

Poem

(Editor's Note: Today's poem is taken from the Arctic Survival story appearing in today's issue of the Tundra Times. It is an epitaph delivered by Siqvoana at the conclusion of the burial of her husband and four children. She is directing her remarks to Aniqsoaq who buried them.)

EPITAPH

Aniqsoaq, herein lies my loved ones
Enclosed within the land that
nourished them.

Their happiness, goodness, and their
love of life

Has been ended forever.

Attungana and I happily raised our
children.

Our blood, born of love,

Coursed through their veins.

I grieve the loss of their attachment
to me—

Their dependence on me as a wife
and mother.

Yes, I grieve deeply the loss of
Attungana

But I grieve more for the loss of
my children

Because they will never use their
blood—

Our blood, Attungana's and mine,
So it would flow in the veins of
those in the future.

Aniqsoaq, I want to think of them
That they are now safely away from
harm and suffering.

—Howard Rock