

# **Poem—**

## **Nous Avons Change' Tout Cela**

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(For Gram)

*She sits quietly in the warm  
sun,*

*Her colorful cloth parka  
Billowing gently in the  
breeze.*

*Her wrinkled face, marked by  
Time,*

*Breaks into a gentle smile  
Directed at a passerby.*

*Overhead the mail plane  
Rumbles and swiftly moves  
Above the busy village.*

*Her eyes glance upward,  
Squinting at the bright re-  
flection  
Of sun on the hard metallic  
surface.*

*She has keen, yet vague mem-  
ories*

*Of days gone by, when her  
people's*

*Ways and Customs were  
dominant;*

*The Rule of the Chief;*

*The Community Effort*

*Of men and women;*

*Days of Color and Hardships,  
When the Village fought the  
Law—*

*The unrelenting Law of the  
North;*

*Now. She is interrupted  
By a squeal of delight  
From a Great granddaughter.*

*The teenager rushes outside  
And heralds the news;*

*The arrival of the latest  
record*

*On the Top-of-the-Tune  
Parade!*