

## **Alela Diane**

# **"Alder Trees, The"**

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I can hear the elders whispering in words so sweet and  
low

The alder trees were listening to songs been sung  
before

My friend and I collecting skeletons of leaves  
Making tiny piles, oh, and sifting through the weeds

Wind blows the tiny green, tiny green  
Wind blows the tiny green, helicopter seeds  
Wind blows the tiny green, tiny green  
Wind blows the tiny green, helicopter seeds

Oh, wandering in days unfolding  
With hats fashioned of mud and snake skin  
Oh, wandering in days unfolding  
With hats fashioned of mud and snake skin  
Of mud and snake skin

As I think about the ladies who weren't allowed to sing  
Sewing all their pretty rows of thread instead of singing  
And what about the black braided sisters of Mariee?  
We sat upon their grinding rock as children used to be

Beneath the knotted pine, knotted pine  
Beneath the knotted pine at the garden's edge  
Beneath the knotted pine, knotted pine  
Beneath the knotted pine at the garden's edge

Oh, laughing, little girls clapping  
Ghosts weaving our hair to baskets  
Oh, laughing, little girls clapping  
And ghosts weaving our hair to baskets  
Our hair to baskets

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