

BUZZARDS

by Melinda Wheeler

Your mother dreamed
you
before you
were you;
she dreamed
you while
watching
the buzzards
spread their wings
and land
near dead
carcasses
and garbage;
she dreamed you
while gliding
over the border
in the dark.

Here,
on the other
side,
she takes you
to school
every morning,
in her rusty car;
you learn
to be
an American.

Your classroom
is a haze of
noise and smells,
as the teacher
checks homework
her eyes, serious;
a boy
behind you
snickers.

Suddenly a buzzard
is trying to take you,

trying to
tear at you
with its
talons;
you
bare your
teeth,
ready to rip
and cut.

In the next second,
you are a little boy
again; crying,
getting smaller and smaller,
walking down the hall,
on your way
to the principal's
office.

TREAT THE EARTH

Lyrics by Colleen Kattau *We drill it we fill it we spill it and
kill it and we treat the earth like dirt.*

And in the heat a fire builds another bomb to beat the heat ain't
that neat, now I'm a nuclear power too just like you. Monkey
see, monkeys don't do that. As far as I can see, humanity ain't
where it's at when...

Roll over, play dead I'm building a powerplant in your
flowerbed. I control I said with another warhead. And it might
be getting worse.

*A woman in the 50s looks out into Nevada skies, struck by the
strange beauty of a mushroom cloud and this strong woman did not
raise a dead child, and raised another*

Not whole

Our own private playground, not an unspoiled spot of ground
to be found—our own silent spring. Is there any way to turn it
all around. Is there any way to do anything?

When...

Turn it all around

*Melinda Wheeler is a retired teacher who worked with many Latin American
students in her career. This poem is dedicated to them.*

Colleen is a CNY-based bilingual vocalist and performer.