A storm.}

Jerry Ellis

INTO THE STORM
I'll be dry, I say, I'll walk in the rain, says the driver. Swain, m'apce.

Trail of Tears.

I've been a long time, and I am looking for trouble, and it finds me. The driver is used to it. He laughs, and says, "Can't help it, it's the rain." I nod, and we continue on our way.

They are driving in the rain, and I am walking in the window. The driver is soaked to the skin, and I am soaked to the bone. But I don't care. I am used to it. I've been walking in the rain for a long time.

The rain is pouring down, and the driver is drenched. He pulls his hat on, and says, "This is more than I can stand." I nod, and we continue on our way.

The driver is not used to it. He is used to the heat, and the sun, and the dry air. But I am used to it. I've been walking in the rain for a long time.

The driver is drenched, and I am soaked to the bone. But I don't care. I am used to it. I've been walking in the rain for a long time.

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CRAZY HORSE

IAN FRASER

Indeed, where is the strength and courage of my ancestors? I walk on, I feel alone, naked with lightning. Where is my father, the hand holding the Annie? They disappear into the storm and the flood. I hope you made it, he says.

IN SHORT