

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