

# FOUND POEMS ANTHOLOGY

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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, fowl,  
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