Ghost Dance

By Sara Littlecrow-Russell

Two hundred seventy
  Ghost Dancers died dreaming
  That humanity would drown
  In a flood of White sins.

Then the renewed earth
  Would reclaim city and town,
  Leaving only Ghost Dancers
  And those who lived by nature’s laws.

History books say the threat is gone.
  The Ghost Dance died with the ancestors—
  Wovoka and his sacred dream
  Were destroyed.

Each time it rains,
  I go out to the sidewalk,
  Where the tree roots
  Have broken the concrete
  Listening to the water’s whispering:

“It is coming soon.”
