



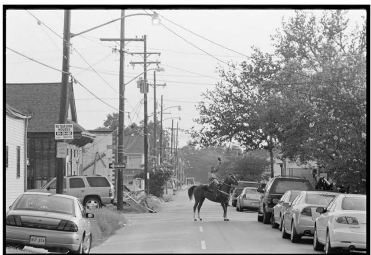
gonna trouble the
water make it rise, angry,
til it leaves its mark



place requires living
not just settlement to be
home and history



it even billows
when weathered, still beckoning
to the huddled messes



katrina cowboy
he rode the storm through until
end and beginning



through the bristled brush,
warriors sift and forage
to make new pathways



we thunder and blues
people, rumbling with dirges
that span time or space



they want to wear our
storied history like a
costume, mask and all



shade of southern trees
protect those traveling with
their trash and treasures



goodbyes are reserved
for only those who have ceased
belief in rebirth



however many
may we take those steps that will
lead us into peace

journeying spirit
be still, and let mindfulness
be your safe passage



if you are not an
indigenous person
then you came or were brought



nawlins to angel
city this young dreaming be
driving me ahead



see, hear and feel our
presence while we pray for those
who call us strangers



we sing the songs of
grandmothers, pave unfriendly
streets with our heartbeat



gathered around this
table sit faith ancestry
and country proudly



may ceremony
usher in realizations
of dreams accomplished



cycling through past,
arriving in self-made place
and purposeful space



frontline soldiers we
hold honor dear like the past
to defend our place



these pictures prove my
presence thick like bloodline on
ambivalent ground



with only eyes one
cannot know me that must come
through understanding

