

Shall I Speak of My Discontent?

Shall I then speak of my discontent?

Shall I say out loud how I cannot stop grieving for all the buffalo
herds that they have killed,

And I can't stop grieving for all the Native Americans they have killed,

And I cannot stop grieving for all the lakes and woods, and prairies
and oceans they have killed,

And I can't stop grieving for the Inuet and the Lapps and the
Caraja' and the Zulus and the Tarahumars and the Bushmen
and the Pokot and the Inadan and the
Yanamano and the Kalash and the people of Ladakh,

And I cannot stop grieving for the Rhinoceros and the Osprey and the
Mountain Lion and the Whale and the Eagle,

And I can't stop grieving for all the yellow children they have
killed and the black children they have killed and the
Jewish children they have killed, and the children of the
Arabs and the Afgans,

And I cannot stop grieving for the spanish speaking children they are
killing and whose parents they are killing,

No, and I can't stop grieving for the unborn children they are
killing,

And I cannot stop grieving for all the acceptable nuclear kill counts
that they now plan to kill.

I can't stop grieving for the earth as a living being.

I cannot stop grieving.

Shall I speak then of my discontent,

And how I miss the wild flowers nodding and dancing in the gusty
spring in a virgin prairie I have never seen?

Shall I speak of my discontent---my bone the pick with this only way
of life that is left for us to live?

Where in all this killing shall I make my home?

And to whom shall I speak of my discontent?

And why?