

The Dream

In my dream you appeared—

Red.

A fervent, jaded Brave
Speaking of
Your Warrior days

Though no one else would
Hear you
I could not take my eyes
Away as I
Listened to you explain

“Politicians will
Have their way”
“And the dead will wish
To die again”

With great resolve you
Mounted,
released a
Tremolo and then
Slowly rode away

With your cry I was
Transported
To your village
 blazing Orange
And Orange I became

In that very instant
I knew
Each moment of your pain
And the sacrifice that
Your village made

I followed to where
You waited
You handed me a
Symbol
Which I did not understand

Many tribes you showed
Me
In the waters clear
From them came a giant
And he ask me to draw near

He held my hand
And showed me
Fire, blazing

Orange
Across the sacred land;

Events of modern war

All of this, he said
Must happen
To make the fertile soil,
To nourish the
Promise of our fathers

When we will mourn no more

Tonya Madia 11/06