

The Beaver

See how the beaver
Works all night, without light
In the darkness

He builds his dam
Limb and branch, mud and sand
Higher, stronger, greater dam

From dusk till dawn
His toil goes on and on

Then tomorrow, you will see
a bubbling stream

Become a pond, and later on
A stagnant lake

And all the creepy, crawly creatures
Will crawl down, to make a home
Within that putrid pond

With turtle, snake, frog and crab,
These neighbours now the beaver will have

But

The deer, bear, lynx and fox,
Raccoon, wolf, moose and hawk

Will move far away
To find a place the beaver hasn't been

Where clear, cold, clean water still flows
Living, Laughing, Tumbling Liquid Life

Waterfalls, brooks and streams
These are highways for life's dreams.

My son,

Do not become a beaver,
And build for yourself a dam

For this is what the whiteman does
With brick and stone and sand

Till his mind is like that lake
Filled with weird wicked wretches
That give no peace.

Then he cries to his creator
In desperation

Please God, my God, deliver me
From Damnation.

1968, 1969

The small drum

The small drum
Throbbled a story
And the old man agreed

Eyes dancing
Head nodding

In

The firelight
His body moved
To the rhythm
Of the drumstick

But

He did not know
It was in his hand
Nor the drum between his legs

Mist

Precedes the day
And in the mist
The old man saw
His prayer

He said nothing

But

The small drum
Remembered.

1971