

The Language of Corn Pollen

From the center
of the cornfield,
the language of corn pollen
sounds.

When the corn stalks rustle,
as they say hwoosh hwoosh
in the wind,
they remember
the rain.

They remember
our beauty
and our hurt.

The language of corn pollen
moves within me—
woven into mountain
song, dawn song,
my name
in my mother's voice.

My tears are raining.
From the center
of the cornfield,
the language of corn pollen
makes everything
beautiful and harmonious.



Tádídíín Bizaad

Dá'ák'eh 'aŋjido
tádídíín bizaad
'ádiits'a'
dá'át'ąą yiigháadgo
hwoosh hwoosh daanígo
náhaŋtingo béédajilniih
dá'át'ąą
Diné hózhónii yee
dóó bich'i'dahwinanigii
béédajilniih
tádídíín bizaad
yiists'ąągo
shiná'iłná
shí nák'eeshto' naaŋtin
dá'ák'eh 'aŋjido
tádídíín bizaad
t'aa 'aŋsojji'
hózhq náhasdłji'