

Poem

smoke tendrils roll upward
outward onward beyond
this abalone bowl bringing
the ancient ones
to stand at your shoulder
as the eagle feather fan
brushes smudge over the heart
and mind and spirit
making you a circle
containing everything
and nothing
at the same time

I can live like this
this being
blessed and blessing
in the same motion

the sacred medicines smoulder
drums
eagle cries
life
everything I hear

Richard Wagamese
from: Runaway Dreams.