



THE MUCKLESHOOT REVIEW

VOLUME 2





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WINTER 2010

Welcome to the second edition of the Muckleshoot Tribal College's literary and arts magazine. The Review was originally created through a grant from the Lumina and Gates Foundations in spring 2010, and is able to continue to showcase local artists from the generous support of the Muckleshoot Tribal College. This issue features an eclectic mix of original art and writing from MTC students, staff, community members and teaching artists. It illustrates the talent of this unique and creative community, along with the uniting power of art as we share our diverse thoughts, memories, experiences and stories with each other. A special thanks to all of the talented contributors that submitted their work and Wilma Cabanas, the Tribal College Administrator, for her continued support of the publication.

Blessed Bells

By Fawn James Hutchens

May the Lord bless these bells,
as they will do good and keep us well

May the Lord keep your bell hearts strong,
and help you do no wrong

May the Lord bless your handles so your hands won't blister,
and help you bless his work as well as each brother and sister

May the Lord let your bells ring loud,
as he knows you'll make him proud

May the Lord bless you brother and sister,
and fill your heart with love and laughter



The Old Shaker Church

Sissy's Wishes

By Wilma Cabanas

Sitting in a field of clover
Sun twinkles in her hair
oblivious to the world around
Smiles caress her ruby lips
A frown across her brow

The elusive four leaf clovers
fluffy wishes in the air
Waiting to
Bring
Mysterious love
Luck and
Messages from afar

Secretly excited
Stomach all aflutter
Dreamy thoughts
Flowing gently on a cloud
of pink cotton candy &
happily ever afters...

Pockets brim with wishes &
Flour leafed clovers
in her fantasy world
of lasting love
endless good luck
Forever and ever
AMEN



Photo by Dan Williams

Leaves in October

By Gerri L. Williams

1.

I was born into light at sunrise; the hollow between a seashell, *kayəʔ*, a ghost-like reflection washing my body with cedar boughs from Green and White Rivers; soil from Black River upon my feet.

Her voice pressed into my fingerprints-white woven blanket against my skin. Abalone buttons and clamshells sewn into grandfather's story around me: Arthur Williams.

Mother, watching J.P. Patches, was a woman who comes from Muckleshoot and Puyallup waters, a woman of sockeye people and white candle prayers.

My father, a collection of onyx underneath cattails along Puyallup River, born from Umatilla beaded stories and smoke from salmon flesh.

He is the white of my woven blanket, not the fabric against my skin- the white of my seashell, the forest green of abalone- my first breath in October.

2.

Leaves glazed with pumpkin and cinnamon drifted along White River, stumbled between sandstones, coasted like the ghost of a Muckleshoot girl who once lived along those banks, drifted like *siʔab* on old Muckleshoot highways.

They tumbled underneath the sun into a den where a wolf child was born with red clay upon his cheeks. As crow sang from Redwood, as Chinook returned upstream, as leaves fell before *stiqayuʔ*, together, we opened our eyes.



"Spiderweb on Dumpster" By Kim Turnipseed



"Indigenous We Trust" By Vanessa Enus

Issues That Our Native Leaders Must Address In The 20th Century

By Renee Rosa Lozier-Rojas

Ancient ancestors lying in dusty bins in modern warehouses, cold museums, dusty, dark, damp basements of universities of higher learning.

Ancient spirits crying out for sacred burial ceremonies to honor their lives and be given back to our people and to our Mother Earth.

Ancient voices crying out of the darkness to their people to find them and to bring them home where they belong. Our Leaders must find new laws to protect us and to end the laws that allow people to dig up the graves of our people.

Ancestors, your spirit voices are strong and we hear your pleas, our leaders must find a way to bring you home, it is one of their tasks today.

Ancient spirits of our Grandfathers and Grandmothers sing out to our leaders and give them the strength today to help our people who are struggling with drugs, alcohol, and family abuse. Along with neglect and those who have lost their way on the Red Road. Help our Leaders to find the right methods in today's society to bring the people back to honor their culture and traditions.

Their traditions of long ago that were time honored, tried, tested and true. Traditions that were handed down to us from the creator of all things to give the people laughter, love and life.

Traditions that honored the past while creating our future and promising that tomorrow will always be one of respect for our way of life, our Mother the earth, and our Brothers who walk among us, swim in our waters, and soar into Grandfather's blue skies above us, we are all one Tribe, one Nation, one People...

Assist our leaders of today as they seek to make laws that protect our rights, as they seek to have past treaties

Honored and respected as they seek to honor our way of life, our children, and our children's children...

Oh great Ancestors who watch over us each and every day guide our leaders as they make decisions that will effect each and every one of us in our great Nation.

NICAN TLACA – We The People Here

Lyrics By Wade Colwell-Sandoval

a “nation of immigrants” is not an accurate term
its like covering up history with a blanket of
germs
should we say nation or occupation?
when you say immigrant aren’t you ambivalent?

cuz we’ve got people who truly came here
they came from Spain here
lookin for fame here
explored terrain here
and in that same year
some came in chains here
so inhumane here
Africa drained here
slavery campaigned here
to farm the grains here
to track the trains here
across the plains here
and those who gained here
popped the champagne here
because they claimed here
but what’s so strange here
what is not explained here
the profound change here
of people’s domain here
those who’d been stayin here
through the sun and rain here
leaders who had reigned here
ancestors of Lame Deer
fish and game here



“Help Wanted” By Vanessa Enus

families sustained here
everything contained here
harmony obtained here
90 million names here
with homes on the range here
and it blows my brain here
how so many were slain here
suffered so much pain here
who is there to blame here?
it is so insane here
can I not complain here?
nation of immigrants?
let us reframe here
Nican Tlaca
sing the refrain here ...

Untitled

By Angelo Baca

For 500 years and more, I've had this connection to you

This relationship to you

I've been scared and fascinated,

Baffled and troubled, by the things

You brought to us, the things you

Keep on bringing.

Like magicians drunk on power

I see your talents twisting you

And the real illusion is yourself.

As I've dreamed of peace

I've also dreamt of war

Bringing it to the home

Bringing it to the place

We used to call our own

Now, I see the gift of a White Pine

And a stranger looking into a lake

Placid and serene, he sees

Himself.

Now, I see the process is always ongoing

And peace is a misnomer

One must be actively seeking

One must forge ahead in this journey

To be aware of the eternal tension and to find that release

that peace.

Stop DV in our Community

Anonymous

I was born and raised on this reservation. I have children of my own. Since I was little, young as 5 years old, I can remember witnessing domestic violence in my life, mostly to the women by the men. My father, my uncles, my brothers, boyfriends of female relatives all thought it was ok to physically harm my family in front of me. My dad broke my grandma's wrist before; she was just trying to stick up for my mom. He brutally assaulted my aunt for the same thing, leaving her with a busted up face. This happened many times with other boyfriends in her life. I once saw my friend brutally beat, left bleeding and crying by her boyfriend. I was there, trying to help her any way I could. I called 911, took her away to meet them in a different location to get the medical help she needed.

I have seen women treated so bad, physically and verbally by their boyfriends, that they turn to the drugs and drinking to just numb the pain they feel. I had uncles who abused their wives, having to sleep over with cousins and hearing their mom screaming and pleading for help. I had to hear one of my relatives getting choked by her boyfriend, trying to call for help, and I couldn't help, I was too little. Do men realize what this type of stuff does to a little kid's mind? I see these men around the reservation all the time, they probably still do the same violence to women.

Not once did any of these women leave their abusers. Not once did these women ever tell us kids that this was not acceptable and should not be tolerated. We as kids were left there to decide for ourselves. Is this what men and women are supposed to do to each other? Is this what I have to look forward to as a woman? No one seems to be telling me this is wrong! My brothers, is this what they will do to their woman? Well turns out my brothers ended up doing this same type of stuff to females, turns out I became a violent person towards others.

The time in my life when I was physically able to handle my own, I vowed to never let a man physically or verbally harm me or any other female in my life. I have taught my children not to tolerate any violence from anyone. A woman and man, as well as any human being, should respect each other. It isn't normal to hit people. It isn't normal to call people ugly names. None of my family deserved the abuse they suffered, and having to witness this type of ordeal has left me with feelings and memories that I will have yet to forgive and forget, and only time can heal it.



“Map of the World” By Vanessa Enus

The right thing to do is to report any abuse to police and always follow through with any charges you make, that means going to court. As tough as it seems, it is worth the effort.

I urge you to help stop our long cycle of domestic violence with our people. Teach your kids that violence doesn't solve problems or make things better, it makes things worse. Don't subject your kids to domestic violence or verbal abuse; they will think that is how things are supposed to be.

I have seen too much, I know a lot still goes on. The women of this community need to stand up; stop letting the abusers put you down. Your children need you, the community needs you. There is nothing like a mother's love, and you have to be strong for your kids. There are plenty of resources around here to help you; you just have to be strong enough to ask for the help. Muckleshoot needs strong independent women and we need to stop this cycle of domestic violence in our homes.

Recovery

Anonymous

As I make it 6 months being clean, I'm ashamed and can't stop thinking of how I acted and why I was so mean.

I didn't realize oxys were so addicting.

I have done my family so badly wrong. All for a little pill that had me blind. I didn't care about anything, My feelings were gone. It was sadly the only thing on my mind.

I had to hit rock bottom to finally realize how terribly I was stuck in the ugly trap. And how I must have looked in everyone else's eyes as we sat nodding out, with foil laying in my lap.

It took every single penny that I had and made me do some dumb selfish things. I honestly didn't think that I'd get that bad and all the heartache and sickness that it brings.

I pray that my children will forgive me.

I know that I can't go back and take it away. I will make it up to you, I promise, you'll see, you will be coming back, and here to stay.

And my loving family that stood beside me. I have seriously pushed myself hard this long. A big thanks to all of you, I hope you can see it was all of your hearts that made me strong.

My First Years of Sobriety

By Steven Yanish

On October 13, 2007, my mother came to Tacoma, like she had on many other occasions to pick me up and bring me home. Something about this trip was kind of strange, like she was up to something. Little did I know that what she was planning was either going to help me, or send me out further in the world I was already in. It was on a Monday morning when we left the house and went for a drive that ended up at Behavioral Health here at Muckleshoot.

On that day I was given a choice of what I wanted to do. Either I wanted to stay on the path that I was already on or start a new one. My decision that day was to enter a 21 day program at Sundown Ranch in Yakima. For the first week or so I was unable to really comprehend anything that was going on around me. By the second week I was sort of grasping the content of classes and other activities. After I got home, I made it until April 13th when I got caught in my old ways and running from the cops again. After another stint in rehab in North Seattle, I finally hit rock bottom in April 2009. I got in trouble for the last time and decided to move into the Muckleshoot recovery house. This is when my whole life began to change for the better and everything would fall into place.

During my time at the recovery house I was made to attend AA meetings, though at first I didn't really get much out of them until I finally broke down and opened up. Once this happened to me there was a tremendous amount of weight lifted off of my shoulders which made the things I was doing a lot clearer. I was also for the first time able to trust someone to talk about my emotions, and the ability to take advice from someone and apply it.

In this last year, I learned one of the most important things is to appreciate the smaller things in life that I had forgotten. Like earning my family's trust, respect and begin accepted for me and not being pushed away like before. I never imagined how good these few things could make one feel. Over the next several months everything in my life has been falling into place and it is an amazing feeling that I do not want to lose.

Now I am in my sixth quarter of college and have almost two years clean and sober. I still have my occasional days where my sobriety is tested and then I find a meeting or call my sponsor. I must say that I would not trade this for anything in the world. I am a better person now and I will continue with everything I have started, just so I can sit back and watch the gleam in my family's eyes that I have learned to enjoy so much.

Eagle Chuck

By Louie Gong

I met Alaina in 2009 while filming for *Unreserved: the work of Louie Gong in Albuquerque, New Mexico*. I was immediately impressed with the poise and down-to-earth attitude she displayed, even at 16, as a lead singer in the featured rock band at the All Nations Skate Jam.

Alaina and I got to know each other well over the next few days because our traveling groups bonded; eating meals and socializing together. By the end of the week, I had developed a big brother relationship with her that we nurtured over the next year through conversations about the nature of good decisions, her big plans and the amazing range of life experience she would inevitably have as a smart kid with talent, ambition and values.

So you can imagine my surprise when, in December of 2010, she messaged me on Facebook to ask if she could order a pair of custom shoes for high school graduation, and I noticed her last name was now hyphenated. I was disappointed to learn that she had gotten married. And, as you might guess, she was also pregnant. I was very angry, and I told her that there was no way I would even sell her a shoe!

After thinking about Alaina's situation for a while though, I realized that I had already completed a custom shoe design that matched her perfectly. It's rare for me to even have custom shoes on hand because 90% of my shoe designs are commissions that have owners before I even start on them. This design, on a high top Converse Chuck Taylor, depicted a Coast Salish Eagle transcending geometric shapes that symbolized mountains or barriers. Since I had often used the Eagle to represent commitment to long-term vision, I came to believe that the High Top Eagle shoe was probably meant for Alaina all along. It would be good for her to be reminded of the fact that she can transcend the challenges she is facing at any particular moment by focusing on a long term vision or her life.

I gave the shoes to Alaina, who also happened to be the right shoe size and a fan of high-top Chucks. I'm looking forward to her graduation pictures, in which she will be wearing her new shoes.



Huckleberries

By Mary Starr



Photo of Carl Starr taken by Leona Starr

The old saying “You don’t know what you got, until it’s gone...” I now realize the significance of it. Not because of a relationship gone wrong, or a life change that I can never get back. But because the foods that we got to eat as a child at the dinner table and while running around with our cousins is now becoming scarce if not very hard to find.

I remember when we would go ‘visit’ Grandpa and Grandma we would always rush in and see who got to them first, and as soon as we would give them a hug we were out the back door with the cousins to play. I didn’t realize how many natural foods we knew about as children.

There was always someone outside while we were outside, an Uncle, an Aunt, or one of our older cousins. We knew that when the blackberries and thimbleberries got ripe that we could eat those. As we got older and they trusted us enough, they showed us the hazelnuts and then would on occasion bring us to the river behind the church, on the way there, someone showed us a salmonberry. After showing us this delicious berry and where to get it, they told us we couldn't go to the river by ourselves because it was too dangerous going there on our own because of wild dogs and the river itself.

My favorite time of year for traditional foods though was after the summer fun and traveling was done. After the last softball tournament was done and the warm summer nights started getting a little chilly. It was then I knew that Dad would be coming home from work with huckleberries for all of us kids.

There are pictures in Mom and Grandma's things of the entire family on outings to pick huckleberries, and to be honest I really don't remember those times. But the year after I graduated I spent almost three years spending time with grandpa to do all the things that I couldn't do while I was in school.

Grandpa and Grandma always called the huckleberry's medicine. I didn't understand the meaning behind these words until I became 'Auntie.' I always loved the berries and wanted all the way through high school to go and do what Grandpa and Grandma were doing when school started. Go to the mountains.

I remember my first trip with them, we picked all day and I think I must've picked about two and a half gallons and the last bucket I had when we were getting ready to leave I started dumping them into the bigger bucket for my pickings and Grandpa started laughing. He put his hand into my berries and said 'You picked all the sugar berries.' After that trip, grandpa always asked if I wanted to go when they went up to go picking. They told me that my first picking of the year I am always supposed to give to an elder or have a dinner with them.

Then at the end of the next trip, Grandma told me how I could save them for the winter. She told me that they always come as a good source of medicine when people get sick during the winter. She said that they help to flush out the system of whatever may be causing the illness. So as the years passed I learned how to can and how to make jams. On occasion I'll freeze them, but I prefer them canned so I can put them over cakes or eat them straight from the Mason jar.



Photo by Dan Williams

Swaying the Ocean

By Elise Bill-Gerrish

Setting our canoes into the deep blue waters,
Not knowing what this trip may have in store,
Soon we are battling the strong, thrashing waves,
Fighting to keep our bodies in the canoe,
If we happen to fall into the ocean's darkness,
it will surely swallow anything right up.

Resisting its resilient pull,
We sing our people's songs,
Our music is a light in the darkness,
The Earth knows who sings these songs,
For the sound has always been around.

Mom's Poem

By RomaJean Thomas



All my tomorrows for Today
Today wasn't very sunny, even kind of cold
Yet it was the best, and days like this will never get old
You laughed today like I hadn't heard in forever
You manage to enjoy yourself despite the weather
Today is better than yesterday
But feels a million miles from tomorrow
Because it is not promised and cannot be borrowed
I woke up today wondering what to wear; you woke today hoping for a cure
I know I don't really understand where you are,
Or what you endure
But I promise Today
That I will find a way to enjoy all the moments
We can share

We Are Family

By Sherina Sam



Top Row: Aunt Helene, C. Gerri Williams, Aunt Doris Williams-Allen, Aunt Dorothy (Dot) Williams

Bottom Row: Uncle Alfred Williams, Uncle Alex Williams, My dad Kenny Williams, Aunt Phyllis Williams-Barr, Uncle Johnny Williams, Aunt Emma Williams-Sweet

This is my dad and his siblings with my cousin Gerri is pictured above. My great grandparents were Alexander and Dorothy Williams. My grandma had 10 ½ acres of land that almost everyone resided on. When growing up I had most of my aunts, uncles, and cousins around since we lived in one neighborhood. So if we did not like what we were having for dinner then we would move on to the next house until we found a house that was serving what we liked. Except for the boys, of course, would eat at all the houses. Each of my aunts and uncles has a special relationship with all of us children. We have a saying and it is "WE ARE FAMILY."

A Dialogue with Trees

By Daniella Pawl

Tall Trunk
Branches reaching upward
Toward the sky
Celebrating life
Connectedness to the elements
Beauty that radiates from the soil
Bringing it toward the light
Toward the branches of other trees

Sticks intertwine
Leaves swirl
Birds and butterflies encircle these noble tree people
Those that bring forth such wisdom
Bring forth such history

I count myself as privileged to know them
To hold them
To feel their embrace in return



Photo by Dan Williams

Untitled

By Angelo Baca

The elders say that in the beginning of the world
That the Holy People sang the world into existence
In the darkness of the Sweatlodge for days and days
Forming the whole world through sacred song
Watch what you say, we are told
Because the power of words, language is strong
 I remember speaking too harshly
 And I broke your heart, shattered and cracked
You could not forgive me for all I said
 I cannot forgive myself for all I did
My past composed of the worst memories, regrets
I lost my temper, my cool, only one time
 And I will pay for it forever
When you left me, I saw my future leave out the door
I saw my children in your eyes that I would never see again
Witnessing dreams and hopes to never be realized
 Forever, you will believe that I'm capable of hurting you
Although I never raised my hand to you or my voice to you before
 Forever, your family and friends will think me a villain and a thug
Although I would journey to hell and kill the devil himself for you
You didn't know every part of the story
And when I needed you most I was abandoned by you
Even as you told me you loved me, in return I got cowardice and disrespect from you
I will remember forever
 The day that it all went away for me
 The darkest day when I sang myself
 Out of existence.

When We Last Kissed

Song Lyrics by Jessica Porter

You tore right through my rebar and cement like it was sinew and twine.
You left me standin' here bewildered and unwise.
We held onto our love like it would never grow old.
And now I can feel your ghost haunting my shadow.

Chorus x2

When we last kissed, I wish we had kissed like it was our last, because it was.

I've been spending all my spare time with barley and rye,
searching for answers to an answerless why.
And I've been wishin' something could cure my lonely condition,
because it's much, much more than just your kissin' I've been missin'.

Chorus x2

Oh baby, can't you see that time is not our enemy.
It's just that time has run its course for you and me.
And as much as I wish I could free myself of this sadness,
I can't help but reminisce when we last kissed.

You Are My Sanctuary

By Danae Daniels Mercado-Fuentes

You are my sanctuary when I am lost and need to find that peace of mind.

I sit upon your sandy shores feeling the warmth of the sun

As I feel the sand sifting through my toes, and

Tears trickling down my face, while I hear

Your waves crashing gently crashing against the shore

Washing away my worries, tears, and problems away as they go back out
into a world unknown far away from all reality.

you help me find peace of mind as you push me into a

State of deep relaxation very much needed.

You are my sancturay, my place of relaxation, a peace of mind

When I am lost and need to be found.



Photo by Kimberly Turnipseed

Ghosts of a Crystal Page

By Gerri L. Williams

Although sound is hushed by strawberry lips
stitched through the hands of a crystal mime,
where an albino blue jay sips raspberry vodka
through white chocolate truffles,
blows turquoise glitter
in Whulshootseed air

A shattered porcelain clown nose,
a sunflower music box on indigo shelves.
A voice message from Clarence in my diary,
an ant crawling out of cement
not yet dry.

When three crowns framed on espresso walls drip
nappy dreads on New York streets.

When holiday love songs
are broken halos
placed in a sesame street garbage can
next to a Miles Davis CD.

When a crisp bottle reveals
pink conversation hearts in clear waters,
I let them melt on my tongue-

They trickle between sugared lips,
drooping
into empty pages,
climbing through bullet hole windows,
following ghosts of little children
chasing chocolate chip dreams.

An Indian girl bathes in lyrics of Bob Marley,
kissing saltwater trickling
upon his cheek.

Old letter become whispers of ash between her fingers,
mascara lines painted
in a trembling line.

Lavender moon brings a peppermint want
to her pink frosted lips; sssshhhh.
No Woman. No Cry:

Leave it for your brother with tattoo ink glistening
from midnight pupils.

Leave it for the wind
that gives life to broken windows.

Leave it for the porcelain clown sleeping
in midst of drooping eyes.

Let Love Spell lather her voice into your body,
violet bubbles tracing summer night blues.

Let the Puyallup boy sprinkle sand into the crease of winter pages
only ghosts of the bəqəlšuʔ people can read.

Let me sprinkle a new snow over the Muckleshoot earth.



Photo By Kim Turnipseed

Are you interested in submitting something for the next issue of The Muckleshoot Review? Send your poetry, lyrics, photos and stories to Alicia at: alicia.woods@muckleshoot.nsn.us; or call: (253) 876-3375. We can also arrange to have artwork such as beadwork, carvings and paintings photographed for publication.



