



Kadushxeet

Yoo kdujeek nuch Ts'itsk'w Khwáani xh'asheeyí.
Káaxwei has alookji yáxh yatee,
has kheení wé café yeex', has du at shí yoo xh'atángi
khaa gukyík tóoghaa teeyí wé aantkheení.
Haa léelk'w hás has du toowú khúnáxh latseenín.
Has du séi kei nas.áxh, tle tsu kei kawdzinét wé khutxh.ayanahá.

Yéi kwsigéink'i aa khwá kei kanasheech
héen kaawadaayi aadéi, ch'a kaawayíde.
Seet xhwasníx' taakw.eetí séew daak wustaani eetí,
axh téeli teen khutl'kw kaanáxh yaanxhagút.
Ldakát has kei has akaawasheeyí áwé
Ghaghaan xh'usyeex' yaa khuxhdlighát, tle khaa s'aakhx'í
akaawawál' kashóok' teen
wé hít wóoshde wdudzineiyí, analseen.
Axhwalghein wáa sá kadushxeedí yéiyáxh yatee
wé kayaaní káx',
ch'áagudáxh awliyexhi aa,
ch'ul wé dís haa káa awdlidéesi
ch'a dikéex' wulix'áat'.

Writing

People wonder about the songs of the Songbirds.
It is like they are sipping coffee,
sitting in a café, their song speech
pleasing the ears of the multitudes.
Our grandparents had strong spirits.
Their voices resound and the stars tremble.
A little one, though, sings
to the flowing water, to open space.
I smell the cottonwood in the rain's remains,
With my moccasins I step through the mud.
With all of them singing
I wander under the sun's feet, people's bones
broken by electricity
when the house came together, hiding.
I observe how it's like drawings were made
on the foliage,
made long ago,
before the moon that shines over us
hung in the air high above.