

For our Mothers

I remember being placed in a small secluded valley in the middle of a browning hay field. A warm soft breeze crept across the valley floor which gave the floor waves fo motion. The greenness and life could be seen everywhere. I turned slowly to the north nad stared up the base of a rock mountain, covered with huge pine and cedar trees on every fold and crevass. Bushes of sage were scattered everywhere, the air was filled with the strong aroma, my body reacted to the sight of the many bushes of chokecherries, Seha and strawberries scattered at the base of the giant rock. I gazed further up the mountain and saw an eagle perched upon her nest, looking down the valley as her mate circled and called out ot her. To east end of the valley, a stream made its way in and out of the tall grass, rocks and claybanks. The sun made its voyage across the valley with its rays of light, to wake her children in their somber sleep. The sun also left her sister sky lavender filtering various shades of pink on the clouds. I turned to the south and saw the edges of the field roll into waves. Waves cut short by the scattered mass of pines, cedars, rocks and bushes at the base of the mountain. On the shale ridge, I saw a lone wolf who sat on a rock. After a long evening of words he sang to the grandmother. I turned to the west as I looked to the opening of the valley and saw above the ridge a shadow of the grandmother. I turned back to the base of the mountain and I saw my Tuma sitting before me on a tree stump. In her eyes, I saw the mothers and grandmothers before me and the daughters after me. I

P. Lezard F.

prayed to them before me.

Mothers and Grandmothers, I am the birth of a new era of cultural diffusion. Ignorance has rendered me culturally inept....

Freedom has come and gone.

Mother, you are my grandmother's daughter and I am yours born of the same lineage. Child, girl, woman, it is you who has labored long to bring me into this world, as did a congregation of women, mothers and grandmothers before you.

Grandmother, I am your daughter's daughter born of the same lineage. Crow's feet cradle your eyes, silvery moon laces your head of hair, arthritis settles to stir discomfort in hands that are rugged and worn. Your body has aged through years of existence. Eyes soften as sands of time fall. The recollection of memories slowly wither away. Here are words to the lineage of daughters: Listen to our words. Disperse from your cultural ignorance and grasp the hunger for the heritage. Complete the broken circle. Heal our nations.....

P. Leyard F