

## **“The Elder's Drum”**

by Molly Chisaakay

The smoke rises from the sacrificial fire  
The circle is getting bigger and many share hope  
The elder begins to drum and circles with song  
My love for the people in the circle exuberates  
The many other times I have shared these rituals  
Noticing the whiteness and the age of my grandfather's hair  
He seems frail and yet the song comes with such clarity  
And my spirit rejoices in the song of my people  
That we all have the dignity to be  
To determine the spirit  
To be like the man who sings  
And yet be proud of the heritage  
Our grandfathers leave us the path  
The song  
The sacred song