

*Lisa Haynes*

## THE GOOD STRONG DAY

My face and horse are painted  
and my shield is gathered.

In my left hand I carry my spear  
beaded and feathered for battle  
sharpened and ready  
Hoka Hey!

I am the Mother Wolf  
guarding her den.

I am the Mountain  
unmovable and planted.

My horse's mane is neatly braided  
and my hair flies in the wind.  
I ride out with hoops and hollers.  
Hoka Hey!

I am the Cheetah  
on the prowl.

I am the Black Storm  
moving in.

My horse's hooves pound the earth  
and my thighs hug him tightly.  
I raise my arms to Father Sky.  
Hoka Hey!

I am the Wooden Bowl  
sturdy and deep.

I am Winter Meat  
dried and stored.

The Thunder Beings know my birth.  
My father is Thunder and  
my brother is Lightning.  
Hoka Hey!

I am the Wind  
shouting down the mountain.

I am the Eagle  
hunting with talons and sharp sight.

Stand behind me or beside me  
but I take the first position.  
Only my yell rides out before me.  
Hoka Hey!

Old scars are painted  
the four sacred colors, and  
displayed with honor.  
Hoka Hey!

I am Pikun'i going to battle  
and this is a good, strong day.

20