

# Real Stupidity

By Robin Lipinski

Imagine if you will, a world filled with ideals.

Clean air.

Clean streets.

Clean politics.

Clean people.

Now deal with what's real.

Only one word needed, as the world knows the truth;

Power.

To have clean air, breath in deeply the cold, crisp taste of winter in a northern clime,

With bear trails to travel as streets, free from the litter of waste.

Tribal leaders prowess with knowledge is sincere,

While their people live on and of the land.

That's the way it was until civilization arrived.

"Don't touch the land," some speak, as if human feet should flee.

"Don't eat meat," yet why do humans have incisors and pointy teeth?

"Don't drill for oil,"

"Don't dam the river,"

"Don't split the atom,"

"Don't own property,"

"Don't mine, refine, or till the soil,"

"Don't breed or have children,"

"Don't do a damn thing!"

All is 'don't'... "Hey! Are you listening to me!"

Power in the present tense is like giving a sex addict free reign with a whore,

Unlimited.

Unbridled.

Unfair? Hah, I disagree.

To live with, on, and depend upon the land is to submit to a higher power than we.

To brave a raging river in a birch bark canoe to bring home the deer to a hungry family,

Is to submit to a power, a power higher than we.

To grow old and dependent upon children, with hardships of age, yet watching them grow,

With a smile,

Is to submit to a power, a power higher than we.

To kill wild game and give thanks.

To dance around a wood fire telling the hunt in a dance.

To live life as a man or woman,  
Is to submit to a power, a power higher than we.

Those who now have the power to be free, with their money and pride,  
Their laws and degree's,  
Their right,  
The power is taken away and now  
It is imposed upon me.

"What is the higher power you speak of?"  
If you have to ask than you have no need.  
You are one of them who claim the power of, "Don't do..."

Life is simple for those who live hard and hard for those who live simple.  
I yearn for the time of my ancestors-  
Though I could do without war and sickness-  
That time is gone forever, true, but one thing I know for sure,  
The planet Earth is my mother, she has much to give.  
It is her wind I shall listen too,  
Her warmth I gain comfort,  
Her bounty shall I feed,  
And upon her soil I shall depend.

No matter the current trends given by those who pretend,  
They have no power over me.  
I only answer to the Great Spirit, survival, and family.

As for the current power,  
The world of today,  
All I can say with a sincere smile,  
Is that it is a true definition of stupidity.

The End