

Grandfather

(Editor's Note: In the last five years, Vincent Price has offered awards in creative writing to students at the Institute of American Indian Arts, Santa Fe, New Mexico. One winner, *Grandfather*, by Shirley Crawford, seems particularly appropriate this week, in view of the introduction of the land claims bill to Congress and its possible threat to a traditional way of life. We reprint it here.)

by Shirley Crawford

*Grandfather sings, I dance.
Grandfather speaks, I listen.
Now I sing, who will dance?
I speak, who will listen?*

*Grandfather hunts, I learn.
Grandfather fishes, I clean.
Now I hunt, who will learn?
I fish, who will clean?*

*Grandfather dies, I weep.
Grandfather buried, I am left
alone.*

*When I am dead, who will cry?
When I am buried, who will be
alone?*