The Ground on which we stand is sacred ground.
It is the dust and blood of our ancestors.
On these plains, the Great White Father at Washington
sent his soldiers armed with long knives and rifles
to slay the Indian. Many of them sleep on yonder hill,
where Pahaska-White Chief of the Long Hair-so bravely fought and fell.
A few more passing suns will see us here no more,
And our dust and bones will mingle with these same prairies.

I see, as in a vision, the dying spark of our council fires,
the ashes cold and white.
I see no longer the curling smoke rising from our lodge poles.
I hear no longer the songs of the women as they prepare the meal.
The antelope have gone; the buffalo wallows are empty.
Only the wail of the coyote is heard.

The white man’s medicine is stronger than ours;
His iron horse rushes over the buffalo trail.
He talks to us through his “whispering spirit”.
We are like birds with a broken wing.
My heart is cold within me.
My eyes are growing dim. I am old....

Pahaska- General Custer
"whispering spirit"- telephone