

I WILL FIGHT NO MORE FOREVER  
Chief Joseph of the Nez Perce, 1877

I am tired of fighting.  
Our chiefs are killed.  
Looking Glass is dead.  
Toohulhulsote is dead.  
The old men are all dead.  
It is the young men who say no and yes.  
He who led the young men is dead.  
It is cold and we have no blankets.  
The little children are freezing to death.  
My people, some of them, have run away to the hills and have no  
blankets, no food.  
No one knows where they are.  
Perhaps they are freezing to death.  
I want to have time to look for my children and see how many of  
them I can find.  
Maybe I shall find them among the dead.  
Hear me, my chiefs, I am tired.  
My heart is sad and sick.  
From where the sun now stands,  
I will fight no more forever.

## Salvador, Late or Early by Sandra Cisneros

Salvador with eyes the color of caterpillar, Salvador of the crooked hair and crooked teeth, Salvador whose name the teacher cannot remember, is a boy who is no one's friend, runs along somewhere in that vague direction where homes are the color of bad weather, lives behind a raw wood doorway, shakes the sleepy brothers awake, ties their shoes, combs their hair with water, feeds them milk and corn flakes from a tin cup in the dim dark of the morning.

Salvador, late or early, sooner or later arrives with the string of younger brothers ready. Helps his mama, who is busy with the business of the baby. Tugs the arms of Cecilio, Arturito, makes them hurry, because today, like yesterday, Arturito has dropped the cigar box of crayons, has let go the hundred little fingers of red, green, yellow, blue, and nub of black sticks that tumble and spill over and beyond the asphalt puddles until the crossing-guard lady holds back the blur of traffic for Salvador to collect them again.

Salvador inside that wrinkled shirt, inside the throat that must clear itself and apologize each time it speaks, inside that forty-pound body of boy with its geography of scars, its history of hurt, limbs stuffed with feathers and rags, in what part of the eyes, in what part of the heart, in that cage of the chest where something throbs with both fists and knows only what Salvador knows, inside that body too small to contain the hundred balloons of happiness, the single guitar of grief, is a boy like any other disappearing out the door, beside the schoolyard gate, where he has told his brothers they must wait. Collects the hand of Cecilio and Arturito, scuttles off dodging the many schoolyard colors, the elbows and wrists crisscrossing, the several shoes running. Grows small and smaller to the eye, dissolves into the bright horizon, flutters in the air before disappearing like a memory of kites.

Source: From *Women Hollering Creek and Other Stories* by Sandra Cisneros