



*Agaviksiuwika Tatqiq:* April  
Moon for beginning whaling  
and finding ptarmigan  
*aarnaruie suliuqpa:* Savannah  
sparrow she/I use/s jagged  
sea strokes with paddles  
on glass, her/my Eskimo  
goggles of life seek giant  
whale people. In land flint  
spears the motherland. She/I  
slice/s our fingertips with  
obsidian to erase prints.  
A savannah sparrow falls into  
a mirror of ice melting, the  
brown perma-slick in turn  
gives birth to Eskimo, a blood  
Snow Bunting, and kittiwake.

# The Fate of Inupiaq-like Kingfisher

But no one can  
stop  
a bird spear set  
in motion,

made of notched bone,

feathered arrows pinnate

around the shaft,

with hair fringe  
as it strikes

piercing depilated skin.

Some humans weave themselves

with lime grass,  
into large orbs.

Others make goosefeet baskets

of seaweed or with narrow leaves,

or collect matches or tobacco.

The lamp soot burns like gas.

On Clovis point a circular icy reef,

my existence becoming a flicker

like the orange scales of a kingfisher.

We pirouette, diving, diving,

deep.

# Drying Magma Near Iliamna

We lying in the onyx rain by garnet-cloaking icebergs.

We watch on jet spires polar bears  
hunting snowdrift urchin of Inuit

then edged puffin on bluffs with nests

filled with ruby eggs of egrets.

In moss picking gooseberries,  
wearing wrinkled skins of ivory and lichen  
where boar tides swirl haywire Inupiat

they said, the men in black cloaks will mutilate our known selves

shocked with eel swim as their teeth grind.

Our bull walrus amulets snort and turn placid  
as our screams  
of lightning pass. Our slanted eyes

lurk and twitch blood gales.

We clad the night with dead polar bears

stuck on ice. Bears and seas

abide in a salt prison.

Trails of sea cows reach the mountains

with meltwater draining off the peaks.  
As we cast solar rays to cliffs our seal

oil lamps flicker and our igloos glow.  
In night we rest by brooks of amphipods  
spawning net stories feed on bloated  
intestines of full  
robins with bellies of globed eggs.

We live in earth mounds along the Norton  
Sound which mutate into slat board  
quiver into the sea  
Alyeska liquefied by heat dissolves into mud.

Flats where steam rises to ashes lava rock  
float in ten thousand smoke rings smoke

rings of fire opal panning phantoms of cod children.

*Samna's* craters of solar dust collect sonic

whale songs. Throat murmurs of old  
weathered ladies wearing moose hides,  
flowered scarves walking rocking

in a billowed gait like bold Bering mastodons

galloping across Skeleton Butte as bone mares.  
Galloping

Squawking silence permeates the white  
volcanoes where ancestors dance \ light candles  
in redux furs fins and black raven feathers.

Golden eyes of  
Polaris with his seven adopted sisters  
pack ice melt. Musk oxen can't guard nuclear  
grasslands from brown air thin water.

The sea salt burns blisters into sores  
while the whale ribs split fissure

as *Samna's* right hand remains clenched  
during the spring thaw. In five minutes  
a mosquito sucks

juice from a Fulmar's vein, then from kids' forearms

women shape cinder cones while tying  
willow-gray braided hair, aging the sisters  
twelve thousand years young. Serpentine

women touch minerals of DNA to gather strength  
shark teeth necklaces lure cairn rock prayer from sulfur  
and demon flowers.

## Days of Next Yesterday

When she/I feel/s the weight of plastered walls,  
brick doors closing heavy

windows slamming  
she/I like/s to crawl into an igloo chute tunnel to the center  
of snow strip down to her/my inner clothes

fur-side in. She/I peel/s away the marmot skin  
smell a pot of Labrador tea boiling.  
In her/my plank grave she/I lay/s under sod  
my teeth gnaw  
on dried herring, eider eggs, sip tea.

With a whale oil lamp lit she/I watch/es *Aapaga grandfather*  
melt snow for water. Watch the ice shrink.  
No polar bear in days.

*Aanaga grandmother* sews the worn heels of *aapiyaba brother's kamiks*.  
No blue snow only white rain.

She/I watch/es them lift the toils of burdened life a steel-head  
plague  
plague  
plague as she/I shovel/s in front of my feet  
throw peat moss into a mammoth's mouth  
with no roe no narwhal no reserves.