

Remembering Colten
by Nikki Everts

I stand on stolen ground
Blood calls faintly
Up through prairie grasses
Drums like heart beats
Mumbled messages thrumming

Who is our brother, oh settler?

I face east, south, west, north
Standing on stolen ground
Only a cloud of dust, small, distant
To the east, as of horses galloping
Or angels humming

Is this our brother, coming in clouds?

A car, a body, a gun, a man
A settler like me
Standing on stolen ground while
Life seeps out of some other mother's son
More blood drumming

Do you hear Rachel, weeping for her child?

An unrighteous king approved
The murder of sons, and today,
A boy is gone, chaff in the wind
His life's thief returns to stolen ground
To bloody messages mumbling

Where is our brother, oh settler?

A young brown man
No more foolish than our white ones
Is dead by our hand, and galloping
The dust, humming, is coming to answer
The blood calling from stolen ground