

# NDN #1-8-3-8

*Josie Lockhart*

The pride of poverty to perseverance is passed down  
in an NDN-weaved basket gifted one hundred years ago  
from a Cherokee princess to so and so's full-blooded Irish grandfather.  
Irishman took the princess and a brown baby prince was issued to them.

Ma left Pa in Cali-fornie and tramped her way to the copper-skinned "Cherky" prince.  
Ma became a savage  
she danced around fires and joked with Creator while she watched her  
"one little, two little, three little NDN's" play stickball in the waving wheat that smelled like  
assimilation and America- just like cow shit.

Ma toted her three little blue-eyed NDN's to Mr. Dawes to get their magic cards, oh!  
Oh, those magic cards- stamped, "1/4."  
That glorious, federally funded,  
free English classes,  
free haircut,  
free boarding,  
free American-ness!

One Little NDN and Two Little NDN went to Dwight Mission  
and sang songs about rockets and bombs  
while they put their hands on their earthly hearts.  
Three Little NDN heard the land crying and began to cry with her all the way to Main Street.  
It cried muddy tears as it plopped down next to a flour sack of a man's brittle bones  
that wheezed, "just act civilized."  
Three Little stood up and walked back to it's NDN house and watered the cracked,  
cratered crust with it's half American, half "Cherky" tears.  
Humming.  
"One little, two little, three little 'Mericans."