**The First Lodge**

We talked in the darkness about love

Our words in this circle found completion

In this family we are naked

In the nakedness we are vulnerable

In the soft sweat of our own infant souls

We are one another’s words

We are one another’s worlds

Holding together the supple limbs of the lodge

Compass points for willow wands to work within

We find our way within

All my relations

There is no seperation

We are all One

Great Mystery Creation

Bring Tribal revelation

Singing back the prayers to the pouches ,

To the flags of tobacco, cedar and sage

Singing back to the hunger of the vision quest

Singing back as the willow bows to meet the river

In reverence

In respect

In relation

Here in the black circle the lodge often breathes as one

Silently energy of vision in darkness

The words fall into the open void and are eaten by hungry ears

The skin and bones of it bare all

Each song and story witnessed

Each tear

Every heartfelt heart-song becomes the earth vision of the circle

Each red-stone dragon egg is a story from the grandfather

He has sacrificed his bones for us to be here

The ancient ancestors prepared place for us

It is here and now

The lodge sings into the dark

As the pattering rain arrives on the skin of the sweat house there appears a nebular night of stars within the lodge . Each tight drum skin patter of falling drops creates another star within . Spider woman is close at hand to knit these fine silver beads together .

Red

Yellow

White

Black

Medicene journey

Travelling through the cosmos on the wings of the eagle

Walking Gently on

The good red road

We talked in the darkness about love .

Some left changed .

Some stayed the same .

It is done !

Aho !