FOUND POEMS ANTHOLOGY

Written by:
Expeditionary Learning Outward Bound
New Teachers Institute
Seattle, Washington
July, 2004

What is a found poem?

A found poem borrows words or phrases from other texts and synthesizes these ideas into the writer’s own words. We looked at poems, articles, and speeches about the Duwamish plight shared with us by our wonderful facilitators, Mary Jo Swartley and Lorri Edwards, recalled the wisdom from Cecile Maxwell-Hansen’s expert visit, and reflected on the powerful words of Goldenhawk from the video that we watched.
Still Here
By Ty Solberg

He followed us to fight starvation
To become self-sufficient.
And we’re still here.

I have no home He says, but I’m the landlady
For I am still here.

But what went wrong?
Once wealthy, now landless,
The stroke of a pen...then...
Disappointment, greed, and deceit.
But we’re still here.

His criteria, His appeals, still no recognition.
I challenge Him to prove that we are not deserving
Because we’re still here.

We are few, but strong.
We ebb like the fast receding tide, but we return.
His dead wander off,
But ours...sacred, never forgotten
Because they are still here.

Others who came after us now have rights and services.
We are complicated squabblers like a scrambled egg
According to Him.
But we’re still here.

Why must we prove who we are?
We live from, learn from, and love Her land.
For we are still here.

We now dwell apart in peace, but He will never be alone.
Yesterday, today, and tomorrow...
We are forever...
STILL HERE.
The White chief says...

The White chief says
Denied, not recognized, “Promise, ah, that must have been from the other White guy”

But I belong here cousin
“I’m Duwamish Indian” “We’re the Duwamish Tribe” and
Every part of this country is sacred to our people

Great father Bush should bare the burden because
One was promised and
We have never been terminated by Congress
Besides, we taught the White man how to live and become self-sufficient

You have four out of my seven
Hmmm... You want recognition and participation in decision-making or
We can build a shipyard facility and use the money (that would be for you) in Iraq
Survey says... shipyard and Iraq

But it’s a historic site? So!
But it was a signed treaty? So!

It really is time to heal...

John Henderson, July 2004
Who are the Duwamish?

River people that lived in
Harmony with the Earth
Inhabiting 57,000 acres, an
Ideal land with an abundance of fish, game, foul,
And trees.

Who are the Duwamish?

A wealthy tribe at the
Center of a lucrative trading network.
Virtues of living in harmony with
Man and land left them
Prey to the greedy. Despite their
Hardships in trying to regain their land, their
Eternal spirits surround the
Land. Even though the Duwamish have been
Physically driven away, their religious
Powerful spirits will forever soar.

Patricia Winding
This is a poem for two voices. Switch off readers for the two different fonts.

The sky looks eternal
But my people are ebbing away like a fast-receding tide that will never flow again
Men come and go like the waves of the sea...
Without land how will we survive?

The egg cannot be unscrambled
We were Indian when it wasn’t popular to be Indian
Our dead cease to love us
Who will mourn over our untimely decay?
Without land how will our spirit survive?

Who should bear the burden of proving my identity?
I am the landlady, cousin, the star that never sets.
Acknowledgement, deficiencies, criteria
You need land to get land, identity to be identified
Without recognition how will our culture survive?

Not one who roam will remain to weep over the tombs of our people who were once as powerful as your own.
Bitterly disappointing, once a wealthy, vast network redistributing wealth
Now scarce funding prevents us from sharing
Without land how will my people survive economically?

Patty Brun
This Is About U
By: Gerald Reyes

I ain’t homeless
I ain’t even hissed
By his story
By your story
‘cause my story
is what counts
and let me tell you
it amounts
to more acknowledgement
than what you can ever try to contain
in your bottomless bowl undrained
from stolen souls
you’ve brainwashed
like rain washing stained blood
off your soiled hands
yet still you demand us
to be “recognized”?
But I see
I see deceit
Deep beneath your liein’ eyes
And I read
I read between your lines of real lies
And I realize
The “deficiency” of your own story
Not mine!
So it’s not really about me
Or our struggle for sovereignty
But about you, esse
You, esse
U.S.A.
And how you say
This is the land of the free
While those of us with dreams deferred
Struggle against your hypocrisy
And this is about you (u.)
And how you trample
On our blank stones
Our “unknown” stones
Our babies' stones
And stab our bones
Through Mother Earth with your cross
As if you're crossing us out
Crossing our ancestors out
Our memories out
Because "we haven't been allowed to remember"
But I re-member
The dismembered pieces you've cut
And I re-piece
The pieced up peaces we've picked up
Despite your tricked up ways
To assimilate us
To your side
Forget that
This is about you (u.)
So why don't you see how it is
On our genocide
On our genocide

'cause this is about you (u.)
I ain't leavin'
See, I belong here cousin.
ASSIMILATE...
A social process, absorbing one cultural group into harmony with another.
Assimilate...
  To take in, to accept, to become one
Assimilate...
  To mix, to blend, to join together
Assimilate...
  To enrich, to enlighten, to educate
Assimilate...
  To integrate, to amalgamate, to acculturate
Assimilate...
  To transform, to convert, to digest
Assimilate...
  To adjust, to change, to forget
Assimilate...
  To be combined, to be mainstreamed, to be lost
Assimilate...
  To be forced, to give up, to give in
Assimilate...
  To choke, to drown, to die
Assimilate...
  To rob, to terminate, to destroy
Assimilate...
  To avoid...
BE STRONG, BE SELF DETERMINED, BE RESILIENT, AND REMEMBER...
Assimilate.
I Belong
By: Lori Andrusic

I’m the landlady
The ish of the sea
The lady of the land
I’m the landlady.

I ain’t homeless
We are all sisters
This is my home
I ain’t homeless.

I’m Duwamish Indian
Unrecognized by many
The first indigenous people
I’m Duwamish Indian.

I belong here
They bear the burden of proof
Written in the hearts of our people
I belong everywhere.
By: Luke Laslovich

Seasons change
Blending white with colored trees
Ebbing tide
Meets rivers flow, we follow

Who are we?
Who’ve forgotten can’t remember
Do you see?
All of this where I belong

Our return
With the rain falls hard
On pavement
Where forest paths are no more
My thoughts take me on eagle’s wings
ruler of the sky
welcoming me
to a chief’s grave

Landless people
your presence endures
river running bravely
through the madness
of our “progress”

Woman speaking freely
amid tangles of
bureaucratic lies
already recognized
God!
within her own soul

We’re the beginning
she said
Duwamish river
people of the inside

-Gina Ortiz