

## **The Noble People**

*By Lorenzo Caricchio*

The people who were called “The People” in their ancient and sacred lore  
Paddled toward people who were not “The People” encamped on another shore.  
They moved with great stealth, their boats in straight rows like the seeds  
under the husk of their native grain. They landed ashore hidden by tall reeds  
There, they left their boats and with swift movements and the element of surprise  
They ran among the people who were not “The People”, shouting frightening war cries,  
hacking, stabbing, braining with clubs, they killed many men and chased off the rest.  
Whooping in victory they rounded up children and women with babies at their breast.  
First taken as slaves, over time, they would become their daughters, sons and wives  
Adding to The People’s growing numbers and strength of force with their lives.

For this was the way of “The People”. The scene repeated time after time after time.  
Raiding camps, villages and settlements more often than can be counted in this rhyme,  
“The People” filled their world, expanding their territory, influence, and much more.  
But they couldn’t foresee the coming of the other people from a far off distant shore.  
Who, would come in great numbers with greater weapons and overwhelming force.  
These other color people came on foot or on the back of the animal they called a horse.  
They filled the land with themselves and their things, leaving little room for others  
The People fought back bravely but they couldn’t save themselves or their brothers  
The unending flood of these new other men engulfed what remained of “The People”  
They farmed the earth and built towns and roads and a church with a tall steeple.  
And the laws they wrote to govern the land began with the words “We, The People”