The Voice of the Earth Is My Voice

—from a Navajo prayer

And we are the syllables on Her tongue,
Bright words held to the clear water, the soft
Marbled coloring of sandstone, framed in wind.

We are of the earth and should never bravely
Forget or fail to give thanks to the dust
That bore us here, speaking, the voice of whirlwind

Knows our names, holds us past the time we imagine.
In no way less than the earth, nor greater
Our eyes hold canyons, and willows, we last and last.