THE RIVER REMEMBERS

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The river remembers our voices

Paddles up! Bow to stern!
Two Row! Wampum!
Honor the Treaties! Protect the Earth!

The river remembers our paddles
Sunrise glowed on our faces
as we gathered for morning meeting
A worried ally asked about the forecast
Chief Edwards told us his forecast

Paddlers gathered from the Four Directions
The Wind remembers our flags
Our teachers said, "Be kind to each other."

The Shore remembers morning launch Bow to stern, two rows of boats Hearts and eyes followed Hickory

River remembers laughter and water fights
Safety paddlers with orange bandanas
Coast guard and Sheriff boats

Elders remember the young people
Winds carried our voices
The people remember the bridge
The Unity Riders joined us

Sun remembers the tips of our noses Solar power charged our phones Willows offered us shade

The canoe does not steer the ship We honor each other's sovereignty We passed snacks from boat to boat

The riverbank remembers the chanting
The anti-war songs, the protest
We gasped at dead fish floating

Our paddles remember the river
Our faces reflected the light
as our minds became one
50% chance of rain
"100% chance of awesome."

Strength flowed in the Four Directions and the stories we carried back home
Our kindness remembers our teachers.

canoe after canoe, many hands helping natives on the west, allies on the east waiting for the signal: paddles up!

Skin remembers river washing away sweat encouraged us, made us feel safe followed us, ready to help

The young people remember the elders
Our singing celebrated the wind
Two rows paddled beneath
The bridge remembers the horses

Nose remember the kisses of sunburn Our phones carry the pictures still We paddled with gratitude

The ship does not steer the canoe and agree to live side by side We shared trail mix and cookies

The chanting remembers the riverbank

The way sunlight led us forward

Fish remember when the river was clean

The air remembers the music the drumming, the voices

We ate in circles, slept in circles
The Thunderers came to protect us
The canoe remembers the shaping hands

The little dog Huxley remembers hands petting
Hand remembers hand
Grandmother Moon saw us dancing
Our feet remember the rhythm

We remember the joyous greetings when our boats touched the shore

The shore welcomed our feet

Our bellies remember buffalo stew Our hearts remember the ground crew Our leaders guided with the Good Mind

The Grasses softened our sleeping
Strangers took us into their homes
cupcakes frosted like a wampum belt

Skyscrapers remember two rows of boats
Our backs remember the tides

We send thanks to the River
We send thanks for our journey
Together we brightened the Covenant Chain
Every stroke a prayer for peace

The Eagle circled above us in prayer
Ancestors paddled among us
The children speak of our vision
The wampum remembers the promise
we made to each other

The music celebrated the air the singing, the words

Sometimes we paddled in circles
The young ones danced in the rain
Hands remember the gift of the tree

We all remember the little dog the clasp of friendship counterclockwise around the campfire the moonlit circle of singing

helping hands, open hearts, open minds we felt loved
Our feet welcomed the shore

Blisters remember the gentle gift of bandaids their muscular backs, their generous hands We placed trust in our leaders

in tents where we talked and we dreamed offered showers and stories and tea a yacht club welcomed our sweaty flotilla

and the people who cheered us on The wind remembers our backs

The River that runs both ways
together on the River of Life
of Peace and Friendship forever
Every mile a step toward justice

Our prayers remember the Eagle
We paddled among the ancestors.
Our vision speaks of the children
We honor the wampum, the promise
we make to each other

The river remembers our voices

Paddles up!
Two Row!
Honor the Treaties!

Bow to stern!
Wampum!
Protect the Earth!