

Questions and Answers from the Window Rock, New Mexico Session

What is learning?

Sun rising to highlight clay,
Red with the blood souls of ancestors
Returning home to the depths.

What is music?

Voices echo off cliffs,
ricocheting against animal
dog cries, splash into water.

What is sound?

Subtle green plants.

What is personality?

Tall, round mountains

What is school?

Laughing.

What is light?

It is a murky water.

What is water?

It is a dry, yellow cowpie.

What is water?

Birds chirping in the distance.

What is love?

It is a gently
flapping
of the water.

What is mud?

Air so cold, it has a crisp sharpness.

What is success?

The sun's warmth on my skin.

What is life?

Warm and peaceful.

What is beautiful?

The hustling cold wind.

What is faith?

Voices, but no body.

What is happiness?

The lake cold and icy.

What is time?

Gliding across the blue expanse,
a dark ribbon, smoky coal,
settling eventually on the land.

What is peace?

Ice shattering like glass.

What is forgiveness?

It is a jagged-leafed,
low-growing, green plant.

What is happiness?

Walking through the crunching,
crackling sound of dried reeds.

**Questions and Answer from the
Holbrook Arizona Session**

What is culture?
It is Saint's Day.

What is celestial?
It is the scatter of light
through pinholes of hope.

What is happiness?
It is the day of the dead.

What is a dam?
It is the lingering
of grandma's holiday cooking:
tamales, posole,
empanadoas de manzana.

What is happiness?
It is learning a language,
hearing the different sound
each makes, practicing
over and over until finally
the correct words.

What is home?
It is happy faces.

What is home?
It is the sound of laughter
coming from the playground.

What is turbidity?
It is the strength of moon beams

on the window sill
as I gaze at the velvet dark.

What is medicine?
It is the waking of the earth
as it trembles and shakes.

What is it to learn a language?
A beautiful moonlit night.

What is a birth day?
It is a moonlit
path upon the snow.
It is a flowing stream.

What is life?
It is the gasp of breath
of my grandson's words
"Nana!"

What is life?
It is Dad's old hat
teetering
as his massive voice
broke the silence.

What is life?
Silvery minnows
chanting the evening song.

What is love?
Who is the head of your life?