

# Poem: "Song"

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I.

I made a song in thirds and two remain,  
ravined, while seasonally the gully swells  
with sound. On the slopes we twine grass,  
plait it thickly, its odor in the sun dissolves  
with the salt of the sea, forever rising.

II.

He makes a song while winds  
strew pebbles aloft  
& carry clouds away.

Across a rock slide his trail  
scales steep towards three tiers  
of willow leaves & lichen

barren of caribou  
gone to graze for all food.

III.

It is said that far beyond Imuruk Basin  
huge birds hunt whales on the open ocean.

Once shoved downslope by downbeat gusts  
a man alone fell to one knee, erred, aimed  
& pierced such a bird between its breast

