

CATTLE

First people first voices.
natives have always had a lot to say
the question to ask are the Europeans
listening!
you've taken everything
all we have is our name
now you want our life.
How can you take a life when you herded us like cows.
Cows into your corrals, cows branded
wards of your government
forced to feed off one another,
butchered in your schools.
Bailed us your alcohol and your welfare.
milking us to be nothing more than
subservient labourers.
See how we are slowly dying, see how our spirit
dwindles on a thread.
Thread of injustice, that's why I am here.
I am not here to massacre the whiteman
only his attitude and his government,
your general fear of us as a people has led you
genocide, with your religious saviours sent on a
mission to redemption.
your government policies
treat us like helpless children.
After you've wiped out many of the clans,
my predecessors with your diseases
your petty compensation was to
expropriate our lands rich with your precious
metal and resources.
And throw us pennies to further our education,
nickels to build houses
dimes to operate the band offices,
band offices where the rules were written by you.
I buried him long ago
but my own people dug him up
my own people laid down to die.
Your theory to turn us against one another
has been proven so with the apple Indians
the Indians red on the outside and white on the inside
those having no clear concept of your intentions
A raping of their minds
That is why I am here, I am telling you
NO MORE
I am a descendant of first people first voices
Not of your supposed primitive Kanata
I am no longer on the soils to greet you
I am here to carry a message that native people
have a lot to say and I am asking are you listening this time!

percy lezard