

I Walk in the History of My People

There are women locked in my joints
for refusing to speak to the police
My red blood full of those
arrested in flight shot
My tendons stretched brittle with anger
do not look like white roots of peace
In my marrow are hungry faces
who live on land the whites don't want
In my marrow women who walk 5 miles every day for water
In my marrow the swollen hands of my people who are not allowed
to hunt

to move
 to be
 In the scars of my knees you can see
 children torn from their families
 bludgeoned into government schools
 You can see through the pins in my bones
 that we are prisoners of a long war
 My knee is so badly wounded no one will look at it
 The pus of the past oozes from every pore
 This infection has gone on for at least 300 years
 Our sacred beliefs have been made into pencils
 names of cities gas stations
 My knee is wounded so badly that I limp constantly
 Anger is my crutch I hold myself upright with it
 My knee is wounded
 see
 How I Am Still Walking

Chrystos

I Have Not Signed a Treaty with the United States Government

ESPECIALLY FOR CELESTE GEORGE

nor has my father nor his father
 nor any grandmothers
 We don't recognize these names on old sorry paper
 Therefore we declare the United States a crazy person
 nightmare lousy food ugly clothes bad meat
 nobody we know
 No one wants to go there This US is theory illusion
 terrible ceremony The United States can't dance can't cook
 has no children no elders no relatives
 They build funny houses no one lives in but papers
 Everything the United States does to everybody is bad
 No this US is not a good idea We declare you terminated
 You've had your fun now go home we're tired We signed
 no treaty WHAT are you still doing here Go somewhere else and

build a McDonald's We're going to tear all this ugly mess
down now We revoke your immigration papers
your assimilation soap suds your stories are no good
your colors hurt our feet our eyes are sore
our bellies are tied in sour knots Go Away Now
We don't know you from anybody
You must be some ghost in the wrong place wrong time
Pack up your toys garbage lies
We who are alive now
have signed no treaties
Burn down your stuck houses you're sitting
in a nowhere gray glow Your spell is dead
Go so far away we won't remember you ever came here
Take these words back with you

Chrystos