

against the Yanomami, committed by a government impervious to the suffering of the Brazilian people.”

On Tuesday, the president said his administration will “restructure everything that exists from the point of view of controlling our Indigenous lands, the environment.”

“We are going to try to create a new dynamic,” he added, “to have the results that Brazilian society wants.”

BIO: *Julia Conley is a staff writer for Common Dreams, a genuinely people-powered and reader-funded news outlet that exists to inform and inspire those fighting worldwide for a better future.*

An agent watches as a structure and plane belonging to miners is engulfed in flames



Shack & plane burning- In this image provided by IBAMA, Brazil's Environmental Agency, an agent watches as a structure and plane belonging to miners is engulfed in flames in the Yanomami Indigenous territory, Roraima state, Brazil, Feb. 6, 2023. Brazilian authorities launched an operation to reclaim Yanomami Indigenous territory from thousands of illegal gold miners who have contaminated rivers and brought famine and disease to one of the most isolated populations of the world. (IBAMA via AP)

Offense

Does white and black offend rainbows?

You know. My ancestors know.

Who has courage to speak?

Will you remain silent
as in a court of law
fearful to betray
complicity?

Our legacies are
entwined.

Little heed paid to
mine.

Yours carried
on your tongue,
in plats of your hair,
in mortgaged souls
filled with bullet holes,
in fear for your child
who sings blues
every day
on the way
to school.



What do I know?

Some claim truth is too doleful to tell.
History too sad to bear.
Our pale children too fragile to hear.

Unseal the books.

Teach history that's real.
Light lanterns of hope.
Do not hide atrocities.
Let all bells toll.
Speak complete truth.
Open closed eyes.
Dispel every myth.
Break this mournful spell.
Let healing begin.

—Patricia Keoughan

What is the Aroma of the Mountain Laurel Blossom?

It smells so good,
I could drink it.

Sweeten the tea
with the honey of the bee
that fed on its nectar.

I know, I know,
the flowers are poisonous
and contain narcotics.

Maybe that's why
the bouquet is so addictive.

I could relish its fragrance
all year long if I could.

Can I get some cologne
with the essence
of this evergreen?

Sophora secundiflora!
The name is a poem!
The redolence is a muse!

I could shampoo my hair,
and use crème rinse
scented with the aura
of the Mountain Laurel.

I would roll on deodorant
with eau de Colorin.

I would sip mescal
while I admire
the Mescal Bean.

Also known as the Frigolito,
the Frijollito, and the Frijolillo.
Some call it the Big-drunk Bean

if you know what I mean.

The balm of its incense
wafts from fence to fence,
so why can't I bring it inside?

When I die,
I want to be a butterfly,
so I can be a pollinator,
and swim in the perfume
of this Legume.

I'll put my proboscis
into the blossom of my desire.

And then, I'll expire.

—Don Mathis

