We used them long ago, clothespins.
Mewenzha n’gii ziinaakwa’igemi
Long ago we clothes-pinned

We can taste them still, clenched in our teeth.
N’gii gojipidaminan, n’gii ziinibidominan bito-wiibidoning
We tasted them, we squeezed them between our teeth

We pinched wooden clothespins on clouds,
N’gii ziinibidominan aanakwadoon
We pinched clouds

lines of a little child’s clothes,
aanziianan miinawaa waabooanan
of diapers and blankets

lines of a man’s clothes, heavy denim,
miikanot miinawaa bitomikanotan
of pants and underpants

and a woman’s clothes—
gaaawiin ziibaaskasiigoodenan
dresses without jingles

fine white fabric of night gowns,
nookaa niibing nibaawiiyan
soft summer sleepwear

under-things, blouses in clouds,
bidaankwaad biiskaanaan,
dawn clouds to wear,

sun seen through clouds,
waasenaakwe’aanakwad giiskanaan
bright clouds of noon to take off.