

# Broken Rainbow

Laura Nyro

The old people of the earth  
Tell stories  
An old woman  
Of the old ways  
She said  
"I recall my joy  
In better days"

the young warriors  
Of the open rainbow  
Said, "tell me, is it true?  
Tell me—do some live  
Out of bags and rags  
In the cities too?  
Is it true?"  
At the edge where I live  
Home sweet home  
America

the earth ones  
They said, "our religion  
Is in these lands and skies  
Sweet Mother  
Our land's gone  
To modern worlds  
Modern lies"

"the earthways  
And the new ecology  
You know, we were the first  
Believe me  
We will be the last  
To keep the light  
For the earth"  
At the edge where I live  
Home sweet home  
America

Native American Nation  
Caught in the devastation  
An endless situation  
What can I do?  
The ghost of prejudice  
Cuts through the moonglow  
Poet on a crying page—  
Broken Rainbow

Broken Rainbow  
Home sweet home  
America