The Delight Song of Tsoai-talee

By N. Scott Momaday

I am a feather on the bright sky
   I am the blue horse that runs in the plain
   I am the fish that rolls, shining, in the water
   I am the shadow that follows a child
   I am the evening light, the lustre of meadows
   I am an eagle playing with the wind
   I am a cluster of bright beads
   I am the farthest star
   I am the cold of dawn
   I am the roaring of the rain
   I am the glitter on the crust of the snow
   I am the long track of the moon in a lake
   I am a flame of four colors
   I am a deer standing away in the dusk
   I am a field of sumac and the pomme blanche
   I am an angle of geese in the winter sky
   I am the hunger of a young wolf
   I am the whole dream of these things

You see, I am alive, I am alive
   I stand in good relation to the earth
   I stand in good relation to the gods
   I stand in good relation to all that is beautiful
   I stand in good relation to the daughter of Tsen-tainte
You see, I am alive, I am alive
