

“American” history and how the Amazon is talking to us through its (human) people

“WAIMIRI-ATROARI RESERVE, Brazil (AP) — First the helicopters arrived, dropping chemical bombs. Then came armed men in green uniforms who proceeded to slaughter members of an Amazon tribe to make way for a major road.” Brazilian history 1970s

It wasn't yesterday that the people said no to what was to be
To what was both progress and death

Think of the railroad. One day the body of North America felt the hammer of tracks being laid across lines of her body. “Chinamen” brought from a place so different, the sounds of their voices, no words that comforted her *here* as they drove iron stakes into the soil of her self *here*, no easy understanding of who these children were as they thirsted and even died in such strange circumstance.

One day iron horses raced with the “Indians” shouting for a match, shouting for their place in a wind that carried many into a silence and dust where there had once been freedom and the shared peace of understanding what it means to be human.

Fast forward. Navigating terrain in our home in the Americas. Water is life and we try to kill it. The railroad is dead, cast aside in the same stockyard with the bones of the buffalo. Taking place are the highways of cars and pipelines, trucks and pipefitters with guns, the irony of killing women and men and children standing along the ley lines of their mother, saying no, you cannot rape her anymore, you must stop this madness. Here is a token of what brings death.

We all are culpable to some degree, those of us who do not drill, who do not carry guns, unless we are singing with the people of Putumayo, with the children of the Rio that offers the largest volume of water to Yemaya, to the sea without hesitation.

Look carefully at those who sacrifice everything for what we all love.

Look carefully and remember, what can we give to the water that gives her life freely so that the people will live?