

Rising Voices

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Way out in the heart of the reservation,
sand always blowing, tumbleweeds rolling,
the Navajos are gaining control of their destination.

Sheltered by Black Mountain,
whites and Navajos are striving to educate
with understanding and appreciation,
not defiance, scorn, or hate.

Trying to teach and learn side by side.
Bilingual and bicultural.
Will it work? Is it working?
Maybe...and maybe not.

But we people are giving it a try,
Trying to learn both ways,
Trying to be in harmony with both ways—
If only those outside will let us.

Our traditions survive;
Our heroes of legends and tribal history
are alive in what we learn.
So we can continue to tell our story.

Our cherished medicine men
have young trainees, so that when
the old ones are dead and gone,
ceremonies for another generation
will live on.

What will be the result of this attempted peace?
I'll tell you this—listen!
From the silent, windswept land a voice can be heard.

Rising from the monolithic monuments,
purple mountains and rolling grasslands,
The moaning winds carry a soft
but steadily rising voice...

A voice made of many voices
of proud men and women
with a hope and a question....
Will we make it?...Listen!

The Voice—our Voice—is getting
stronger
Rising to the turquoise sky—
Listen! You will hear it soon...
very soon....