

## Poetry

### Arrowheads

For years we collected arrowheads,  
the flints like dark tongues  
mute under our plows and shovels.  
Incomplete legends  
clenched into centuries of silence,  
they persist  
in this forgetful land  
    (homestead land:  
    we are the owners,  
    we are the settlers,  
    we are the first).

They persist,  
and us only inheritors  
of a people  
that buried its blood  
under our thick crops.

At the museum, at last,  
they kept only a few.  
"A dime a dozen," they said.  
The memories so cheap, eventually,  
and all of us harvesting still  
that history.

—*Leona Gom*