

Dancing with Creation

When the Sun dancers
blew their Eagle bones
their whistles pierced
through the leaning aspen.

From the East
an Eagle flew across the arbor.

Eyes concentrated
on the Tree of Life
knees bent,
feet stepped
to the chants and drums.

When the men dragged
the Buffalo Skulls four times
around the arbor,
released themselves
murmurs swept,
sunbeams rising from the crowd.

Others tied to the tree,
their chest pierced,
pranced backwards
and pulled
until skin broke.

Arms skewered women
wove their sweetgrass
angels dancing
as their Eagle Whistles
shrilled the welcomed release.

At the end
without food, without water
the Sun Dancers swayed
beneath the parched sun.

An Eagle flew
in from the South.

The Dancers
pushed the aspen enclosure
open
walked through the doorway
to Life.

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Parliamentary Poet Laureate**