

## Reflections

1

the cold mountain water  
that quenches the deep thirst  
drums my magic fire  
drums my medicine pouch

2

the woman with white hair  
only whispered *Tatu*  
but through my ears  
30,000 years echo

3

in a chert arrowhead speckled with quartz  
i have seen our grandfathers  
along a stream east of the valley  
lancing salmon and deer

4

from my mouth a song  
for warmth pours and becomes  
a red arrow ready  
to take me all the way

5

free as the bear  
and tall as redwoods  
throb my red roots  
when spirits ride high

—William Oandasan