

TENNESSEE WITH A LITTLE T.

Can you take the soul of a river
Or drown a land born to breathe
Would you wash away the spirit
Of the homeless Cherokee
Can you take the life of the living
Or rape the ancient shore and
Wipe away the traces
Of nothing there anymore

What is done in greed
Will later be undone
What is forced to stop
By rights must later run
But what is made to die
Can no longer cry in pain
Only haunting whispers
Will ever hear its name

If you listen closely
You can hear the river cry
And if you breathe deeply
You can feel the wind sigh
And if you hold tightly
To an honest man's dream
The cold currents of power
Are turned to wasted steam.

By: Tony Scales
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