

IN MEMORY OF THE ANCIENT FISHING GROUNDS OF THE
INDIAN PEOPLE AND IN REGRET THAT STILL ANOTHER
PROMISE TO THEM IS FORSAKEN FOR THE SAKE OF "SO
CALLED PROGRESS"

THE VISION

HIGH ABOVE THE MOURNING WATERS..
ON THE CLIFFS ABOVE THE RIVER..
STAND THE SPIRITS OF MY FATHERS..
WEeping ON CELILO'S GRAVE..
HEAR THE HIGH WAIL OF THEIR THEIR GRIEVING..
FEEL THEIR TEARS UPON YOUR FACES..
FOR THEIR ARROWS ALL WERE BROKEN..
AND THEIR PAINT-POTS SET AWAY..

HERE LIE ALTARS DESECRATED..
SACRED TOM-TOMS STILLED WITH SORROW
WHERE MY BROTHER "LITTLE SALMON..
AND MY SISTER "LEAPING WATER"..
CLING TOGETHER IN THEIR SADNESS..
MUTE BENEATH A WATER SHROUD..

WAIT..WAIT..TO ME THERE COMES A VISION..
COMES A CRYING FROM THE CLIFF TOPS..
BOOMING LIKE AN ANGRY THUNDER..
SHOUTING"HEAR THESE WORDS..MY PEOPLE..
FOR TODAY IS NOT FOREVER..
DRY YOUR TEARS..MY AGED MOTHERS..
HOLD YOUR HEADS HIGH..HONORED FATHERS..
SPIRIT EYES SEE YET ANOTHER DAY.."..

THEN, I HEAR, INSTEAD OF KEENING..
RED HEARTS LIFTED HIGH IN SINGING..
AND I SEE THE SPIRITS LEAPING..
DOWN TO MEET ME BY THE RIVER..
LIKE THE NOON SUN SHINE THEIR TOKENS..
WON WHEN TALL WITH LOVE AND PRIDE..

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SPEAKS AGAIN THE SPIRIT LEADER..
"SEE AND TELL THESE THINGS MY BROTHER..
HOW THE GREAT ONE IN HIS MERCY..
KNOWS OF EVERY PAIN WE'VE SUFFERED..
KNOTS, WITH CARE, EACH DAY WE'VE WAITED..
SEE...I ~~have~~ ^{But} HERE TO POINT MY FINGER..
AND TO SAND REDUCE THE MORTAR..
SEE..THE CRUEL STEEL FALLS TO POWDERED CLAY..

WATCH HOW LEAPS THE MIGHTY RIVER..
FROM THE TOMB THEY PLACED UPON IT..
WATCH IT NUZZLE EVERY CHANNEL..
THAT ITS WATERS ONCE HAD ROUNDED..
AGAIN OUR BROTHER "LITTLE SALMON"..
DARTS SWIFTLY FORTH ALONG THE ANCIENT WAY..

SEE HOW PROUDLY FROM THE WATERS..
RISES ONCE AGAIN CELILO..
AS THE GREAT ONE FIRST INTENDED..
WHILE MAN STILL WAS UNFORMED CLAY..
SO RETURNS TO YOU, RED BROTHER..
ALL THE OLD WAYS OF OUR PEOPLE..
AND OUR SISTER "LEAPING WATERS"..
WILL SING AGAIN FIERCE LULLABIES..

NO MORE WEEPING IN THE LODGES..
OF THE REDMAN, OR HIS CHILDREN..
WHERE TOM-TOMS THUM TO CALL THE WASHAT..
WHERE CAMPFIRES SPIRAL BY THE THOUSANDS..
FOR THE TRAIL WILL HIDE FOREVER..
FROM THE PALE EYES AND THEIR WAYS..""

THIS IS WHAT THE SPIRITS TOLD ME..
WEEPING BY CELILO'S GRAVE..

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