

sweet melody of ani-nvhillidali, the
flyers, winged ones, bird people of
mother earth, sweet songs and
music of praise. flow like a river
for creator almighty, singing
endless love. we love you, we love
you we love you, throughout the
earth madmen who live by greed,
know not love, know not beauty.
destroy the trees, poisoning the
breeze, killing honey bees, they
place profit above all life.

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profits above the sweet melodies

of ani-nvhalidali, yet the songs of

bird people continue the praise,

continue the praise. the tree people

reach to the skies giving us pure air

to breathe and blessing our eyes, we

see their beauty, we feel it deep

within, we know no gold, nor money

can bring it back again,

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ch'ulel

that which all existing being share.

that spoken maya word telling us

our human interactions is with all

our relations in everything. ch'ulel in

physical as well as spiritual place of

existing. the corn is cultivated.

the earth give humans sustenance.

ch'ulel.

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