**Havasupai Medicine Song**

*[Havasupai Americans]*

The land we were given

Is right here,

Right here.

Red rock

Streaked with brown

Shooting up high

All round our home.

Red rock

Shooting up high

Right here.

A spring will always be there

Down at its foot.

From way back

It is ours.

Right down

The center of our land

A line moves,

Bright blue and green.

This is what I’m thinking.

At the edge of the water

Cattails appear,

Bright blue-green,

All round the water.

This is what I’m thinking.

At the edge of the water

Foam is forming,

Swirling, swirling.

At the edge of the water

Silt is being laid down

In ripples.

This is what I’m thinking.

Water skaters walk,

Gliding, gliding.

This is what I’m thinking.

Water grasses growing,

Bright blue-green

Under the water,

Waving, waving.

This is what I’m thinking.

Under the water

Tiny pebbles.

Flowing over them

The water we drink.

The water is gliding toward the north,

Into the distance, beyond our sight.

This is what I’m thinking.

We have arrived here.

An illness.

I sit down,

I sing myself a song.

This is what I’m thinking:

A medicine spirit,

A healer,

I am the same.

An illness,

I sit down.

I sing myself a song.

The things I have named

I leave behind.

This is what I’m thinking.

We arrive there.

We are leaving the canyon.

Out on the rim

Horses that are mine.

They roam there

At the junipers,

Where the junipers are straight,

And low.

They are right there,

Horses that are mine

Are gathered there.

This is what I’m thinking.

Here we arrive, then

We swing back down,

Moving back down the rocks,

White rocks streaked with brown.

Down at the foot

A spring will always be there,

A spring that heals,

It is right there.

My horses drank the water

That is there.

White rock streaked with brown

Shooting up high

Is right there.

There is my horse’s trail,

Zigzagging right down the center,

The color of dust.

It leads to

The source.

It is right here.

This is what I’m thinking.

And now we arrive

Down in the canyon,

Red rocks,

Down in the canyon,

They are right here,

Down in the canyon,

Red rocks, low down,

They are right here.

Here I walk,

I go alone.

This is what I’m thinking.

Red rocks, streaked with brown,

Shooting up high.

It is right here, down at the foot,

Red rocks, boulders

Streaked with brown.

They are right here.

My illness is absorbed,

Right here.

I will this to be.

I will this to be.