

# Camp of Prophecy

The camp by the Sacred Stones River leans into water by listening to a dream shared by children running in thick, sticky liquid that drips off feet leaving dark footprints in the grass and up the path into their learning. An old growl comes from the black dog that licks the toes of the child, his mouth discarding scales and forecasting death from ingesting and breathing the spoiled flowing. He lowers his jaws into the river and watches the river begin to swirl. Under the surface, a slow movement takes shape, elongates, sends ripples to the other side of the bank revealing a large dark snake crawling into denied after-thoughts, too evil to believe. When grandma hears the dream an old story comes to mind, like the aftermath of flooded land when coffins floated down the river, when grief stole the breath and hearts of elders. She recalled stories of fear, of something slithering through once sacred water. We all have memories of times before. We keep them for our mindful walk, then time unhinges whisperings of ghosts. That's when setting sun calls us back to our intuition. During translation, ancestors nudge our hearts toward survival. Our children are sacred, still anchored to the Wakan and can see things from the spirit side. They encourage necessary dialogue of the prophesy, of sharing sage and tobacco smoke. Those footprints are warning of something coming - to get ready against oily waves oozing from a watery dream.

