Dawson

Space 4. This place is known as the Black Hawk Mini Park. Feel free to take a seat if you aren't seated already.

(music plays. The banging of a large deer hide drum by many hands striking in unison. Voices rise. The songs sings of a Thundercloud.The voices are of Meskwaki Nation. The song continues as Dawson’s voice comes in…)

Since the moment of

crossing the Big River,

Westward direction

then the fog

to make our escape,

Women and children

Eluding the rage,

Crops planted and left,

Destroyed to starve

the village wept,

Deep in the hearts

a vision,

bundles kept,

Stashed in the grass

Of the Black Soil,

Birthed a new dream

A Land to raise our

Children

And to plant our

Crops,

An earth

with all we need

To survive each day

Until the sunsets,

Stop

A place to host

of lodges,

and to hear

our echoes,

A place of the

new river,

A place to

leave our shadows

A place to dance free,

and to sing the

Songs that made

The sun weep.

Land for prayer,

to keep alive,

A dream

A speech,

ao unique,

that even

plants could

understand,

And they’d talk

back too.

Share the stories

of traveling,

from times,

off the

Sabretooth,

A new hope born,

a passing turmoil

From the mining of lead,

to the new river

a homestead,

A new crop,

a new village

NO more war,

Passing of the torch,

in a land,

that possessed

so much more,

Comes a future

for the children

Of the yellow earth’s

and the red earths,

something better

(music continues and voices grow more powerful together).