The new way to exist on the Earth may well be the ancient way of the steadfast lovers of this particular land. No one has better appreciated Earth than the Native American. Whereas to the Wasichus only the white male attains full human status, everything to he Indian was a relative. Everything was a human being. [17]

"Everything to the Indian was a relative": so might read a primal theory of relativity. Walker asks her readers to realize that "even tiny insects in the South American jungle know how to make plastic, for instance; they have simply chosen not to cover the Earth with it." [18] Perhaps too, it is because these beings choose more beautiful and efficient means to accomplish their tasks. Roberta Hill Whiteman (Oneida) reminds us that "spiders near your door / joined all the reddening blades of grass / without oil, hasp or uranium." [29]

This principle governing the equal sacredness of all life continues to inform contemporary Native nuclear writings, including the poems of Diane Glancy (Cherokee), Ralph Salisbury (Cherokee), Awiakta (Cherokee), and Terri Meyette (Yaqui). [20] Meyette's "Celebration 1982" scorns Western valuations, as she surveys the wreckage from a "harmless" underground nuclear weapons test:

They say no one died.

Tiny desert flower