

The Black and Blue's of Leaving

A poetic Poetic dramatization of "Rowdy Sings The Blues" for two voices

I'm leaving the rez and you should come,	Stop saying that
Im serious	Me too
Come with me	Stop it junior.
I'm leaving the rez.	Your leaving the rez?
To Reardan	To Reardan?
To white Reardan.	To rich Rearden
To find hope?	Hope?
We're dying rowdy.	White-lover
We're Dying rowdy	White-lover
Rowdy	White-lover
We're dying here	
With our old books	
With our alcoholic parents	
Our schools that only teach us	
To give up and die	
By fight or car	
by fire	White-lover
We're dying, Rowdy	I'm Dying
	I'm dying, I'm dying,
	Junior
	And you're leaving.
	You're leaving. You're' leaving
	Leaving me to die.
I'm leaving the rez	
come with me,	To Reardan
To live.	White people are killing us

White people have hope

Reardan has hope

We'll make them love us.

We're dying.

Come with me.

I touched his shoulder

We cried

I cried "I'm sorry"

Pain, just pain

I'm sorry

I'll die if I don't
You'll die. Come
Come with me

I touched him

He punched me

My Best friend

Pain

Pain

Pain

Poverty's pure pain

White people have money

Reardan has money.

And no love for the indian kids.

Not me

Everyone dies

Stop it, junior

I shoved him

I screamed

I screamed

And screamed

And screamed

I screamed

With my mouth

With my eyes

With my body I screamed

I kept screaming.

Why are you leaving?

He touched me

I punched him

