Rhythms

Alcatraz is ours!

by Todd Aaron Horneck

Dare not wash away the past with our grandparents blood.
The waters carry myths to kingdoms
and from kingdoms
to gods
that swallow the selfish
and bring cities
to valleys of dust.

Alcatraz is ours!
America is ours!
Your crops.
Your cattle.
Your soil.
Your children.
Your blood.
Your dreams.
We gave birth to these.
Then can you give us but our Alcatraz?

For the criminals are gone
and the bird man burrun
The corridors silent
and the holes empty coffin
open to the Ra.

Give us but our Alcatraz!
We lost to you our mother America
and ask only for the sleep in her eye
to build our nations upon.