

My Footsteps Leave Momentary Imprints
by Betty Kreinik

I cannot sing the glory of the land
my people have not known.
My feet have walked sandy beaches
of the salt sea.
I am a stranger, rootless, searching.

Books, glorifying man,
cannot measure the soul of the land.
Outside the numbered years, my vision
narrowly perceives unpeopled hills,
Wireless, trackless, open under Indian
tread, balanced, shifting imperceptibly.

The boundary makers come, hacking, digging,
leaving dust where green was
Mourning the dead battles,
The land reclaims the offal of three hundred
years of trampling.