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## Navajo

Paul Allen Gonzales

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PAUL ALLEN GONZALES

NAVAJO :

You tourist, you wanderer on my land, you

who

ask:

“Are you really an Indian?”

and

smile . . . .

I must tell you of myself and my present

basic

task . . . .

(To get your dollar and watch you

go your

dusty

mile!)

But hear me, White; hear my spirit, for

I am

here . . . .

I was, and will be at home

below

the butte,

While you, on journey, aimlessly

to

nowhere . . . .

Can only wonder why such rude questions

make me

mute!

Know you, in shorts and beard, inquiring, “What

of your future; where is

your

pride?”

Understand me, White; much you have and

much you

own . . . .

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But can you take tomorrow's young bride,  
and travel, in dignity, with all you own

on yonder  
Roan?

No, White, it is you whom I pity and

over which  
I cry,

You, who would seek the sacred campfires

beyond the  
clouds . . . .

You, who claim that you must go there

in iron arrows  
in the sky . . . .

(Long before your time; before the old ones

call  
and wait  
in crowds!)

Yes, White, silently I pity one who bargains

for my  
rug . . . .

That Spider Women gave to all;

to share,

But still I show an old pottery

vase or  
jug,

As I hope the price you pay is twice

what I ask  
in dare!

And as you go back to your cement cave

amid colored  
lights,

And muse on my existence in terms of sorrow;

Know that I, White, am not a victim of many wrongs,

and few  
rights . . . .

For I can tell; the Rain God will answer me tomorrow!