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My Ancestor's Way of Life
By Frankie Thom

Beautiful baskets weaved together in one
A fortress of solitude for a child's dream.

Fishing nets are spread open to fish salmon
While mother starts the fire to smoke for Winter.

Dances are Thanksgiving as harvest time nears.
Medicine is carried to the Center of the World.

Regalia is worn of our survival and care
Creator put forth animals, Herbs and Buds.

Songs are given to sing in the high country
Bringing spiritual messages, healing and guidance.

People are respected as respect to another
Sharing love, as would a mother her child.

The natural creating of Mother Earth
Helps our belief in Creator above.

[I have walked along, way in time
Only for me to find myself, "A piece of mind."

I am reluctant to have faith in Creator
That one day our morals be his will?]