

Hide like you are ashamed of pigment.
Like it separated you from
the norm.

Tan that hide
Work beneath suns.

Turn that skin so scarlet it becomes purple in the shade.

Add feathers.
Add bows and arrows.
You are Indian.

Dance.
This stadium is your bonfire.
You are Indian.

Practice your tomahawk chop.
You are Indian.

Cheer for the Braves.
That have a higher enlisting rate in our armed forces.

Cheer for the Kansas City Chiefs
As they take the field for the halftime spectacular

Welcome the Seminoles
As the ghost of Osceola
Haunts the end field.

Washington Redskins.
Don't change your name
Instead hashtag Redskins Pride
Make social media our battleground.
We all know that Indians don't have Twitter accounts.
We still use smoke signals.

Applaud the Cleveland Indians'
Chief Wahoo's bright white choppers
Casting reflections
On how to
Love you some Indians.

Everyone in Cleveland loves the Indians!

Everyone loves them some Indians!

Love you some Indians.

Be The Indian.

Not The Cowboy.

Throw on a war bonnet

Tell me it's fashion

Tell me how imitation is the sincerest form of flattery.

Go to your local truck stop.

Buy some dream catchers made from China.

Hang them on your rearview mirror of

Your Jeep Grand Cherokees,

Your Pontiacs,

Your Winnebagos

As you drive down I-40 your vehicles catch the dreams

Road killed by Manifest Destiny

The whole time the radio chimes:

This land is your land, This land is my land . . .

Love you some Indians

Honor them by making them mascots.

Turn them into cartoon characters.

Costume yourselves in crimson paint.

Use blood from Redskins.

Smear it all over.

Cover every inch.

Add big black eyes.

Big smile.

White, white teeth.

Don't forget fake feathers.

Cover your skin,

Don't tell me it doesn't come with privilege

Cover it,

Go paint the town!
Double coat over history.
Whitewash the red bricks of the reservations.
Let's have Indian Day at our schools
Use November to teach students
the Turkey dance with color construction paper headdresses and tepees.

Now, go home
Wash off the paint.
Go back.
Back to your thinking.
You honored your team.
Back to thinking you honored
The Indian.
We are only costumes,
Back to thinking
We only come out at halftime
Back to thinking you will only find us in westerns and Disney films.
Back to thinking,
That we only exist in history books.

Go back to thinking
It's all just fun and games.
Now, shake my hand.
Ignore how your fingers lasso around my wrist
Tying each of us to our ancestors.
Yet we still survive.
Now, tell me how knowing me is your privilege,
And how you love you an Indian.