



Nippivik Tatqiq: November
Moon of the Setting Sun
Frozen Path to the Moon
Siqieiq: Sun
Tatqibiksuq: Moon Shines
On 16 mounds from 500 ad
She/I roam/s into *Piqniq*
In 2010 November a whiteout
Blizzard. Ice age hares,
And lemmings scatter.
The sun scorched her/my hair
And shoulders snow nectar
Mother, you know it's
Iced up in Barrow I know
Your igloo is sharing rose light
with me/her together.
She has/I have never known
you to be wearing pink roses
in your hair.
Carnivores: wolf, fox, lynx,
wolverine bear, stalk us.

Whalebone Wolf Hunters Dance

A Senunetuk: a whalebone wolf hunter
creates a whalebone arrow
in a Z pattern, he gently slides the sharp end
into walrus blubber, freezes the fat
whole, then places it in a trapline.
A black-tipped silver wolf eats the frosted *muktuk*.
Thawing in the stomach, the dart springs,
piercing the membrane lining.

Isibru: a whalebone wolf slayer
oblique holes for eyes in a wooden
mask with a dancing gorget rises to the hunt.

Tonrat the Watchmaker Bestows His Wishes on Her/Me

May it happen going through the crawl space
into the snow light may it blind you like a warning
from the watchmaker.

Ticking tocking *socking.*

May it happen as your harsh voice rasps in a whiteout
you awaken the dead whispers
of rattle mittens. *Clicking. Clanking.*

May it happen like a stone door opening

as you murmur with the old ones tongues
in the most blessed time as song in the high forest.

May it happen in stages between an open wound
and a healed immortal. *May it happen* in due time

a white coyote barks to the walrus gut drum. *Rocking.*

May it happen in the stillness of the night sea
watching a ringed plover fly with the wave
ripples as you awaken from sleep. *May it happen.*
Tocking Ticking.

She Sang to Me Once at a Place for Hunting Owls

Utkiavik

I wade through the nesting ground, fitted like a fingerprint. You say it's a place of speckled day owls with golden eyes. You and I traveling together, following the caribou at the entrance of *Quunquq* River, we see caves in old sod houses which belonged to reindeer herders. Our dogs start barking, whining. We follow the whale-rib steps up to the ridge, leave tobacco. We keep hiking up the mountains where there live many Dall sheep, we set camp. I dream of a snow bird with pearlescent plumes, a horntail, and a spiked crown. She brought me a lens to use in the echo chamber. When we come upon *Okpikrauq* River, I hear her song vibrate off the cliffs:

People have as their names, their rivers, their rivers.

In Wainwright's Musk Oil Spermery

for OW

A charwoman enveloped in dark heavy colored smoke returns
her/me Wainwright to breed. When she/I send/s me back
she/I afflict/s parching

heated rocks as an offering to the spirits. Soaked in tallow a red-
throated wren and a lemming with four hooved toes hang on her
shoulder eating at her/me

water fleas and louse. With a single breath blowing she/I glean/s
charcoal rot and the fire burns higher. A wretched doll
dances on a

string its shadows mark the walls of the *tupik*. She/I touch/es the
blue trade marbles on the ground. They seem hard cold smooth.
She/I

throw/s them like marbles they roll. Crouching she/I see/s three human heads
carved from walrus teeth fastened on the charwoman's
marmot belt. She/I sit/s down to the flood scoured
ground she/I see/s a butchered black brant suspended
on red willow sticks turns slowly over the fire-pit.
She/I envisage/s a feast like the one in *Nunamiut Kaktovik* or the one
of bloodroot and river otter. It was if her/my impulse/s impulse/s
impulse/s of the throat

to swallow chokes. The burnt gut salivates in the back
of mouth.

Her/my reaction/s to the burns created more saliva.saliva.
saliva. As she/I crest/s Wainwright on the last hill where she/I flee/s
the spawn lair

the charwoman forbids	her/me to go. With her hands	she gives me an
empty glass bottle to collect		feathers from the golden plover.
	And there she/I stand/s	rummaging through lice
and frothy blood.		I realize now she's/I'm
the donor	the giver of life	the mother the twin sister
the earth and the Raven.		

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Her/My Seabird Sinnatkuq Dream

for SB

She/I awake/s breathing and whispering,

twice born, twice born

on the brim of an ice casket,

in the hindmost of the devil's mob,

at the forefront of the angel's winged flight.

She/I enchant/s a song from the bottom of the seas,

her/my smile bare like a hair comb

with rows of bone teeth.

Her/my eyes blink in wisplike feathers,

she/I sing/s, *Drift along, drift along,*

plenty of time to know the song.

She/I keep/s humming to lift herself/myself up,

her/my whispering stops. She/I raise/s up

from her/my knees.

Stunned at first, stunned with a fist up,

her/my eyes affixed on the clock,

as it goes around and around.

The moonlight on a curved path

reflects on the wall, she/I shine/s like a ring

moving from place to place, a moon dance,

here and there, circling the mirrored globe.

Startled by a whistle I run to the window,

she/I look/s out the bubble,

she/I see/s his enlarged outline

come to vision through the fog haze.

His white face with a black streak,

orange-yellow nose and mouth,

his eyelids lined in flame,

he shakes my head, a powder white

mist glows slowly by. As it lifts
see him take flight with tufted horns,
and darted wings, he glides an inch
above the ocean grass. He sings to her/me
with cousins and they whistle back,
a stealth sea cormorant, brants,
horned puffins, murre, and great
auklets. The sea spray stings her/my cheeks
in realization, her/my head sunk, shriveled
below her/my sternum, neck and thorax
beating freeborn. They sing her/me to the ledge,
a nesting ground, alcoves of feathers
preening—the image pulsating—
in her/my temples, wrists, hips,
and ankles. She/I drift/s along the sea
walking the cliffs thinking,
*birds are the vessels—they fly but there
is prevalence in death and a means
to reseed*—on earth. She/I hear/s the dry trills
I commit her/my soul, the sea birds bind
her/me to the grave.

On the steppes they tell her/me only
when the wind breath blows.
She/I call/s *Sila* to bring glacial drifts,
he's the driving force of the sea
weather which salts her/my spirit,
opens her/my gilded doors, widens
her/my dreamscape down to the bottom.
Serpent Samna points and shoots
her/my non-zero numbers, she/I respell/s
and modifies the far side of the poles.
Create a passage in transmitted
light then a red flash following,
a red flash. The seabirds dive in
angles into the sea—she/I follow/s as if
knowing the course down into the ocean.
Focused and let her/my body emit light,
we follow the schools of hooligan
to *Samna's* catacomb. She/I purge/s my breath

soul she/I spew/s forth to *Aselu* all her/my energy,
to the sun. They give her/me a painted
and feathered mask, a wooden gorget,
on my hands they put rattle shell mittens.
She/I start/s to sing from my throat from a deep
place inside me. The songs know
change and movements of the earth,
underworld sea, and blue heavens.
The song comes from the keepers
of coffins and breathe-life, runs on sunlight,
using only what it needs, fits form
and function, recycles everything,
rewards cooperation, rests on diversity,
curbs excess from within, and taps
the powers of the universe, she/I said: *dust born,*
dust death—he said: *it's ash, ash all of it.*