

MY LAND

I am sitting outside my hogan.
I am thinking,
Looking at the red rocks,
the ridges, the sheep,
the plants,
and all in my world,
I look at my parents,
They are getting old,
weak and limping.
There aren't any of my
sisters and brothers
around.
I am thinking
What it will be like here
in the Future.

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Thank you to Thomas Littleben for permission to use his poem.