

Mason Proffit "Flying Arrow"

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My name is Flying Arrow
And I live in Arizona
Part of what was once a mighty nation

My tribe is called the Cucupa
And we build our homes of cardboard
A desert floor
Nine by Twelve of sorrow

I'm eighteen years old now
And my wife, three years younger
Took her life as do so many others.

And sometimes it feels like we're already dead.

You say you want to help us
And that you just found us
But for many years we've served your fighting armies.
So you send us bits of clothing
And you send us tons of starches
But when we ask for work you can not hire us

So thank you for the welfare
And thank you for the desert
And thank you for the common cold we can not cure

And sometimes it feels like we're already dead.

My name is Flying Arrow
And I live in Arizona
Part of what is now a dying nation

And sometimes we feel like you're already dead.

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