

Your voice of white fire
Shears bright through the rocky cliffs
Awaken senses

Frozen still to see
Engulfed by winter's blanket
Yet time rages on

Nestled in nature
At rest a son too young
Bosom bound return

As vacant as caves
Of long forgotten pathways
Recall Emergence

Worlds long left behind
Glimmering shine the voice booms
Calling out Awee

Aadits'a'ish? Aoo'
Your ears are packed with snow, white
Your hair has become

As flame flickers low
You set out to a new world
Children all below

Yet your voice though far
Still carries the fire in our hearts
To burn bright our history

That we will hear you
Ancestors whom we are
Legacy of Father

--Maria DeGracia-Redhair
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**Awee = baby
Aadits'a'ish? = Do you hear me?
Aoo' = Yes



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