

## **Spirit of the Land**

This land is my home  
where the naked mountains caress  
the sky  
and the veins of hills run to the sea.

This land is my home  
where I'll live alone until  
    my hair grows white  
    and my bones grow old  
then I'll hang my spirit on tree tops  
to provide a cushion of coolness  
for children who gather round  
evening fires.

**- Tongia**