

Indian Time

I'll do it tomorrow or maybe next week
I don't dance to your time, I've got my own beat
A cup of coffee first thing to get me off and going
Drink the whole pot in tune with the morning
Seven things to do but it's not the right time
Four will fix themselves and that's not a crime
A time and a date scary notion to me
Dinner's when I'm hungry wherever I be
I feel what I see and I see what I hear
Don't wait for me, I'm not even near

The People

A simple People in the land they loved
From simple came profound
They lived their life on nature's breast
Thoughts never written down
They moved with ease like a summer breeze
Few trails left behind
Respect and caring in tune with the land
Native American their kind

Terrence Michael Wall