

INDIGENOUS SONG

By Josie Mengue

**Sunday was his favorite day;
He was self-indulging in a two-hour television show.
On the channel menu, life depiction of the Indian Guarani.
They had to hunt to eat and be lucky
To harvest fruit treats and honey.**

**They were the manufacturers of their clothing lines
That concealed their pride.
They were the architects of their seasonal shelters
And the engineers of life and its daily routine.**

**My dad was devouring every scene, every cast.
The documentary reminded him of his past
And times spent with his dad
Who taught him how to survive
Among panthers, rivers and cold in-laws mothers.**

**The TV show was painting the Indian Guarani in him.
I was blurred by his academic achievement and class ascendance.
My dad was and remains in my eyes
Indigenous, preferably native.
I can't let the suits, the tie and the etiquette
Ever fool me.**