

# Tundra Boy Writes of Whales

Nov. 29, 19th day of  
the Soft Snow Moon

the Tundra Times

dear editor,

it was a pleasure t see you out on the flats recently. it's been an eventful year & i have a lot of stories t tell. for now i'll tell you a story about some people who are saving the whale & have been for generations. i'm not talking about the educated young popsicles in mountain parkas & hiking boots who have been raising a fuss. nor am i talking about the double knit natives with oil revenues & tax bases who are also raising a fuss. i'm talking about a few people in between, from whom you probably will not hear, so i'll tell you the story, however poorly.

an old man on a bank of the Yukon  
where it embraces the sea  
stirring his cookpot  
fashioned from a 55 gallon drum

i am nourished by the whale  
the flesh of the whale  
strengthens by flesh  
the blood of the whale  
sustains my blood  
the spirit of the whale  
runs with my spirit  
& i travel ever deeper  
through the sea of my beginning  
i laugh with the clouds  
to feel the song of the whale  
thunder & whisper  
in my heart

smiling in his wrinkles  
of great beauty  
his eyes soft & deep as all the ages  
he silently sings.

enjoy the winter; walk in balance.

yours like a silent song,  
tundra boy