Shawnee Voices
By Warrior Fox

The fragrance of the evening pipe
Wanders through the council.
Darkness calls to all the tribe
“Come sit among the faithful.”

Treetops dance as breezes sing,
While leaves add their praises.
Hear lower tones of thunder wings,
Clouds complete the phrases.

Women chant a mournful tune,
Remembering the sages.
Winter shouts, “I come soon!”
Moonlight counts the ages.

Shawnee voices live again,
Warriors dance tomorrow.
Shadows speak deep within
Hearts draped in sorrow.

Listen for the melody
High above the arbor
Singing for you and me…
The Voice of Grandmother.