

Broken Rainbow

Laura Nyro

The old people of the earth
Tell stories
An old woman
Of the old ways
She said
"I recall my joy
In better days"

the young warriors
Of the open rainbow
Said, "tell me, is it true?
Tell me—do some live
Out of bags and rags
In the cities too?
Is it true?"
At the edge where I live
Home sweet home
America

the earth ones
They said, "our religion
Is in these lands and skies
Sweet Mother
Our land's gone
To modern worlds
Modern lies"

"the earthways
And the new ecology
You know, we were the first
Believe me
We will be the last
To keep the light
For the earth"
At the edge where I live
Home sweet home
America

Native American Nation
Caught in the devastation
An endless situation
What can I do?
The ghost of prejudice
Cuts through the moonglow
Poet on a crying page—
Broken Rainbow

Broken Rainbow
Home sweet home
America