

TEN THOUSAND EAGLES

By Donna Loring

Ten thousand eagles flew that day across the bright blue sky to meet the spirits on their way from fiery smoke filled tombs.

They soared above the dark, black, clouds billowing from the earth and hovered for a moment there and saw the face of doom.

Ten thousand eagles gathered and swooped down beneath the clouds.

They found the spirits one by one and plucked them from their plight.

They carried each new spirit through the black and hate filled clouds.

They gave them each a shelter wrapped in warm wings oh so tight.

They gave them strength and comfort too on their unexpected flight.

On swift wings they flew towards their final destination where each spirit knew without any hesitation there would be peace and love and harmony they would forever be wrapped within the eagles wings through all eternity.

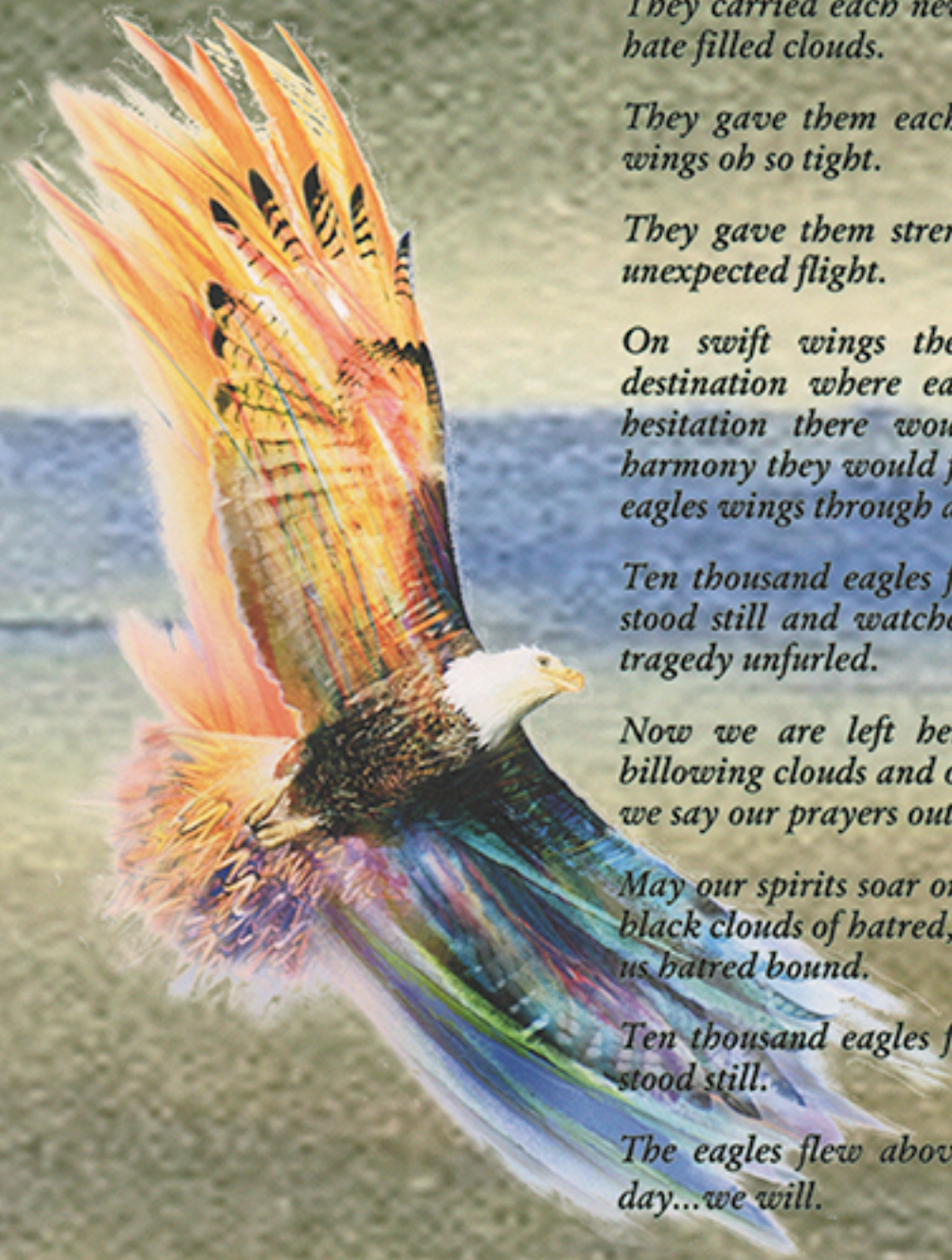
Ten thousand eagles flew that day as all the world stood still and watched in shock and horror as the tragedy unfurled.

Now we are left here on this earth to face the billowing clouds and our eyes search for the eagles as we say our prayers out loud.

May our spirits soar on eagle's wings above the dark black clouds of hatred, murder and revenge that keep us hatred bound.

Ten thousand eagles flew that day as all the world stood still.

The eagles flew above those clouds. Perhaps some day...we will.



ODE TO THE PENOBSCOT NATION

Summer comes to Indian Island, home of the Penobscots.
For us, the Penobscot Indians, summer brings Pageant time.
We become as proud and fearless as our ancestors once were.
As the beating of the tom-tom fades and the singer chants the last
Words of a once-familiar Penobscot song, I am brought back to
Reality with a start.
I find myself gazing at the water; suddenly I realize that these,
My people, are slowly dying, dying ~~to~~ their own culture, and
Becoming more and more like the "White men"

We speak their language and work in their factories.
We watch their television, listen to their radio, attend their
Schools and are so indoctrinated with their culture,
That we have lost all interest in our own.

There is one thing the State of Maine would like us to forget
And that is, that we are a Nation. We are not wards or citizens
Of the State of Maine, we are a free people, an Independent Nation.
The State of Maine would dearly love to see us integrate with
It's people, then we would vanish as a Nation and they would no
Longer be obligated to uphold their part of the treaties.
Their wildest dream would be fulfilled, they would finally own all
Our lands, free of charge.
The people of the State of Maine have broken our treaties,
Stolen our lands and will not stop until they possess
The land we have built our homes on!

In 1957 we were invited to present our case before the United Nations,
But no one showed up, we were too afraid of losing the crumbs the
State of Maine so grudgingly provides.
The same invitation is extended to us again.
We cannot hope to keep our land and to receive payment in full
For the land that was taken from us, unless we speak out and
Stand our ground at the U.N.
When this is done and we have recieved all monies owed us by
The State of Maine, we can build our own schools, our own factories
And be a self-supporting, self-respecting Nation and
A free people.

To see proud Penobscot people once again, to hear our own language
And to work for our own benefit once more.
To be one tribe and one people with one purpose
To work together for the good of our Nation,
The Penobscot Nation.

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Anniversary One

Anniversary one is paper.

I frown to think what a meager gift something of paper
Could be, then I smile, almost laugh when I realize
What treasure can be placed on paper.

I give you this treasure today, on our first anniversary.

You've given me a year of your life, loving me
Caring for me, cooking for me.
You've become a vital part of me.

You've loved me tenderly, yet passionately, warmed me
With the warmth of your body, given me your breasts
As soft white pillows, on which to lay my head.

When I needed comforting, someone to talk to, someone to love,
A shoulder to cry on, you ~~are~~ always there, always loving me,
Never faltering with your faith in me.

In one years time you've given me these things and much, much
More.

Anniversary one is paper.

This paper is what I'm giving you, ~~with these words:~~

"I love you my darling, love of my life, with all that I am."
(Don't you forget it!)

Happy Anniversary One my love loves.

LEAVING

Finally, after a long time it seems,
I am leaving.
Leaving what you ask?
Nothing really; just my dreams,
My reason for living.

There are more ways of dying
Than killing one's body; and I,
I have killed, or should I say,
Smothered my heart,
The very center of a soul's emotion.

I stand here, feeling nothing,
No tears, no sorrow of leaving.
Surprisingly enough, not wanting to ever return
To the place that so willingly, so relentlessly
Destroyed what once was my life.

Before leaving I turn
And look once more on the city,
Thinking for the last time
Of the wonderful love we once had.

I have no regrets of the past,
The wounds so deeply slashed into my heart;
Those will always be there as
Scars reminding me
Every day of my life
Of precious dreams lost
Forever.

THE DESERT

How big, how vast, how beautiful
 can it be that God cared for me?
 to take my life from nothingness
 and make it full and free...

Before He came into my life, deserted there I stood
 upon a plain of desert sand where all was dead and still
 Then from whence, I know not where
 a whisper, soft and low.

I knew that whisper oh so well
 but never did I go
 I stood there in the desert sand
 and knew that I must go

And there I knelt upon the sand
 and prayed for grace and so
 my heart grew light, the burden fell
 upon my feet I stood
 and gazed into my Masters face
 His grace I understood.

How big, how vast, how beautiful
 my Lord did care for me
 and this describes my Saviors love
 FOR ALL ETERNITY.....

Someday beyond tomorrow
 we will see His face to D.M.LORING
 the one despised, rejected
 who suffered in our place

He's gone beyond THE JEWEL time

Love is the jewel so priceless and rare
 the jewel we find in our hearts hard to share.

We see a lost world full of sorrow and pain
 but harden our hearts for our own selfish gain.

And then on life's pathway we hear the loud cry
 of men who are weary and will soon die.

But what can we do with that jewel so rare
 there are so many things that are lingering there:

Within it's confines so priceless and rare
 we find a solution for sin everywhere.

Although it has beauty and sparkles so fair
 the jewel is worthless unless
 IT IS SHARED.....

INDEPENDENCE

The trend today is to be independent
to be different, to be self dependent

I stand on the street corner
observing the people

The sun shines brightly over the hilltop
and its beams glisten off the sides
of white houses
the streets are filled with cars
and people-----hurriedly going on their way

The weather is warm and pleasant
so the people are warm and pleasant

Then suddenly the brightness of the sun
is covered by **dark**, unyielding clouds
the rain falls, the wind blows
the streets are filled with cars
and people-----hurriedly going on their way

The weather is dull and irritable
so the people are dull and irritable

As suddenly as it began the rain stops
the wind is no more
and the people are warm and pleasant once again

The trend today is to be independent
but true independence comes only
when we can overcome
The Rain, The Wind, and The Clouds.

D.M.LORING

THE OTHER WORLD

I stepped off the freedom bird,
 into the other world
 a world of profound beauty, and
 yet a world of desolation and despair,
 just as a newborn babe comes forth into the world;
 so came I, into a country I knew nothing of
 and unto a people I knew nothing of
 my inner being cried out,
 "Who are they? and what is this country,
 this other world to me, that I should
 give my life to save it?"

I ran down the war torn street of the village,
 not knowing the answer.
 In the blindness of my souls anguish
 I tripped and fell at the feet of a young
 A.R.V.N. commander.

I looked into his eyes and there I saw
 the tears of a lifetime flowing down his face
 all the pain and heartache in the world
 seemed to be burning deep within him,
 as he clenched tightly to his body
 the remains of a small child and what seemed to be
 bits and pieces of his loving wife.

I stood in awe of the frightening thing,
 I closed my eyes tightly,
 trembling with shock and unbelief,
 I prayed to God that I might help save this country,
 this other world/And in so doing
 SAVE MINE.

D.M. LORING D.M. LORING