

# Poets Corner

## Long night

### LONG NIGHT

Just this morning father went  
out hunting.

The night is cold and he's  
still gone.

Somewhere underneath a tree  
he is dozing,

Fighting not to go into a deep  
sleep.

The northern lights are run-  
ning wild.

Keeping the caribou warm  
they say.

HUSH, HUSH, my child.  
Go to sleep.

Hear the hungry wolves howl-  
ing at the moon.

If you don't hush, they'll  
come and get you.

Here, drink the last squirrel  
broth.

Sleep well. The great spirit

will watch over you.

Let's hope for fresh meat at  
an early dawn.

We will rejoice that father  
never fails.

HUSH, HUSH, my child.  
Sleep well.

Mother is moving about blow-  
ing charcoal.

The dogs barking means some-  
one's near.

Heavy breathing can be heard  
long ways.

Each snow-shoe step means  
closer to home.

The night was long and un-  
bearable.

But the reward is plentiful.  
WAKE UP, WAKE UP, Child.

Time to eat.

By Ezias Loola