

So I press my ear to the ground. For when the Great Spirit speaks. I will move with the wind. What it took me to learn I cannot read the skies. What it took me to learn the smoke in my eyes was signals and signs. Where the willow trees sing out by the water's edge. You were tending your garden in the sun. Whoa. We raise with colored crowns. He calls us from the ground. He gave us the dance, the movement the wings. He gave us a song to sing, to scream. In my heart's a battle, it's long and must be won. He gave us a song to sing, to scream. All other gods lie prostrate before you sobbing and professing their inadequacy. His name is Donner. His name is Blitzen. I will move. Magma recreate. May this earth be born again.