

## 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.