

Thought

“Thought is like a cloud
You can see through shadow to see nothing
But you can see shadow
When it touches something you know,
Like that cloud’s shadow
Touching the Wolf Teeth Mountains.
When the clouds touch the mountain’s top
Or where it is high
The wind is good
When you’re among the clouds
Blurred ground among fog,
You are close to He Who First Did Everything,”
Said my Grandfather Owns Painted Horse.
We are but nomads asking for nothing
But the blessings upon our Mother Earth.
We are born as someone new
So then
We have to be taught
The good from the bad.
What is good, we want you to know.
What is good, we want you to use,
In the way that you are a person.

—Henry Real Bird