

## Native American

By Anna Von Reitz



People come to me and complain.

They tell me about their own trail of tears, from the Bronx to Long Beach, from Dallas to Denver, Chicago to Salt Lake....

I hear it all; they come and they confess  
their sins, too.

Things they would not tell their Mother, they tell me.

Grandma isn't as close in space and time.

Her mind was formed in other places.

When she was young, there were no home computers.

Still, they come and tell me the same things their own Mothers and Fathers said.

I'm lonely. I'm scared. I'm bored.

My knee aches. My stomach is upset. I have this constant nasty nasal infection.

Grandma is a wall. Her lips are sealed.

All the grief and dirt, all the might-have-been items come tumbling out, falling like last  
fall's leaves on bare Earth

Dreams waiting to be recycled.

They say, I don't know what love is.

And I wonder why they don't know?

Then I take them by the hand....and teach them.

Love is the wind rustling the pussy willows.

It's the stars at night.

It's the way a cat stretches in the morning sun.

It's the light in my eyes when I see you standing tall

It's when you find your way to my door.

I rejoice!

Your feet still know the path to find me.

Somehow, you stumbled your way home.

And I whisper in your ear, hey, you're an American!

Do you know how wonderful that is?

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