America, do you know

the sound of weeping?

you people who are the namers now, call me America-Up from the sun-whistling prairie, Up from the unbridled riversong Up from the mountain shadow on the meadow-moss flower Up from the ocean mist

on the shatter-shell sand Up from the buffalo thunder Up from the dove-wing storm Up from the salmon spawn run Up from the snowgeese flight Up from the beaverdam brook Up from the great moose hill Up from the whippoorwill wood

Up from the pickerel pond Up from the night heron swamp Up from the eaglenest cliff Up from the blueberry bees of Spring

Up from the milkweed moths of Summer Up from the wildwine grapes of Fall Up from the still-creature-sleep of Winter Up from the dragonfly pool dozing in sun Up from the cattail marsh crouching in fog Up from the old-fir forest woven of

fern-shadow and fawn-light Up from the day-fire desert woven of windrifts and tawny mouse tracks Up from the windwashed stone Up from the wave worn shore

Up from the freshcome life call me America-

You people who are the namers now, who are the earthmovers now, It is I who speak before your council now-Do you know the sound of weeping?

Gone are the chanters among you, Gone are the singers, gone are the dancers, Gone are the people of earth and sky..... Gone from the prairie are the Cheyenne who chanted to the buffalo Gone from the swampland are the Seminole who chanted to the heron Gone from the oceanside are the Kwakiuti who sang to the salmon Gone from the hills are the Cherokee who sang to the anowgoose Gone from the desert are the Hopi who danced to the eagle, Gone from the forest are the Mohawk who danced to the moose Gone are the sunchanters Gone are the earth singers Gone are the life dancers

The names of these, your brothers of earth and sky, they catch in your throats as though they were strangers to you, You people who are the namers now, who are the earthmovers now, who are the rumblers now, Do you know the sound of weeping?

You take my creatures of the prairie plowing my grass under, You take my creatures of the swampland choking my pools with rubbled earth You take my creatures of the oceanside filling my waters with poison You take my creatures of the hills scouring my earth into dust /ou take my creatures of the desert drowning my tumbleweed ways You take my creatures of the forest tearing down my time-tall trees, You take my land, You take my sky, You take my life, You people who are the namers now, who are the earthmovers now, who are the rumblers now, who are the idolmakers now

l ask for chanting, your idol worshipping is not a chant l ask for singing, your rumbling is not a song

l ask for dancing, your earthmoving is not a dance I did not ask for a name, you named me America-

It is I who speak before your council now, when even silence cannot bear silence any longer-

Oh people, do you know the sound of weeping?

KEN JACOBSEN



SPEAKING...

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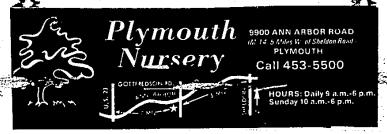
SUNBURST Golden Tipped...... 8-10 n. 2200 IMPERIAL SCHLESINGER RED MAPLE

NORWAY MAPLE Strong Hard Maple Yellow in Fall CRIMSON KING MAPLE

MARSHALL ASH

LITTLE LEAF LINDEN 8-10 ft. **24⁹⁵** TULIP TREE

Tall Shapely habit tulip shaped leaves yellow flower in Spring.....



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