

The Reflections of My Past

But how am I to tell you,
You who is the reflection of grandpa

The other day, I saw you lying down
Softly breathing
Mouth a bit ajar

The same expression
Of your father
The gentle calm face yet stern chin

“Ah, Mom” I said
“Tsidí t’aa hazhe’é nahojilin”
The resemblance

What more do I say
You who is the reflection of grandpa

Hatałii Yazhí
A name that resonated by voices
Of those who needed healing

Daughter and Father
Brings together the reality of my past
In harmony.
Hozhó Nahazdlíí’

--Sahara Joe, English 10/11
Rough Rock Community High School.