



It's Time

Leave me alone
I don't belong to you
I don't belong with you
I'm not a part of what you want me to be
I didn't ask you to come
But now that you are here
I thought you needed my help
It seems I was wrong.

Now you say you want to help me
So you throw money at me
But that won't buy back
What has been lost
Taken away...sacrificed.

So although I sense your good intentions
Caution and apprehension get the better of me
Cynicism is a strong rationale
So I continue to suppress.

Is it so hard for you to recognize our distinctiveness?
To acknowledge our history?
To grant us our destiny?
As defined by our tradition?

We have so much to give
As we have always given
So much to learn
From our elders
From each other.
You also have much to give and learn.

It's time...
Our time...
Your time...
The Creator's time.
Let us not waste it.