

MOONdreamer

My food is the cactus, grasshoppers
Wombparts left by antelope
Eggs along the river in spring
Grandmother gives me food, shelter, everything
This place is my home until I die and after
I come from this land
I stay to make life for the creatures
My dream is for the living
The moon is my dream tonight
And Grandfather sun tomorrow
My spirit name is MOONdreamer
I am the keeper of the spirit world
My tribe is the spirits of the dead
This sacred place is my home

He placed his right hand on her left knee
And pointed to the moon
“This is the wish of Her
Who rules our night
We are Her children now
She brought you here and me to your camp
You are like me
Moon is our spirit guide
We are the same
This time you come without a man
This time you brought old man and moon
To be your secret lovers
This time you make sacred love
The spirits are happy”

He raised his head to the sky
Whooped twice at the moon
And cried like a red-tailed hawk
His eyes closed and he leaned toward her
As though to give her a kiss
She moved her head towards his and they touched
Her brow pressed lightly against his and they sat that way
She placed her palms on his rough knees and let her breath go
Her head lit up with bright light
She reeled back with open eyes
To see the moon which shined on his forehead
He patted her on the knees and said
“It’s spirit light,
The moon inside has light”

His gentleness swayed her
She closed her eyes and leaned forward again to touch his forehead
The light returned changing from bright white to blue-white
Rings of pulsating tingles engulfed her skin
Then all at once she was connected to the Earth
Energy flowed upward through her back
And made her heart glow golden yellow

It flowed outward in every direction
As purple light shimmered on her skull
Suddenly there was dancing and music
The stars shot colored arrows through her
And she was everywhere at once beyond time

As the sun rose over the rocks across the river
She awoke under her blanket in front of the van
With the coydog curled up beside her
She scanned the horizon looking for the old Indian
She felt the sand where he had sat
But there were no signs

Magpies quarreled by the river bed
As her eye caught sight of a solitary eagle rising
On a thermal above the rocks
It spiraled upward higher and higher
Until a mere speck against the sun
The eagle folded its wings
Swooped down at great speed over her head
As it rose screaming a feather fell to the earth
She picked it up and held it to her forehead

Randall L. Eaton