

# 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

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