

“Saturday at Governors Island & the Pentecost on Sunday”

by Carole E. Gregory copyright June 2022

**We are not canoeing on the River That Flows Two Ways,
we are travelling on a ferry with the Freedom Tower behind,
leaving tears from gun violence that families cry.**

**Travelling on a Saturday into History,
touching our feet on “Nuttan Island,”
a modern map calling it Governors Island.**

**So much history has passed,
so we do not hear days of cannon fire from the Dutch
who waged war on the Lenape people for this island.**

**The Earth is firm,
no blood flows where British cannon fire defeated the Dutch,
instead there are green trees by the river.**

**The tour guide points to a colonial house with white columns
where governors once lived,
two canons were left outside.**

**We do not see a wigwam,
we cannot smell tobacco smoke from the men,
sitting in a circle around a Sacred Fire.**

**A genealogy of Native families gone like hundreds of trees
the Dutch cut down for their slave ships,
a sunrise ceremony we cannot hear.**

**Once the women gathered berries, nuts, and squash,
watching their children's joy in foot races & archery,
hickory, oak, and chestnut trees on Paggank – Governors Island.**

**A bird flies overhead,
singing in a country of wild guns,
fathers missing the trees that were hundreds of years old.**

**The last time guns pounded life out of humans,
the Americans forces defeated the British,
passing down this island to the U. S. Coast Guard.**

**Today is Pentecost Sunday,
the preacher opens the Bible,
"But the fruit of the Spirit is love,
joy, peace, longsuffering,
gentleness, goodness,
faith, meekness,
temperance: against such there is no law."**

**This Hip Hop star
is on the Billboard for his album,
on top of his world of beats,
he leaves the East Coast to promote his record,
music his grandfather cannot understand,
on his social media he leaves the address of residence,,
a place the West Coast will dig.**

**With the fire of youth,
he photographs himself day after day,
piles of money up to his hip,
gold chains around his neck,
half naked women on their knees on his page,
the new Hip Hop Rapper departs from his family roots,
caught up with his bling.**

**The door opens,
men with guns enter,
shooting the Rapper,
since his address was on the social media,
the guns separating these young men from each other,
the guns announcing their songs,
the bullets like a harmonica playing..**