

Gram created familial patterns  
Pilot bread cardboard outlines  
warmth  
housed in ziplock bags  
tucked away on dusty shelves  
next to hides and furs piled into quiet  
abundance

pull them out of hibernation  
dust off the knowledge  
shake off the stiffness of time

Carefully trace matrilineal teachings  
Reinscribe layers of protection and  
prayer  
Fill thick with love  
Piece together values  
    Patience, humility, gratitude

Pride, beauty secured in every suture  
Self-reflection stitched into every  
seam  
Genealogy reflected in quppak  
dreams

Homelands beaded in stars  
Smooth velveteen shines fresh  
powder snow  
Sewing together gifted life  
Fur beams illuminate the sun's return

Despite darkness,  
    depths of cold  
I am shielded in love  
Of my aaka's parky

Panik

I recall, with laughter and slight shame  
Bringing you on a clear winter walk  
Bundled up, braving the crisp cold air  
Walking packed snow towards Gold Hill  
Until your 5 year old legs could no longer  
Trudge through any more snow  
Refusing to carry you  
You crawled until you gathered enough strength  
To walk upright again on our return home

Panik

My heart aches for days when I could carry you easily  
As you soundly sleep in my arms  
I look back and wonder,  
Did my youthful decision harm you  
when I could have struggled in the snow for the both of us?  
I am thankful you are strong  
5 years old, you were resilient

Let this small lesson remind you  
As you grow and explore  
You carry the strength of Nuna in your bones  
She has fed you  
Dry fish to teeth on as a toddler  
Smoked fish oily and decadent as you grew  
Uqruq and black meat filling you with warmth  
Maktak gifted from islands over  
Surah scented of summer's promise  
Berries puckering your purple smile  
Tuttu soup rich and comforting  
Nuna has gifted these lessons  
teaching you  
    distances you can traverse  
    boundless generosity  
    fortitude in collective harvest

I am thankful for the lessons you have taught me  
We are Native no matter our color  
    As if the ptarmigan feels less of itself when it camouflages in snow rather than willows of tundra  
We are all from a shared nuna despite how far we roam  
    As if the migration patterns of caribou sever their connection to their birth lands  
We are not percentages disappearing  
    As if love could destroy our souls  
We are all strong  
    Even when we need to crawl to keep going

*We are Our Ancestors' Prayers  
Alive*  
Iñuuraq, Kaylene Evans

Quyanna  
Generations before us  
surviving against every  
epidemic and  
tactic  
sent to destroy us

Quyanna for raising  
this generation  
of Reclamation  
disillusioned by  
assimilation  
Returning to our Native nations  
rooted in our shared stories of Creation  
Halting the desecration  
of our lands, our relations

we are leaving behind divisiveness  
that has become a sickness

rejecting centuries of shame  
recognizing our struggle is the same

we must elevate nature to its rightful position  
as our provider for this existence

Nuna is not property  
she is demanding of our reciprocity  
to receive nourishment and prosperity

no longer enduring violence  
no longer suffering in silence

born with the recognition  
that couldn't be killed by all the missions  
sent to disseminate and infiltrate  
all the Native nation

Quyanna  
Generations before us  
for accompanying our souls  
as we try to live up to  
our names reborn with  
the will to thrive

no longer damned by trauma  
deemed intergenerational  
we recognize the root of it is institutional  
reassuming spaces marked inaccessible  
no longer making our brilliance comprehensible  
outside validation deemed irrelevant  
our knowledge reclaimed is the true testament  
the value of our unity  
tapping into strength derived from community

crabs in a bucket mentality  
destroying our collective reality

returning to our languages  
power to weather global changes

deserving of our humility  
stepping into our responsibility

restoring our relationship  
through stewardship  
we must see it with clarity

we are the reincarnation  
of our ancestors' souls who outlived annihilation

we return to the designation:  
everything has a spirit  
deserving to be honored  
Nuna, mountains, valleys, rivers, oceans  
all the Life  
they hold and nurture  
are all sacred in our culture



Be grateful she does not want revenge-  
She is simply showing up with receipts for all that has been Stolen

our bodies                      our sustenance                      our souls

Snatched up in the last 300 years of colonization  
Pillaging to stockpile wealth

And here she comes,  
Whipping winds, fierce fires  
Sending in storms, melting ice  
She is burying every doubt and inkling of ego  
That has said humans are in control

Silence                      our people as                      were eaten                      up  
   befell                      entire villages

Entire generations                      s                      t                      o                      l                      e                      n

Languages b  
   u  
   r  
   i  
   e  
   d

Permafrost clutched and cradled  
   our knowledge. our languages. our ancestors.

Preserved in time and tongue

Now, witness their                      r e l e a s e

Melting  
   back  
   into  
   our existence

We are returning to ourselves