

## LAKOTA POETRY

This is an entry taken from a book entitled, "Arrow, Poetry and Art by the Students at Isna Wica Owayawa Loneman School". As I was working together with my friend, Sally White King, in creating this book, we were both taken by the children's connection to Nature, and their deep perceptiveness. Sally regularly visits their reservation in Ogalala, South Dakota, and has written several other books, which can be found on her website, [HYPERLINK "http://www.countingwinters.com"](http://www.countingwinters.com) www.countingwinters.com.

Debbie Stringfellow

### MY HOME AT PINE RIDGE

When I am walking  
I can hear the dogs barking.  
I can feel the dry grass on the bottom of my feet.  
I can taste the dirt in my mouth when the wind blows.  
When I ride a horse  
I can feel the muscles underneath my legs.  
I can see the prairie dogs  
Coming in and out of their holes.  
I can smell the dump when they burn it.

By Kelsey