American Dream

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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