

The Blood in My Veins

Dorothy K. Wheeler

Tonight while combing my long dark hair,
Sprinkled with strands of white,
I am grateful for my legacy
And wish others would not look down
On my people.

For the white man took our land.
Questing for gold and ground,
They placed us on dismal reservations
In houses cramped and dark,
Giving our children inadequate education.

We grieve and await the time
The pipe of peace will be smoked by all.
Our young ones go astray, like yours;
We are a misjudged people.
But I am proud of the blood in my veins.

DOROTHY K. WHEELER was raised on an isolated Idaho cattle ranch where her father was a cowboy and her mother, poet laureate of Idaho, wrote poems and taught her four out of six years in grade school. Dorothy is married, has two sons and five grandchildren, and is a nationally published poet.