

# Cure

*Michael Gray*

The white man is loud,  
he is also blind.  
His dreams are bad  
and teach him nothing.  
It would be good for us all  
if someone returned him to  
our mother.  
The silence would soothe him.  
Wind and sky clear his eyes.  
Water and earth tend his sleep.  
He would settle down.  
Plainly, some enemy has  
snatched him from the breast.