

The Inipi {Purification Lodge}

by Jim Tree

Standing around a fire as the stones absorb the heat.
We are deep in contemplation of the vision we seek.
The lodge leader calls to enter and find our place within.
Now the ancient tradition can begin.
Seven stones are delivered, steam and song fill the air.
MITAKUYE OYASIN! We are all related here.

The leader calls his helpers and in the distance Wakiyan {Thunders}
rumble,
we seek our own guides, reminded to be humble.
Heat transforms flesh mind to spirit and our rebirth is near!
Our bodies re-enter our mothers warm womb,
trusting, children now, we are ready to hear.

The wolf song arises, a presence enters the lodge.
What was that! White fur or feathers,
I can't quite tell, though nothing I should fear.
Soft eyes seen looking deep into my soul,
then with these messages the helpers appear.

Buffalo - Provision, I will not lack
Hawk - Companionship, I will not be alone
Cougar - Protection, I am safe
Owl - Wisdom, I will learn the way

MITAKUYE OYASIN! My relations are here to stay.
I am drawn back into my mother, her cooling earth touch soothes.
I hear my Father speaking, his love and creation in me move.
I have nothing to fear, my problems seem so small.
Now that I've seen them from above it all.

The door is opened and cool air now surrounds.
Oh! I'm still here, my friends seated all around.
MITAKUYE OYASIN! We are all related.
With concerns now lifted we are free to serve,
Mitakuye Oyasin, new from the womb we emerge.
We are all from the same mothers flesh, the same fathers breath.
The rock, the deer, the tree and me, and all those standing here.
Yes, now I see, all are my relations, their burdens to share.