NORTH POEMS

ix

believing

that man came to live in the middle of darkness in a dead silver sky

rain from a pelt dipped in urine

the long dark nights punishment for killing too many animals

their spirits rise with the spirits of places

ghostly caribou in the sky the fire

xiv

in the spring they came to port au choise

followed the whelping st lawrence seal north

the ice retreating in the rose light of the fire

polished slate arrow heads told of the moon's grief

snow melting all night in the tents their arms

trembling birds and salmon in the wind

by fall people left each other for

a caribou hunt this phase of their

lives unclear

xxviii

the old often changed their names to bring summer into their bodies

they left warm blood in the snow for the soul in animals bones in teeth

clams or quartz crystals on a hill shaped like a man's face so the earth's soul might be touched by sun following the river they carried slate blades knives inlaid with

ivory needles in a skin needle case no one knows where

they first found iron they moved with the

stars entered their houses from the west the thin layer

of bones and ash frozen in the moss floor suggests

no one stayed long

xxxii

what was inside and outside joined nothing can change

that bears have a spirit of their own that can charm traps

souls of the worm live under the water

spirits in the hills in the snow are always watching

so when you eat a sea mammal never offend its spirit

xxxiii

the athapascem
the least known indians
21 tribes
named by the
traders: yellow
knives dog
ribs slaves
beavers
carriers
this from the widows'
carrying their dead husbands'
ashes in a basket
for 3 years

xxxiv

packing sleds in the green light of the aurora

caribou and wolves in the big dipper

the pleiades, branches on antlers

xxxvi

1000 ad. winter houses built of sod and stone driftwood domed snow houses 60 could dance in skylights paned with stretched walrus gut. they stretched ropes of sealskin :next to sex jumping on them was the best part of winter

xlix

hunting sea otters thru
the ice at breathing
holes shivering numb
all life connected to
animals whose souls
could be charmed
with ivory dolls
the red blessing

but if you kill more animals than you need the sun goes away

lv

dark afternoon the thick snow

no one saying what he feels the stillness presses turns something inside out icy

a man whose wife doesn't want him may rip her clothes if she gets bitchy tear her lips to her cheeks

run home and he'll slit the achilles tendon so she can't walk there again

lxi

angakuk shaman

inside a tent swaying beating the tambourine like a drum over his body

other souls start pulling him

everyone falls in to a trance souls of animals rise in the hut the men strain to hear what to do about their families

where the seal and caribou will move

lxiv

the baby's soul from a dead relative

nobody speaks harshly or slaps

the child who rides close to his mother's

nipple. black nights in bed with

his mother and father touching each other

someone always holds the child so

the dead won't be offended take

vengeance by causing humps bowlegs or

large ears to grow

-- Lyn Lifshin

Niskayuna NY

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