American Saga

Let this be the language of our time,  
the sign of treaties broken in mock good faith.  
the sagas of multiple massacres  
for the colorful tale of the plains.  
the memory of dead disasters on deserts,  
bones by the belly boastful shadows of mountains  
white as the clear ideal  
of nothing much in particular  
but great, sonorous in generous counterfeitures.  
the wigwams, tepees, hogans, pueblos  
in the fanciful ashcans of historical incident.  
the blood spilled, the mines gutted  
and civilizations situated with tempered temerity  
running counter the one to the other  
for exploitation, art and the gain  
of scouts and conquistadores  
priests and adelantados.  
All that continents might flower  
the sooner to decay  
for there to remain the fairy tales  
of Indian fighters and capitalistic Captain Kidds  
on land, on sea  
bringing the portent of penultimate penalties  
for savages; for the old barbarities  
lost against the new.

NORMAN MACLEOD.