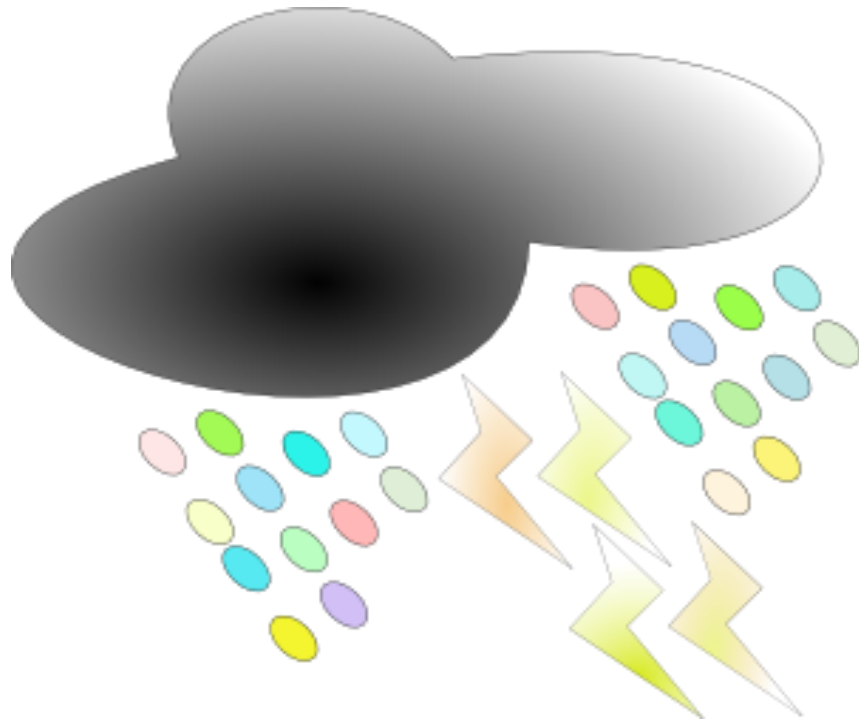


POETRY OF THE PEOPLE

Night Love Song

By Janet Mountain Rain Gatlin



Night Love Song sings of a path where dreams begin
 As flower opens delicate, soft petal to the day anew
 Hawk sees his food from the wings of the wind
 Heart-beat finds rhythm when melody is right for you

Strength of Mountain amidst power of flowing stream
 Rainbows surprise Mother Earth as color rains in Sky
 Love accepts itself by faith, having eyes without seeing
 The Way brings message of hope, never know 'til you try

Cherokee walks quiet path, toe down first then heel
 Softening great strength like a calming, steady rain
 Or warmth in sunlight changing cold once so real
 So to live a life you love balances peace, not shame.

THE DRUMMER HAS GONE AWAY

BY NOOAH ADKINS



*Grandmother comes through my window, "come dance, come sing, come play",
 How can I dance Grandmother? the Drummer has gone away.*

*Before he came my feet were slow, my dance all out of time,
 He struck his drum with just one song and filled this heart of mine.*

*She moves across the mountains, "come dance, come sing, come play,"
 How can I dance Grandmother? the Drummer has gone away.
 For one bright moment he filled my soul with fire and words so sweet,
 For one clear moment my feet did move with the rhythm of his beat.*

*She moves upon the water, "come dance, come sing, come play"
 How can I dance Grandmother? the Drummer has gone away.*

*Without the Drummer there is no heart, no rhythm, no song, no beat,
 Without the Drummer how can this Cherokee know where to place her feet?*

*She moves across the sky vault, "come dance, come sing, come play,"
 I cannot dance Grandmother, the Drummer has gone away.*

