

Poem –

eskimo drum
by mi

my ears hear the song that is being sung –

*my ears hear the beat which awakens my
mind and body –*

*and the power of the drum makes me get
up and dance –*

*and it soothes my soul to calmness and
inner peace.*

eskimo scraper
by mi

*eskimo scraper how glad i am you are
with me;*

*you make sure my sons have tanned skins
for mukluks so their feet do not feel
the bite of the North Wind;*

*you also make sure my husband has tanned
skins for a parka and sealskin pants so
his body does not feel chilled and will
not get wet in the Sleet.*

*without you i could not do these things.
you will be next to me in this world and
into the next.*

(Editor's Note: The two poems published in this space were contributed by "M.I." of Savoonga, on Saint Lawrence Island.)