



This piece is inspired by my Native American heritage and growing up in Maine, as well as a flair for dark and dramatic writing, and a flair for poetry.

Before I was born there was a proud people  
beautiful and crimson as life's blood  
they could not remember when they became ancient.

Before I was born there were wildmen  
fair and bare chested  
the whip that would tame them had not yet been invented.

After, they walk amongst their ashes, as white as the plague that destroyed them.

Before the small forests  
there were great trees  
huge as the time it took to grow them.

Before the lumberjack hoisted his axe  
the executioner of nature, the judge of a better way  
the forest lived unconvicted.

After, the earth grows for the warden, to fit his recreation.

Before the empty seas  
there were spears thrown and gifts given  
the beasts of the sea looked for someone to take them home.

Before the salty waters lay ridden with poison  
the sharks did not stray near the shore  
and the vast blue empty did not harbor fear.

After, the lighthouse shines bright, to show heathens the way to land.

Before the skies were gray with smog  
and birds died for burnt paper  
you had only to look to the sky to lift your spirit.

Before there was a law against finding a feather  
and the crack of lead thunder ensured there were some wings that would fly never more  
the eagle flew safe, beyond protection.

After, those who fly are shackled by those who walk.

Before the rivers were dirtied  
and the water burned with toxic flames  
water was as pure as a land without a word for evil.

Before the waterways were old  
when every stream was still fresh  
the color blue was always safe.

After, the fish are born corrupt, like cells in the bloodstreams of hell.

Before the land was drawn with roads  
when the clearings and plains coloured outside  
you didn't have to travel down the lines to see what lay between them. Before  
the way of industry built society,  
the way of life created joy  
the highway wasn't invented, there was the way.  
After, you always have somewhere to go, far from home.

Before the invaders came  
when the spear had never met the sword  
a treaty could still be honored.  
Before authority and race  
when men were autonomous, and human  
You had only to win the battle, there was no war.  
After, the enemy of man has come, his name is humanity.

Before the beliefs of strange men took root  
when free men could wonder  
the children of what some call God could still wander.  
Before a cross celebrated the victory of one man  
and the demise of another  
barefoot dancers celebrated the joy of older covenants. After, a  
civilized people rule from atop a bloody throne called history.