

## Hear My Cry, Take Me Home

In a state of confusion ripped from my home to a foreign land with injustice, desolation eating at the core of my being, I cry out to my father.

I long for my home in the midst of  
my beloved sacred mountains.

I long to be among my relatives, those  
who have gone and those yet to come

I long for my land – the canyons, mountains,  
valleys, plateaus.

I long to breathe in the air, the wonderful scents of  
Mother Earth, the wet dirt from a freshly fallen  
rain.

I long to hear the songs of the Beautyway, to fill my  
soul, strengthen and renew my weary,  
worn and restless spirit.

I long to be taken back  
to the home – land of my birth,  
to the doorway of my hogan,  
through the door of my hogan,  
to the center of my hogan.

It is here I belong,  
It is here I will forever be.  
I am forever a child of the holy people.  
I am forever a child of the Diné.

Hozho Nahasdlii'  
Hozho Nahasdlii'  
Hozho Nahasdlii'  
Hozho Nahasdlii'

\*Hozho Nahasdlii'

In beauty, it is finished

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