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How?

Denny Old Crow

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HOW?

By Denny Old Crow

I am a Cheyenne.
Straight I stand.
My eyes look into the future,
And white brothers struggle
hard to read the secret there.

How can I, with heritage of mine—
Free open lands, no fence
or boundary anywhere,

A horse to ride,
No hours to keep—
How can I then fit
My way to yours?

I am a Cheyenne.
To me has been given
Limbs to ride the wildest
horse or run the hills,
Eyes to see the distant eagle,
Strong, lean body made to war,
to dance, to love.

How then, white brother,
Can I stay within
And make your ways mine?

I am a Cheyenne. *

(DENNY OLD CROW was a well liked Thomas High School athlete in the late 1930's. After high school, he worked as a mechanic in Hammon. He died in 1978 and is buried at Thomas. This poem was submitted by regular WESTVIEW contributor Margie Cooke Porteus, one of Old Crow's high-school classmates.)

Artwork by
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