground With a flash light returning to their eyes with a sign of peace they leave us dancing clouds of brown dust mirroring creations start and the vision of rolling hill freedom wandering Following star and sun looking for food or vision in the name of the one music which is whispered by the river of waves unseen And a three-legged dog tells us no matter the difficulties or tribulations we shall overcome and walk the road again Cactus holding precious fluid of life deep within throughout the fruitless months of dry bone cracked earth sun glare

-Joshua Williams