

Poem: "Song"

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Winter 2013-14

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

