

Poetry Series

Tolly Rebeka Christian
BlackWolf Hawk
- poems -

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Tolly Rebeka Christian BlackWolf Hawk(2-4-93)

I started writing in 2003. My ability to write waited to be triggered by a heart breaking move from Colorado, where I had lived for the first thirteen years of my life, to Missouri. After a few years there, I began a journey, a journey that has taken me many places, down many a winding trail, in so many different sorts of company. How oh how to get it all from mind to matter?

Now writing is becoming a passion, an avenue of expression through the tangled forest of life. A release, a joy, a way of healing not only for me but others (At least that is my wish) . I now live in IL with my husband and new born son. I hope you enjoy the things I have written. May your pens (or pencils) stay sharp!

A Velvet Divorce

There upon the table lies the rose you left me,
Along with your written "good-bye", carelessly scribbled upon
The note card of white paper.
Long ago, this scene would have been as tragic as Shakespeare, but Today it's
just a simple "good-bye".
The brilliance of passion becomes lusterless, as
The rose withers upon the cloth.
The starkness of the truth becomes achromatized as,
The card yellows with acute time.
A petal falls from the rose and touches my hand.
I begin rolling it betwixt my fingers, diffusing the lingering oils,
Releasing its scent into the air, as I expulse you from my heart.
I know we were not meant to be, so I will go.
I am after a life full of laughter, and have tasks to finish.
So, good-bye and thanks for the memories.

Tolly Rebeka Christian BlackWolf Hawk

An Untitled Experiment

Some days I feel, I feel somethin's missin'. Der's a hole in ma life, somethin' left undone.

Brotha, Brotha, where be choo?

Brotha, Brotha, where hav' ya gone?

I rememba choo, yea I rememba.

I know yer out der, but yer not here, und dat's wha's missin'.

Sista, Sista, I rememba choo too, and yer not here either.

Sista, Sista, where be choo?

Sista, Sista, where hav' ya gone?

Yer out der, but yer not here, und dat's wha's been left undun.

Dis wrong must be made right, this broked rope must be mended.

Whatta ya say Brotha?

Sista, Sista where be choo?

Sista, Sista where hav' ya gone?

Brotha, Brotha, where be choo?

Brotha, Brotha, where hav' ya gone?

Sista, Sista, where be choo?

Sista, Sista, where hav' ya gone?

Brotha, Brotha, I'm here, missin' choo!

Sista, Sista, I'm here, right here...

An' I'm missin' choo too, jus' missin' choo so much!

Let's come together, naw, let's come together like the family we are.

Tolly Rebeka Christian BlackWolf Hawk

Book Of Life

Tabula rasa has been born once again,
Tabula rasa is awaiting life.
Tabula rasa looks for knowledge,
Looks for wholeness.
Tabula rasa now crawls to find the unknown,
Tabula rasa now walks to make the unknown known.

Tabula rasa was once a blank page...
Now it is full, and must become blank once more, so as to discover
The new unknown and make it known.
Only when there ceases to be an unknown
Will Tabula rasa become a full book...
Tabula Repletus.

Tolly Rebeka Christian BlackWolf Hawk

Crying In The Night

Heart screaming in agony, left alone in the rain,
none but God to console me...
Brothers gone... long gone...
I cry their names in my dreams, screaming for one word from them...
But nothing returns but my own echo...
I see nothing but black and white... the only thing that's grey...
Is my heart and soul...

I leave this world in the night... dreaming...crying...
Full of Fear... ever clear... curious...
Reaching for Heaven...
Left behind...
Calling for that breath of life... so I can enter the world again...
Brothers....

'It'll only hurt just once...they're only broken bones... a shattered chamber of
your heart...'

Left behind... Brothers... where are you... I wish to see you again...
To hold you again...

Tolly Rebeka Christian BlackWolf Hawk

Earth And Storm

Thunder Beings ... Thunder Beings,
Dance with me tonight upon this winter wind, dance with me tonight.
Caress me with your dropping fingertips, caress me tonight.
Thunder Beings sing with me, let our voice roll across
The mountaintops and through valleys far beyond.
Tonight I will be with you, and tomorrow be a thousand miles away.
Lighten my heart with your searing flame,
Striking across the blackness of the night.
Hold me in your feathery embrace,
Hid me `neath your billowing cloak.
Thunder Beings... Thunder Beings,
Dance with me, Caress me, Sing with me, Be with me,
Lighten my heart, Hold me, Hide me...
In the folds of your Storm.

Tolly Rebeka Christian BlackWolf Hawk

Four Years, Five Elements

Year One, trial by Fire to test your mettle.

Year Two, doused in frigid Water to see if you're brittle.

Year Three, Air dried to see if you frazzle.

Year Four, thrown to Earth to see if you crackle.

All years you were tested, you bested the best expectations.

Spirit kept you together, through all the weather.

Spirit raised you to the summit, just when you thought you'd plummet.

Now Spirit drives you to thrive on that which you learned,

By Fire, Water, Air, and Earth.

Tolly Rebeka Christian BlackWolf Hawk

Goals

To love and be loved,
To forgive and forget,
To feel and to heal...
To learn and teach,
To seek and find,
To hold and to free.

These are my goals,
The road is long,
Who will join me on my journey?

Tolly Rebeka Christian BlackWolf Hawk

Hope Of Those A Drift

A drifter on a sea of others expectations am I.

I know not from whence I came, nor where I go.

But I know where I would like to go, and whom I wish to be with.

When will these rough waters subside?

When will I cease to drift upon this sea of others expectations?

This rift I float on is a dream I hold onto desperately, a dream of a life I wish to live... its, oh, so simple. Why does it seem to be too much to ask for, in all its simplicity?

'What is your dream? ' To watch my children play in field of bellowing grass, to hear the one I love speak in soft tones at night.

To grow old in a house I made into a home; a place where my family can rest their heads in safety, no matter how old they are. Oh, lo!

But I am a drifter on a sea of others expectations. 'Look ahead child of my love, there is land in sight. You may have what you ask for. Because what you ask for does not sustain you mortal body, but your immortal soul! ' To have my dream become reality! I thank you Father of my soul, thank you. For all eternity I shall give you thanks.

'The shore is still far away child, but if you hold onto your hope and faith, your dream shall be patient child.'

Thank you Father.

'Your welcome child.'

Tolly Rebeka Christian BlackWolf Hawk

I Will Not Give In

You say you have love... you say you have faith...
Yet every word you say after this hour will be a word of enmity.
You've done it before... you'll do it again... you are a creature...
Of habitual conflict...
You tear and gouge away at those around you...
You know no other way to thrive... leaving the world around colder...

I'm not giving in... I will not cease living my life...
I will not... I will not, I have too much to give...
I have too much to give...
I will not stop at you're wall... I will not...
I shall heal your soul... I shall rise above your will to hate.
I'm not proud... I will shut the hate away... the anger... the pain.
I will no longer cower before your bellows, I am not afraid...

My anchor is a rock of ages, my shield is a grace beyond the stars.
My hope is a shining light...
My love is a volcano.
Like the lava flowing from the core of the earth, I will shape you.
Though you resist, I will heal you.
Though you will bear a scar, you will be reborn in fire.
I will not give in until my dying breath.

Tolly Rebeka Christian BlackWolf Hawk

In The Wrong Era

In the Wrong Era

April 11,2008

As we stand at the edge of the sea with the winds off the ocean blowing through our hair, we know inside that we were supposed to be in a nobler time. A time now considered obsolete, primitive, hard. Yet, we long for the time of heroes and heroines, the time of great deeds done for all the people, by those of honor who were great in heart and mind.

Yet we were born in a time when deeds are not for all, but only the few. We know inside that the world should have been more than this, we know we should have been protectors of a bygone era. Now we must survive in a world we were not meant for. We must adapt to something far more cruel than the past, which is known; we must survive the future. The unknown may be so deadly. Will we survive? We know, as the elements surround us, comfort us, and speak to us, that we were meant for the diplomacies of the past, which were so simple. Now we entangle ourselves to the point of near strangulation in complex 'politics'. How will we, those who feel the tug of that simple bygone era, survive this plague of cruelty called 'The 21st Century" that is ruled by the 'elite'? We, with the souls of the ancients, must find a way.

Tolly Rebeka Christian BlackWolf Hawk

Inner Child {part One}

In the morning light, I look in the mirror at crusty eyelashes and lids,
On top of blood-red eyes.
Oh, my!
Where did that person come from?
I am uncertain as to whether or not we have met.
I still remember being too short to see into
The mirror that rests atop this counter.
I still remember looking at this world with the eyes of a little girl.
I can still hear my baby voice,
Telling Mother that fireflies would turn into fairies, and fairies to stars.
Though I still remember, it all seems so very distant... a mere echo.
Those days when I ran with the wind, danced with squirrels, and spoke to ravens
and crows.
I was a child whose heartbeat was fierce and free;
As sweet as a summer wind others said of me...
So long ago...
Who is the person I see now?
Where is the child, I used to be?

Tolly Rebeka Christian BlackWolf Hawk

Inner Child {part Three}

In the soft light of the moon, I wander aimlessly in the park.
The coo of a mourning dove, the trill of the whippoorwill, the baying of a hound,
the howl of the coyote.
All these sounds cascading down my ears, no fear do I feel.
I hear my own footsteps, lightly crushing the fallen leaves.
I smell the storm coming from the south, the clean energizing scent; and begin
to run, just run!
Pain racks my chest after awhile, but even so, I feel free, joyful, and alive.
I look down and see my smile reflected in a pool of water.
Shock stills my steps, for who do I see staring back at me?
It is the child I used to be, reflected by a living mirror!
She never left, she only slept while I worked and studied.
Waiting for play to gently rap upon her door.

Tolly Rebeka Christian BlackWolf Hawk

Inner Child {part Two}

In the blinding light of midday, I walk a busy sidewalk.
I am in a crowd, yet I walk alone.
I see my reflection in widows I walk by, my figure stretched by Imperfect ripples
within the panes.
How odd that I just now realize how alike I am to these panes.
Choices and events caused me to buckle and bend,
Shaping who I am now.
Nevertheless, I find myself asking the same question I asked
My mirror reflection:
Who is the person I see now?
I still remember learning to speak, to draw, and to read.
I still hear the laughter, here in this city far from my home.
I can still remember my home, regal pines and sheltering aspens,
All whispering their stories to me.
I can still smell the juniper bush, and taste the Indian Candy flower
Upon my tongue.
Where have those days gone?

Tolly Rebeka Christian BlackWolf Hawk

Lies

Why should I believe you?
All the things you told me before were lies.
Every word was a poisonous seed coated in honey,
Popped playfully,
Deceptively into my mouth.
Your store of sweetness has run dry,
The venom now runs through my veins.
Even your kisses were lies, the pictures are burning.

Once we laughed when one called you a criminal,
Now I see they were right... a master of illusion.
But then who am I to lay blame?
The fault is not yours alone.
I saw the signs, I saw the lie in your eyes.
I just let myself believe in your illusion.
Part of me knowing you'd never change,
Another part praying you would.
I had hoped you'd start believing your own lies, and come into the light.
Becoming the man I could see you as.
But it was never meant to be, and I am letting go.
The poison transmuted brings eternal flame,
I'll learn to realize.

Tolly Rebeka Christian BlackWolf Hawk

Nemesis

Kanji swords in hand, white hair billowing in the wind, as you fly upon strong gray wings.

The Wheel of Justice is your throne,
Those who do evil tremble beneath your piercing gaze;
Crushed by your reason from which none can hide,
Like glass upon the anvil.

Those who do good are forever in your care,
Forever flourishing here and in the hereafter,
Like flowers in the mountain meadow.

Lady Nemesis,
The Mother and the Warrior,
The Protector and the Teacher.

Inspired by Jessica Galbreth's painting "Nemesis"

Tolly Rebeka Christian BlackWolf Hawk

On My Side (And Yours Too!)

On My Side (and your's too)

By Tolly Rebeka Christian BlackWolf Hawk

God's on my side, yes He is.

I can feel it in my heart, He's matching me step for step.

He guides me and protects me; He won't let that black train run over me, no He won't.

God's on my side, He's waving that flag with my name on it and He's waving it high.

He hears my prayers, there's nothing I can't share with Him.

Oh yeah, God's on my side, I may sway like a ship out at sea, but he won't let me fall, no, he won't let me fall.

Oh, Lord you know I love you, and am forever grateful to you; and I know you love me, and will always be there beside me. Never to let me fall, never to let me fall.

The trails of the Devil go nowhere, but God's blazing trails lead far, far beyond everywhere.

Oh yes... God's on my side, and He's there to stay.

So that Devil best not even bother coming my way, for he'll just be wasting his time.

God hears me, He loves me, He gives me what I need...

Because He's on my side.

Tolly Rebeka Christian BlackWolf Hawk

Pearls Or Roses?

To walk amongst pearls and roses, the pearls and roses of the mind.
Pearls, which will forever hold their luster,
Roses which will wither and molder into dust.
To walk bedecked in pearls and roses, is to walk in retrospect of
Life in passing.
Will one pluck another rose as they pass the bush, knowing it will fade?

Or will they toil to pry the shell of the stranded
Oyster, to reap a lasting memory?

Or both?

Which would you choose?
Which would I choose?

Both... Despite their finite nature and thorns, the
Roses smell sweet, and remind me of many tender moments; and
Pearls, small but precious, with their form, remind me...
Of days moons ago.

Tolly Rebeka Christian BlackWolf Hawk

Rebirth Of A Nation!

Oh Flag of America, I see your colors bleeding like running tears. Why are you so sad?

"My children have lost their Innocence, their Courage has fled, and Justice has died in their bosoms."

Oh Flag of America, oh Flag of America you are fading away! What can be done to restore your brilliance?

"Light the torch of Valor once again, and give it to the pure that remain, the few who remember me in all my gaiety. Send them to burn down into ashes the pillars of corruption and as the ashes scatter to the winds the name of Justice shall ring through the Night."

Oh Flag of America, I find no one pure, there is no Valor left to spark the flame of Justice. What do we do now?

"Oh sudden fall! All is lost without the pure, only they can wake the slumbering perseverance of old. Oh young one, you cannot remember how we used to stand vigilant with Justice as a fiery guide, Valor our shield, and Purity the rock upon which we stood.

Oh, the foul waters of corruption have shifted the soil 'neath us, now we tilt and sway.

Unless the pure awaken and steady the rock, we shall tip o'er and vanish like snow 'neat Spring's sunlight."

Oh Flag of America, I am young, but I know that which you speak of. Let me carry your torch of Valor and set Justice free!

"Hark! I hear the voice of a pure one, I hear the cracks forming in the pillars as they vainly fight against the flames of Justice! Oh children of America! Children of America! You once again stand upon solid rock! Your Valor has turned the skies crimson, your Purity has turned the earth white, and Justice has dyed the waters a deeper blue! America, America, the Lord of Hosts is pleased, for those who were pure have crushed the Serpents head! "

Oh Flag of America! How brightly you shine now! You have become more brilliant than all the gems of the earth!

"America you have made me so."

Tolly Rebeka Christian BlackWolf Hawk

The Dance

Dancing, to and fro,
Dip and turn, swing and jump.
Metal whistling in my ear, pinging in collision,
Ringing, ringing, the beat of the Dance.
Dip and turn, turn and lunge, and dive.
I survive, this deadly Dance, thus far.
The music of cries and the beating of hearts still...
Raging...
God... My God... be my conductor in this hour...
Cut to the bone, stabbed nigh to my heart...
Lord above guide me, guide me in this, teach me as I...
Sway to the tempo of cannon falls and marching feet.
Lord, let me hear the angels sing whether I rise or fall.
Lord I listen for you as the music ends...
Sword falling to the ground, knees crashing upon the soil...
The Dance of blood and fire... done...
As the curtain falls... My eyes grow dim.
Fellow dancers gather round...
Weeping and wailing, some screaming and cursing...
In none of these actions do I partake... For I've no mortal strength.
I whisper my last human prayer...
Thanking God for making me a Blade-Dancer.
For allowing me the grace of the Swans,
The speed of the Snake,
The courage of the Lion,
The faith of a Child,
The hope of a Mother,
The love of a Family...
The dance is done...
I'm coming home, the Earth is below me...
I'm coming home...
One final message to those around...
'Give my family my love.'...
Then nothing more...
The Dance goes on...

Tolly Rebeka Christian BlackWolf Hawk

The Dragon And The Phoenix (Version One)

The Dragon and The Phoenix (version one) :

The sleeping Tiger lies in a mist, covered in mystery.

Who is he, what is his purpose?

The sleeping Flame lies in a cloud, shrouded by time.

Who is she, what is her purpose?

As the cloud falls in the night, and mingles in the mist... the Flame touches the Tiger and both awaken. The Flame brightens and swirls around the Tiger, the Tiger roars as the flames engulf him and he transforms into the wise Dragon. The Flame crackles as the Dragon's roar sounds through the night. The crackle becomes a cry of joy as the Dragon breathes a breath of fire upon the Flame, adding his burning love to hers. The Flame turns into a fiery bird with a great cry. A Phoenix has been born, and a Dragon has grown in the fires of love. This bond forged is stronger than steel, stronger than the very foundations of the earth.

Nothing and no one can break this love. The love of the Dragon and the Phoenix will live beyond the end of time, their hearts forever entwined. Purpose has been found, the balance formed by the Dragon and Phoenix that awakened them is their purpose. The love they share forever is a shining light for all who despair; the Dragon and Phoenix are smiled upon by the Creator for they are what he intended love between two to be.

Tolly Rebeka Christian BlackWolf Hawk

The Dragon And The Phoenix (Version Two) :

The Dragon and the Phoenix (version two) :

The Tiger lies in a mist, shrouded in mystery.

Who is she, what is her purpose?

The Dragon lies upon a cloud, covered by time.

Who is he, what is his purpose?

The cloud and Dragon descend into the mist as the moon rises, meshing together.

The Tiger prowls through cloud and mist; the Dragon growls, wary of this new creature in his midst.

Startled by the new noise in her domain the Tiger hisses and r eyes meet those of green, stillness ensues.

'Why does it not attack, this beast of the forest? ' he thinks.

'Will this being from the skies run or strike? ' she thinks.

The Dragon becomes stone still, waiting, for what he knows not.

'Does this armored creature of flight even live? ' she wonders.

The Tiger slowly lays a paw against the Dragon's scaly hide, sparks of blue fly from the point of contact, the Tiger jumps back with a howl of surprise. 'What is this magic? ! ' she cries.

The Dragon's face becomes filled with the expression of joy 'Yin! ' cries he. The Tiger freezes in shock 'Yang? At last, we can be one once again! '

The Dragon drew a great breath and breathed the fires of his love unto the Tiger, from her ashes arose a mighty Phoenix.. A great cry of joy sounded through the night, a cry of joy: 'Forever one are we! Together in the skies for all eternity shall we be! '

Tolly Rebeka Christian BlackWolf Hawk

The Grand Design

The Grand Design

By Tolly Rebeka Christian BlackWolf Hawk

Winds and Wilderness all a mesh create the background of God's majestic tapestry.

Animals and Mankind bring out the foreground. But, look! What do my eyes see? Here, between the weave, what is this I see holding all together? Against my palm, it is warm, through my fingers a sensation tingles... What is it I see, what is it I feel?

Comprehension bleeds through my mind as a full moon's rays bleed over a black lake.

It is Love I see and feel; Love holds this magnificent work of art together. When the images of Man, Beast, and Flora begin to fade, the golden spin remains. No amount of destruction, whether it be born of Element, Man, or Time, can even begin to fray the twine that holds all together.

This shows me that, although our threads do not reach all parts of this design, we are all apart of one great whole.

Through Love, we are all connected; Through Love, anything is possible.

Tolly Rebeka Christian BlackWolf Hawk

The Wolf And The Moon

The Wolf and The Moon

By Tolly Rebeka Christian BlackWolf Hawk

The day is past and the Moon now rises from beneath the mountain to greet the stars.

The Moon smiles on the sleeping towns, their drone wound down. However, in the

forest, Life is still flowing full speed. The Owl fly's his "day" begun, "Who, Halloo Moon! " "Hello to you Owl." The Moon spins on his way. He makes many more greetings to the animals of the forest. He starts to grow weary, and makes ready to bed

down for the day when the Wolf came to visit and talk as the animals and Moon talk,

"My good friend Wolf! How are you? " Wolf jumps playfully to and fro, "I am glad Wolf that it has been good for you! It is almost time for the Sun to come up now, I

have to go home." The Wolf whimpered and followed the Moon. When the Moon was

almost home he turned to the Wolf and asked, "Why do you follow me? " the Wolf

jumped and landed in the Moons hands and curled up with a tremendous sigh.

"No

Wolf you cannot come with me, not yet, but now that I know you love me we will be

together in spirit, and someday you will be able to come with me to my home to live."

For years, the Wolf ran with the Moon at night, and then they would part ways at dawn. One day while the sun was shining brightly the Wolf, now old to earthly eyes,

faded to a wisp of mist from mortal sight, on the night of the New Moon. You could

see, that night, a cloud in his shape running before the Moon, and as the Moon grew

fuller you could see on the face of the Moon a shape like that old Wolf, you could see a

promise kept. The Moon and Wolf were friends, one entity forever.

Tolly Rebeka Christian BlackWolf Hawk

The Writer And The Soldier

The Writer and The Soldier

By

Tolly Rebeka Christian BlackWolf Hawk

The writer writes a sad lament for the love that he lost long ago,

The soldier mourns the loss of a fellow slain long ago.

The writer has lead and ink on his hands,

The soldier has blood on his.

The writer can wash away the pigments and with them his memory's go, but the soldier can only wash the blood on his skin; he can not wash the blood on his heart nor

The memory's in his mind,

Burned into his mind with canon fire and the cries of His falling comrades.

Oh,

When the two meet, they give to each other much needed gifts;

The writer gives the soldier understanding and a few happy tales to think of when tears try to strike him down,

And the soldier gives the writer a new sad lament to write, and a new meaning to the word friendship.

Written August 14,2008

Tolly Rebeka Christian BlackWolf Hawk

Toss And Turn

Toss and turn upon the mat...
No peace within your mind...
Trying in vain to rid thoughts fleeting about.
All you can do is lay there in a seeming pout.
No hope of rest...
Too many things to ponder,
Too many ways to wander.

What can you do in such a state?

All you can hope to do is not to go insane.

In your sea of loneliness...
Your thoughts are all you have.
The day flows by, gay as can be.
You laugh with all around you,
You pretend all is well.

But in the night... when all is dank and quiet...
All you can think of is how alone you are.
Wondering when this pointless night will quit.
Waiting for the daylight so you can hide again within its rays.

You listen to the house breathing, following it's pace with your own.

But it doesn't calm you... all you can think of is what a thin veil life is.

So easily torn asunder.

Though despite all the darkness, you still rise the next day.
You may despise how alone you are inside...
But you still hold on to that one shred of hope and home.
Casting aside your chains long enough to live another day.
For the sake of the sanctuary day brings.

The dark cannot harm you.
Only harden you.

Toss and turn if you have no other way,

But in the break of day, you can still rise.
You know no matter how alone you are...
You can still shine.
You are not reduced to ash by the eyes of others.

You can go on.
You must go on.

The nights voice is not your muse.
The amusement brought by day conquers your nights.
Your search for your crown is not in vain.
Though there be pain, there will be gain.
As long as you rise from your tossing and turning in the night.

In your sea of loneliness...
Your thoughts are all you have.
The day flows by, gay as can be.
You laugh with all around you.
You pretend all is well.

Until it is.

Tolly Rebeka Christian BlackWolf Hawk

Unspoken Heart Song

Subtle notes fly upon the breeze, notes coming from a guitar of the night.

The guitar plays sweetly for its master, for its gentle master.

The master is a young man, trying to find himself.

A young man with eyes full of care, behind these fair eyes a heart full of love.

You can hear his heart's song on the breeze, for he plays from his heart.

His eyes meet mine, and I cannot help but feel at peace, the song makes my heart hum with delight.

I can feel the love held inside him, even though he does not play for me.

He is playing the same song that plays in the heart of his darling; his song is calling to her.

"Come home, come home to me darling. I am calling you, can't you hear me? "

Is the unspoken song on the breeze.

Tolly Rebeka Christian BlackWolf Hawk

What News?

In the mist of the midnight.
I see the lantern light, slowly coming over the hill.

What news is to be brought to me?

War rages on all about... I can hear it in the distance.
I hear the screams, and cannon roar.
I hear the cries, and muskets fire.
I smell the smoke, the burning of the woods.
I see the glow of fire, from lamp and blaze.

What news is to be brought to me?

No matter whether it be gay or mourn...

I must go on...
I must save my country.
I must save my tradition.
I must save my family.

The enemy knows not how they tear at the fabric of our existence.
They will never know... they will never understand.

All they understand is their own want.

Want of money and power... control...

Not while I live will I surrender...

Never shall I surrender, til blade or lead be placed in my heart.
Slowly draining my life blood from my heart,
Until I lay upon the ground a mere shell.

Though even then, my spirit shall be unbridled.
Raging against my foes, even after they too,
Have fallen.

The lantern's light softly reveals a young mans face.

'Sir... we are faltering... the men can't take anymore.'

'Yes they can... Their courage... knows no bounds.'

With faith I step forward, making my way from mist to smoke.
From quiet, to raging din.
From meek, to fury.

The sky shall be red come dawn,
Whether it be my blood aiding,
The staining...
I must go on.
The news was brought to me...
I must go on...

We all must go on.

Tolly Rebeka Christian BlackWolf Hawk

Wind Horse

Da naho... It is said,
Wind Horse, gentle Wind horse, you were the last of your kind.
Wind Horse, Wind Horse, you were running wild and free.
Wind Horse, Wind Horse, with this freedom you did nothing but give;
When one called for help you carried them to safety,
No enemy did you have.

Da naho... It is said,
Wind Horse, Wind Horse, you gave your life one day
To a boy with no leg.
Wind Horse, Wind Horse, you gave him your endless love.
Wind Horse, Wind Horse, you now run in the Great Hunting Grounds;
Giving joy to those there, as you did here.

Da naho... It is said,
Wind Horse, Wind Horse, your life was not the last gift
You gave the People.
Wind Horse, Wind Horse, you prayed for us, you wished a wish for us.
Wind Horse, Wind Horse, we remember you through your brother Horse.

Wi: yo: h ... It is good.
Wind Horse, Wind Horse, we see you still.

Tolly Rebeka Christian BlackWolf Hawk