

POETRY OF THE PEOPLE:

A PLACE

By Jim Howling Wolf Allison of Chota

There's a place I go when my soul wants to roam

A place of peace, of dance, and song

This place is far far away and yet so near

A place where drums and chants you hear.



A place where the Ancestors come show the way

They teach how to live and how to pray

This place has no sickness, sadness, or pain

A place of greatness so hard to contain

A place of healing for the body and soul

Where something's taught can never be told

A place of greatness where no one is small

A place of where everyone stand proud and tall

When time comes to journey back home

I travel the red path but never alone

There's a place I go when my soul wants to roam

A place where someday I will make my home.



THE SACRED PIPE



The smoke from the sacred pipe rises slowly carrying the prayers in the morning sun-rays. The ancestors of the East, South, West, and North are acknowledged.

The pipe is presented to Mother Earth in a gesture of love and respect.

A feeling of electricity races across my arms as the pipe is raised to Grandfather and to the Great Unknown.. My prayers of thanksgiving have been offered in the smoke. I stand before him as his child asking guidance in my flesh journey.

The pipe is lowered and replaced in the proper way to its place of honor. It's a good day to die; it's a good day to live.

A hawk cries out in the heavens, "it's good to hear you Grandfather".



by,

Jim Howling Wolf of Chota