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Through My Eyes

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Through the Eyes

Melissa Blumberg

Through the eyes of the American
is the way I was taught to see
Through the eyes of the American Indian
is the way I see this tragedy
And I can't help but think
that they did nothing wrong
and that they did not deserve
all the pain that was done,
And I bet they were perfectly happy
before the West was won.
I see myself as a Sioux
I see myself as an Apache
And I hate this new America,
And all the pain it has caused me
I've been bothered; I've been battered;
I've been kicked out of my home-
all for some ethnocentric idiot
who wants some more gold.
Why can't they see?
Why don't they feel?
Why must I go hungry,
When it's my land that they steal?