

The Roanoke

A poem by,
"Ike" Daughtry
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"A true Friend of the Roanoke"

I walked down to the mighty Roanoke that the Indians called the River of Death-
As I stood there gazing from the bank, the view just took my breath.

The treacherous water as it passed by, seemed to recall the days of old-
When our Native Americans possessed this land, and proudly fished for gold.

They would shove off in a small canoe and seize the darkest deep-
Their catch being many as they drifted down the dangerous rocky heap.

From the highest mountain to the sloping hills, the water came rushing down-
Around the curves and draining creeks, making its way to the sound.

As I stood there by the River's edge, I fell to my knees to pray-
I could see the awesome power of God; his hand had carved through the rock and clay.

And now O' Lord I humbly feel, I humbly need to say-
Forgive us Lord for any wrong we have done to our brother of yesterday.

This was their land, this was their home, and this was their portion to keep-
But as time moved on, invaders moved in, and left them all to weep.

But God has provided a better place, where joy and happiness is sure to start-
Where the River of Life, not the River of Death, will satisfy their heart.