

Pontiac's speech to the whiteman

Dave Sinclair

2005

Out of the blue sky, out of
the waters, out of the woods, of the deer,
the beaver, the bush, the bird flies, out
of my people, the blood, out of
so many moons in this place a man
cannot count them, out of
grace with the Great Spirit who
gave us this land, you seek
to push us.
At night, in my dreams,
already I smell you: I smell
your railroads, your sawmills,
my mother's hair burning in the forest. I
smell these things in my dreams.
I see that Chrysler plant you intend
over the graves of my people. You
cannot fool me! I am the
land you seek, I am the supple
bowing of the branches, I am the leaves,
waving a warning to my young men,
I have the strength
of all the roots in the forest
under me, the fox and the bear
and the hawk and the badger
have given me their skills,
all things and creatures
in the forest have given me what is theirs
for I have given them my spirit, I have, since
the Great Spirit first placed us here, I have
trod with respect and care over
my mother's flesh, over
this land.
All this! All this! All this!
you will have to push out, you white men,
you weak, pale-faced, rum drinking,

cowards, you who have not been able to
manage your own affairs in your own land,
you who come now to desecrate mine.
Ahhh, this is your last chance, you bastards,
get the fuck out NOW!
or forever be food
for the wrath of the forest people.

I know
in my dreams, I know your perverse
power, your guns and your
driven multitudes of paid and punished
warriors, and I know in my dreams,
against you my branches may break,
my leaves may be burned, my fur
singled and bleeding in the bitter cold
of your ways, and my heart bleeds, my roots
squirm and heave with these apprehensions,
but I hear, in my dreams I hear
over the clamor of your Fords, over
the cries of your powdery women in
your department stores over the
shriek of the mutilated forest itself, I hear
another tongue, my tongue
in another's mouth, in my dreams I hear
the triumph of my forest speech
in another time, and it says, it
screams with a vengeance,
UP AGAINST THE WALL, MOTHERFUCKERS!

–Dave Sinclair 1968

“in Detroit–land of the Ottawas and Wyandottes”

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