



When the **blood** in
your veins returns
to the **sea**,

and the **earth** in your
bones returns to
the **ground**,

perhaps then you will
remember that this
land does not
belong to you,

it is **you** who belong
to this land.



How can you buy or sell the sky, the warmth of the land? The idea is strange to us. If we do not own the freshness of the air and the sparkle of the water, how can you buy them? Every part of the earth is sacred to my people.

(Chief Seattle)