

A New Dream (Wuski A-Baw-Tan)

By Jennifer Pierce Eyen (Shawnee People)

A POEM DEDICATED TO OUR ELDER, HORSE MAN,
WHO PASSED OVER TO THE LAND OF THE
DEATH DREAM ONE STORMY NIGHT

I have seen the rain speak
and the wind dance

I have seen the lightning knife
cut the sky

I have seen the hills
at the first light of day
whispering secrets
to the Southwind People's ear

I am happy
I am no longer thirsty
I dance a warrior dance
I am not sick, I am free!

This night I dream a new dream!
Now, I come to drink the stars!