

Great Spirit

Why who makes much of the Great Spirit. As to me I know nothing else
but the Great Spirit.

Whether I walk down the gravel road to the powwow grounds,

Or dart my eyes on a Migizi flying to its nest,

Or stand by the ceremonial fire,

Or watch fancy shawl dancers looking like butterflies as they circle the
floor,

Or watch a baby bear trying to get salmon from the river banks,

Or see dogs liking the sap from a maple tree,

Watching a medicine man helping someone who is sick,

Spotting Flowers bloom from a once frozen ground,

This,

with the rest,

one and only,

to me...

The Great Spirit.

By EmmaRae Joy Gahbow