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 faith?
Voices, but no body.

What is music?
Voices echo off cliffs,
ricocheting against animal
dog cries, splash into water.

What is happiness?
The lake cold and icy.

What is sound?
Subtle green plants.

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

What is personality?
Tall, round mountains

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

What is school?
Laughing.

What is peace?
Ice shattering like glass.

What is light?
It is a murky water.

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

What is water?
It is a dry, yellow cowpie.

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

What is love?
It is a gently
flapping
of the water.

What is happiness?
Walking through the crunching,
chirping sound of dried reeds.

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.
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.

What is life?
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?