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## ***Medicine Cord***

David Sparenberg

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### *Medicine Cord*

#### **Abstract**

I grasp in my hands today the tail feather of a hawk

#### **Additional Keywords**

Poetry; Medicine Cord; David Sparenberg

## MEDICINE CORD

by David Sparenberg

*I grasp in my hands today  
the tail feather of a hawk,  
a swift ascender, a mighty watcher  
of the upper air.  
Swift as the spirit, hawk  
reflects the Spirit of the Sky.*

*Between my fingers rests  
a purple sphere of harmony,  
a glass bead  
of the immaterial world,  
a wooden disc of remembrance  
of the Tree of Life,  
from which all living  
creatures descend.*

*Joined by the seeds of declension,  
these symbols of unity  
top a thong of rawhide,  
bound on my wrists, running  
through my palms, hot  
with pulsations of life.*

*Here I hold together  
emblems of life:  
wing feather of a sea bird--  
and the vastness of Ocean is on my side--  
brown sphere of remembrance  
of the intensity and integrity of Earth,  
home for the diversity of creatures  
my senses share--  
and Earth and her creatures stand beside  
me--  
star of my faith, fire-star,  
and shell heart of compassion, light-heart  
--guiding my on my path of life--  
bone disc of remembrance of mortality,  
condition of passage  
that I hold in common  
with my brothers and sisters  
of this planet of soil, air, fire  
and water.*

*Beyond my fingers I have tied  
a knot of strength against death,  
a strong knot of prevention,  
a tight knot of resistance.  
Far below and away*

*a red clay bead of bloodshed,  
a bone tooth of wounding,  
an inverted black feather of death,  
with its quill that shoots  
like an arrow at life.*

*Today I stand up,  
grasping in my strength  
a medicine cord,  
crying out a song.*

*I am turning aside danger  
from a weak one.  
I am wrestling with death  
as a warrior.  
Standing here in my medicine,  
Standing in my manhood,  
I am standing up in balance.*

*Now Earth has beheld me;  
Ocean has beheld me;  
Sky has beheld me.*

*Death is a coward.  
Death is a weakling,  
an eater of carrion,  
beaten in life's shadows.*

*Life-giver has given  
me the powers of a savior,  
skills of a shaman,  
standing up in balance,  
questing for a weak one, wrestling  
as a warrior.*

*I am wrapped up  
in my medicine.  
I am standing  
here in balance, crying  
out a song.*