

A poem has been offered for the Mother Earth Day commemoration:

Differences Aside

by Sarah Cortez

We come from many places, and we claim our heritage as “First.” We may carry within us stark desert night, or soaring rock pinnacles, or dense forest, or bluish ice. Many of us remember the sacredness of our ancestors’ places, the wisdom of those who’ve gone before.

Some of us are a part of grassy prairie, some a part of the tropical canopy of warm forest, or the grit of wide beach. Some of us have been led here by Turtle or Raven, others by Creator, or the Holy Supreme Wind.

As children we may have learned near the bright comfort of a stream, or near the springtime rage of a swollen river. We may have played in pueblo dirt, or in drought-ridden dust as fine as talc. We may have learned on hard concrete or porous asphalt.

We may have listened to our mothers’ voices and songs or grown up in a bereft world of no song.

We may still live on our homeland, or it may be a place we carry inside our hearts so deep that no one can touch it and survive the scorching.



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Yet, wherever we come from wherever we will go when we die, however we cook or eat or sing, we are First. Today we come together – in all the sepias, beiges, burnished bronzes, pinks, blacks, ivories, and olives – all the sun-warmed colors of the splendid human rainbow.

Proudly, we stand shoulder to shoulder heart to heart, ready to honor each other as brother and sister. Each to each raising a glorious voice as we work together to walk the flat earth all differences aside.

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