

When The Smoke Disappeared

Warm and balmy it was that night
Southwesterly winds bathed the landscape
The glow of the Grandfathers shown crimson before the alter
Mother's womb was dark and inviting.

The witnesses depicted this solemn ceremony in their faces
I knelt before the alter and received my feather
What if nothing happens? What if I don't come back?
Doubts of my faith clung tight to my heart.

All alone in Unci Maka's sacred womb
The Grandfathers smiled before me
Drums and singers lulled me towards the path
Kiowa Grandmothers danced 'round my tomb.

"Come little sister, come and see"
"What you ask for is out here with me."
Night gave way to day, and
The sway of the dancers expressed their joy.

Their ritual was for our protection and peace
Drums pounding to the beat of their feet.
With every encompassing circle
Faster and faster landed their plea.

Altar's whirlwind screaming in pains
Smoke rising to meet the flames
Kachinas, spirit elders, and demi-gods
Praying in tongues beyond our concern.

When the smoke disappeared
The air was still
Energized by the ones
Who beeched me to come.

All alone in Unci Maka's scared womb
The Grandfathers smiled before me
Drums and singers lulled me back from the path
Kiowa Grandmothers danced 'round my tomb.

Silent, silent, peace and stillness all around
Night's darkness the stars background
Here I sit in suspension
Happy to have had my detention.

Fam Larc