

Shamanic singing 8 (Anne Chapman's book)

I walk towards *Ham-nia's* bed

Those who are gone
Those of the infinite.

Kénenik's bed of infinity

Two *klóketen* arrived walking to the Hain of *Ham-nia*
The sons of *Kénenik*.

I do not speak well.
I'm missing

Ham-nia's Shoort

The weather is serene now.
The wind transports me.
In my hand I have the arrow.

Those who left.
I go in the footsteps.
I speak of those who departed, those of the infinite.

I have lost the traces of those who left.

The hill of the wind of *Ham-nia*.

I want to talk to another shaman
I'm lost.

I'm alone.
I can't speak well

Ham-nia of my mother.
Hain de *Ham-nia*, where the children are, the *klóketen*.

[Vocalisation]

I am going lost behind the trail of *Ham-nia*, of women
Guanaco
I am in the *Hain* of infinity.

I am behind the trail of the house of the wind, of the hill
of the wind.
I speak of those who left, those of *Ham-nia*.

Return of *Hain*

My arm is hard now.

I'm in *Kluia*men

I'm sitting here, singing, talking to the owners
from the hill, those who departed, those from the infinite.

[Vocalisation]

I'm singing in the house of the wind, by *Ham-nia*,
of those who left.

Here are the traces that those who told me
They have gone.

[Vocalisation]