

Sunsets for one, though it rises for another
Among the whistling winds and whirling waters
Flies a great eagle, airborne with no end in sight
The wolf tops a mountain, not caring about the harvest or famine

Beyond human struggles, life persists in all
The stones sing the same song as the river
The trees dance with the same tune as the bird
Before me they existed, after too

From my bones and flesh flowers will bloom
The flowers feed for a frog
The hunter hunted down for a hawk
From the hawk, a human feasts

One day the sun will set on me and rise on another
My soul laughs and listens to the lives of others
The great turtle carries on with us on her back
All who come must go, bringing the sun with them