

# ***Poem—***

## **Makah Indians**

(From MAKAH NEWSLETTER)

We sprang from salt water  
A meeting of waves.

Our men hollowed  
canoes  
from logs  
with the bone of whale  
and together rose  
as one

but were many  
giving thanks to the sea  
with a song  
we were born  
startling the birds  
into flight

While the seagulls  
cried  
circling the air  
and following  
the strain of our paddles  
moving us  
toward land.

Now our men  
keep returning to the sea  
filled with the rhythm

of salmon  
fishing a strange beauty  
through dark waters  
as silver fins  
leap wildly over death  
seeking the savage moment  
that saves  
the young.

Our people will not die.

—SANDRA JOHNSON

July, 1965