

If they call you Indian...

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*Grandfather says,
-they don't know of stars,
it doesn't matter if they call you Indian.
What can anyone who doesn't know of beautiful things teach
and who doesn't want to see you dignified,
just for dressing in your roots,
your divine essence?*

*Your eyes know how to wait for tomorrow,
and talk to the sun.
How does it feel to look through the largest window?
Your sky doesn't have frontiers,
like the gift you have for love.*

*Indian, yes, Indian and very obvious,
the one who sings with the birds,
the one who debuts new voices.
the one who today plucks the verses,
from a minstrel who sings of chimeras.*

*To be a living dream is an illusion, just like you,
teaching and learning,
beautiful among people,
above everybody's gazes;
yes, above all of them.*

*"Who cares if they call you Indian!"
Grandfather says,
"for they do not know of stars..."*