

My Heart Soars

by Chief Dan George

The beauty of the trees,
the softness of the air,
the fragrance of the grass,
speaks to me.

The summit of the mountain,
the thunder of the sky,
the rhythm of the sea,
speaks to me.

The faintness of the stars,
the freshness of the morning,
the dew drop on the flower,
speaks to me.

The strength of fire,
the taste of salmon,
the trail of the sun,
and the life that never goes away,
They speak to me.

And my heart soars.

My Heart Speaks

by shoni bressette

The whispers of the wind in the dead of
night,

The crashes of the waves,

The fragrance of freshly bloomed lilac in the
early summer days,

speaks to me.

The smell of the freshly trimmed grass,

The sight of the rising sun over the horizon
on the lake,

The rhythm of the birds song at the drop of
dawn,

speaks to me.

The strength of the drum,

The taste of the strawberry juice,

The feeling of the breeze on a hot day at the
powwow,

And the sound of that one singer that makes
my heart smile ,

They speak to me.

And my heart speaks.