

The Enchanted Mirror: When the Pawnees Became Indians

Roger Echo-Hawk

CHAPTER ELEVEN

In the End, Elsewhere

*Inside us all that murmuring, shining, singing
It needs to be spoken, whatever we wish for next
Speaking a hidden truth in the story, what will be
All along, whispering stars they were, all around us
In the end they kept going, they'd been doing that*

*In the making of the past, the image of the future
That needed to be said, what to wish for, inside us
The stars weren't at all finished with everything
Whatever once happened had to happen next
Inside us all our murmuring, shining, singing*