

## Timo Räisänen

### "I'm Indian"

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Slip the glove upon my hand for the ants to soothe the  
pain of something else.  
The stings are fading in, not striking me as same, but  
Indian.

Been rubbing salt in sores to wash away the heat. Is it  
Indian?  
And as my eyes begin to cloud I acknowledge I've been  
beat. Or Indian.

Are we riding the change or slipping down the drain in  
the end.  
Are my roots to save me now? Will I prevail somehow?  
I'm Indian.

I firmly do believe there will come a change indeed in  
the end.  
The pain will flicker by. It shall turn away and die in the  
end.

Though I'm no pedigree I won't fall down to my knees.  
No, I'm Indian.

And we are riding the change, not slipping down the  
drain in the end.  
And my roots must save me now when I prevail  
somehow. I'm Indian.

As the Frantic Cowboy dies his friends around him cry,  
"My God! It's the Indians!"  
As the Fickle Fairy cheers, shouting, "no more tears,  
you're Indian".

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