

## JOY ASHAM FEDORICK

### Wings of Faith

As I dream in the silence of the world  
Stillness wrapped tautly round my  
hopes

I reach out to touch the visions  
Touching, holding round about

And my hands become as eagles  
Soaring high through space and sky  
Searching, dreaming ever higher  
Soul engulfed in wings of fire

And the wings embrace my shoulders  
Softly lend that flight to me  
Then the moon becomes my Sister  
And her light helps set me free

Donned within her startling silver  
Eyes encounter destiny  
Now is just a veil to memory  
For it is and then is gone

Sister whispers "That's what matters  
Now is gone before it's said  
Yet it happens and becomes  
The part of us within our heads."

And at times those Nows behind us  
Touch our heart and bend our will  
But forever, Sister tells us,  
The choice for freedom is ours still

In calm of night She whispers gently  
Takes away the Nows long past  
Tells me that I still am worthy  
Restores to me the Wings of Faith

She took away the will to wander  
The will to run away from me  
Restored to me with grace and silver  
The trust required to be Free

Then Dawn rekindled life's desire  
No more wings from shoulders  
sprout

And its cold out winter mornings  
Doubt and turmoil all about

Then, softly creeping in my morning  
Nodding robustly at noon  
Dancing through my ears at sunset  
Like the distant cry of loon  
Comes the presence of Her silver  
Of the wings of peace and grace  
Sister Moon is there forever  
Now, for me, and ever hence

Sister Moon shall watch me always  
In Her silver, winging way  
Lending flight and ever soaring  
Making Now good yesterdays

Sister Moon, your light will draw me  
In the silence of the night  
Wings now sprout from shoulders  
gently  
Wings to Freedom, crystal bright

And the wings become my footsteps  
In the daily chores I do  
Knowing of Your nightly visit  
And the love of Sisters true.

Sister Moon, I believe.

### The Legacy

What is my future? Despair or hope?  
Why must I daily wonder how I can  
cope  
With the discrimination that dogs me?

It loses jobs, forces me to exist  
At a level at which I cannot resist  
One more drink to get away.

It makes me watch my feet as I walk  
For who would smile at, let alone talk  
To me, except another Indian.

It makes me shun the world I have  
known  
Of earth and sky and face all alone  
The jungle of the city  
Discrimination.

It makes me feel an anger to do  
Anything a non-Indian can do  
And do it better.

Just try to tell me one more time  
That my heritage is a welfare line  
And I'll die working to disprove you

And from my fight to prove you erred  
By White Manifest Destiny having  
declared  
And judged me by your system  
I'll show you that I am just as good  
And leave a legacy that anyone would  
Admire me for

For when I die, over where I lay  
An Indian child will weep but he'll say  
My Mother left me hope.

And

I'll have won.

### House of Meekwun

Meekwun lies alone in his room  
One he shares with seven others  
The walls are cracked and peeling  
Stained with artwork of his brothers

On the bare board floor before him  
A ray of sunshine plays  
On drab, gray soot and ashes  
Piled high from yesterday  
When blizzard swept the village  
And the cookstove was stoked to brim  
But all the wood they stoked it with  
Could not keep the chills from him  
Through cracks in the wall it whistled  
The wind with all its force  
Government required insulation  
Had been overlooked, of course

The one door in the building  
Opens to the northwind's roar  
An architectural genius  
Had placed it thus, I'm sure

You know this is a new house  
Just five or six years old  
but I really think the older ones  
Could more ably stand the cold  
Though by Red hands they were built  
And by Red hands were maintained  
But the White Man had to show us  
Just how much we had gained

They showed us by constructing  
A row of high-class shacks  
Out of Buffalo board, a little glue  
Some mortar and thumbtacks

Then told us, "Look, we have done for  
you  
Much more than we do for us  
Why can't we then engender  
A little bit of trust?"

Do you trust him, Meekwun?