

# o3ék'w

AN INDIGENOUS ART ZINE

*ɔ́ʒək*<sup>w</sup> : to travel, to wander

*yəhaw* is an Indigenous-led, yearlong project that includes satellite installations, performances, workshops and trainings, artists-in-residence, art markets, publications, and partner events at more than twenty-five sites across Coast Salish territories and beyond. Curated by Tracy Rector (Choctaw Seminole), Asia Tail (Cherokee), and Satpreet Kahlon, the exhibition at ARTS at King Street Station, running from March 23 to August 4, 2019, is the centerpiece of *yəhaw* and features the work of 200+ Indigenous creatives.

*We would like to acknowledge that we are on Indigenous land, the traditional territories of the Coast Salish people.*

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04	.....	Note from the editor
07	.....	Emma Noyes
08	.....	Romson Regarde Bustillo
10	.....	Denise Emerson
11	.....	... Cedar Sigo
12	.....	Veronica Flores
13	.....	Natalie A. Martínez
15	.....	Sara Marie Ortiz
17	.....	Frank Andrews
18	.....	Alana Tiikpuu Walker
19	.....	Donald G. Kieffer
20	.....	Super Futures Haunt Collective
23	.....	Ruby Stacey
24	.....	Melissa Shaginoff
25	.....	Nataanii Nez Cottier
26	.....	K. Nalani
27	.....	Cindy Chischilly + Tracy Rector
28	.....	Howie Echo-Hawk
31	.....	mario lemafa
32	.....	Pynekot
33	.....	Steph Littlebird
34	.....	Lehuauakea Fernandez
35	.....	Roxann Murray
36	.....	Jill + Sasha LaPointe
38	.....	Kali Spitzer

August 2019  
*a note from the editor*

It took about a month to install the show. We laid out the hundreds of pieces and I paced the gallery all day, hoping to see everything at once and looking for patterns. I must've walked thousands of steps on that concrete floor. As I circled, I tried to claim the space for us in my own haphazard Urban ceremony - covered in dust, humming pop songs and carrying cedar (bundled with a spare hair tie) that I couldn't light because the sprinklers might go off. The living presence of those artworks was heavy. We spent a lot of time together, and I called them by their maker's names. When paralyzed by panic, they nagged me to keep going, to start by taking one step then another when I was too tired to do much more. And day by day, with plenty of help, the pieces moved into place and onto the walls.

Then the opening came, and you came. We felt things like joy, pride, disappointment, anger, fear, and power. We celebrated, and sung, and I cried and hid in the

kitchen for a while, but it was a good day! For months after and still, in my dreams I'm installing. I move one piece and unlock the elusive perfect configuration, the perfect show and the perfect year. But perfect isn't possible, and as Vi reminds us, all we can really do is proceed, go forward, do the work, and do it together.

It is not about generosity, it's something closer to responsibility and reciprocity. We've showed up for each other so many times. I want to keep walking with you. We can travel wherever, good and bad migrations in and outside of ourselves, as long as we are always moving.

With love,

Asia



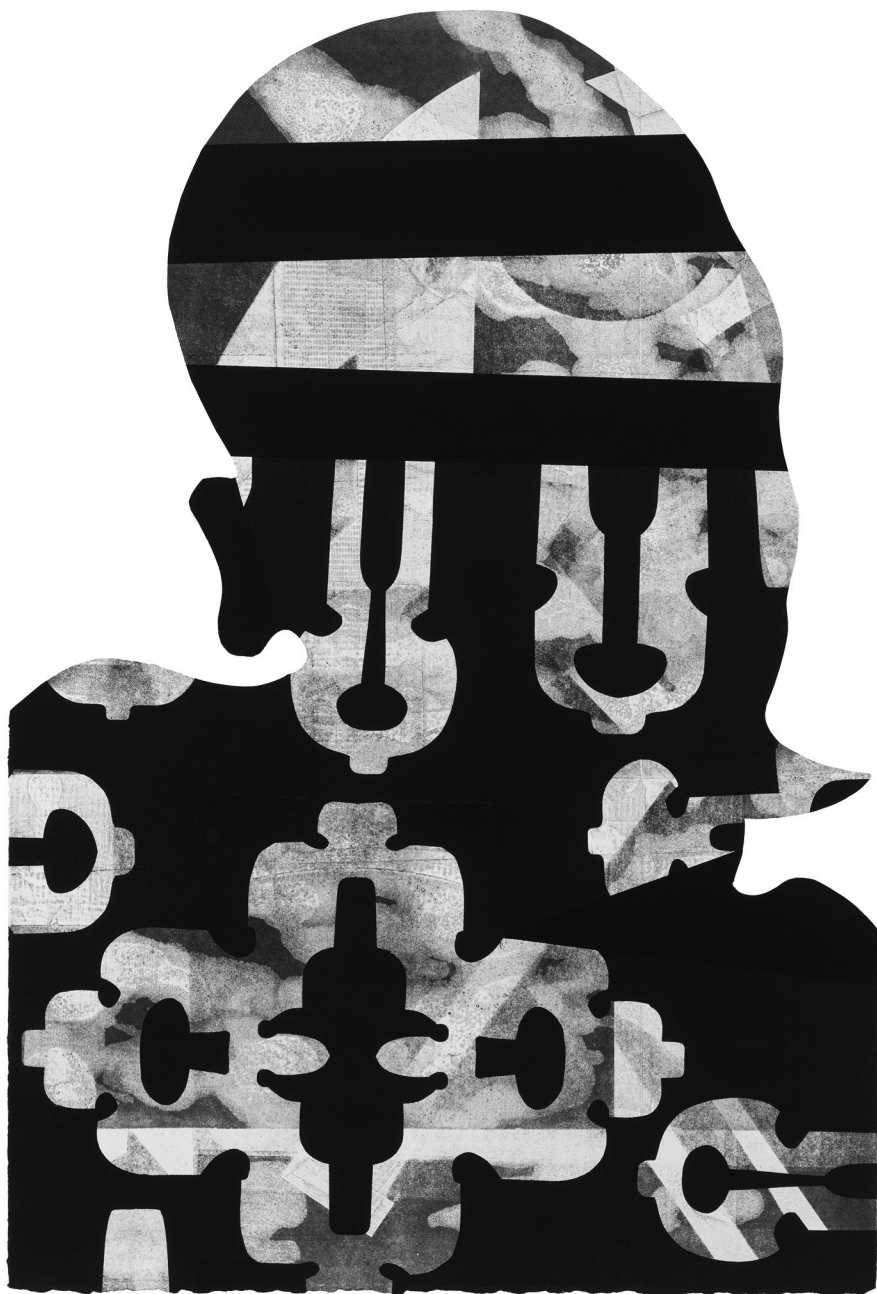
section 1

‘  
kwit’

\*down to the water's edge

Dreams full of water  
And her so far from the shore.  
Someone was always telling her something.  
Spoken in her - she lay idle in the face  
Of what felt like first teachings  
Gelling at the marrow she felt them  
Deeper than bones and so hard

*Dreams full of water*  
Emma Noyes (Colville Confederated Tribes)



waiting for the #7  
whisper to each other..  
how much we suffer  
with our hearts  
that without knowing  
what of others  
those things  
that are said  
are not heard

*Self-portrait (image)  
of others (text)*  
Romson Regarde Bustillo  
(Mindanaw Bisaya of the Philippines)

When I was a teenager, my mother got in my car and said let's go for a ride. We drove along Highway 101, we drove up to Lake Cushman, we drove along Hood Canal and the Skokomish river. While I drove she shared stories with me that her grandfather, Frank Allen, told her when she was a child. She said Skokomish people lived all along the river, lakes, and canal. That we had the best land living along the water. After the treaty was signed we had to move inward away from the water, and she was angry about that. She said her grandfather told her there were up to 30,000 Skokomish people living in the area. She told me to have pride in being Skokomish, that I belonged to the Skokomish, and we had history there.

When my dad took us on road trips, he'd stop to gas the car and he'd ask people who lived here before you? I listened to him talk to people anywhere and everywhere. He'd shake their hand and introduce himself, and start talking. I finally asked him, why do you ask people who lived here before? I remember him saying there were Indian people here and I want to know who those Indians were. I realized these past few years that he was acknowledging Indian people everywhere by wanting to know their tribal names. He told me to look at the roads coming down from the mountains. Then he said those roads were created by Indian people. That we knew how to travel through the mountains and hills quickly and safely, and that they put concrete on the paths that Indian people created a long time ago.

My uncle pulled his truck to the side of the road after visiting my grandparents in Sanostee, NM. He picked up sand, dirt, and clay, asking me what I saw as each grain fell to the ground from in-between his fingers. Every answer I gave was wrong. Then he told me to look out at the landscape, and asked me what I saw. Every answer I gave was wrong. I finally said I don't know what you want me to say. He said Mother Earth. He pointed at me and said you are Mother Earth, Denise, just like your mom, and like my mom, and all the mothers before you. A few days later I traveled to Taos and went into the bathroom and cried for hours. I missed my parents talking to me, telling me stories, and giving me cultural knowledge just like my uncle had a few days before telling me I was Mother Earth.

*Land Acknowledgement*  
Denise Emerson (Skokomish / Navajo)

The stars tonight are milky eyed and coming apart  
flurries rest on juniper  
in and among the pueblo,  
riches stashed in music or a shred of cold air  
the way Mary enters and melts space between words  
no calling attention, when the actual edifice speaks clearest  
we can hike the curve completely,  
the self-propelling list, a weightless form  
we talk about ending immediate rejection,  
that there is something to find in  
every voice, my footsteps sound obnoxious  
and ruin the perfect snow field out back  
a finch with red markings  
unafraid and holding us down,  
bowl of real fruit on maple hutch.

1-14-2019 (Pojoaque, NM)

*Snow Curve*  
for Mary Cisper + Chris Brink  
Cedar Sigo (Suquamish)



*Untitled*  
Veronica Flores (Pasqua Yaqui / Mexican)

Birds of Prey :: She asks us to paint the color of our quiet.  
I read quiet as grief :: Lately, all my dreams involve openings. I cut a soft O in a tree. In my dream I talk to my father in the O. I forgive him in this imagined place. In the whole whisper of tree, the broken bristlecone, I see the face of an old lover. It's been two years. She tries to kiss me but it turns into an asteroid : It turns into :: ~~BOOM~~ :: Even here I can't escape. Another woman, I can almost touch too, photographs the holes in saguaros. I help her hold the camera steady so she can capture this holy falling fruit. As she does this, I carry a feeling: Bite marks on epaulet (shoulder) : Of feather first : Plateaus : Nape and eyeliner :: never accidental, the wing.

###

*Birds of Prey*  
Natalie A. Martínez  
(Chicanx / a direct descendant of  
Turtle Mountain Band of Chippewa + European settlers)

## section 2

## sular?

\*toward the center of house

What is visible is vast in its betrayal of  
what is; the dead and long-strung silence  
which tells us  
all we need to know.

Trimmed wick of memory. Tick tock and  
tremble forward  
of language – every pause, a bird, every  
spent breath,  
long born of damp earth, bone, dulled light,  
and sea change,  
un-anointed flight.

Throttle the brim, frayed hem and dog-eared  
tome; that desert glyph of memory I'd  
forgotten how to say before I'd even the call  
to sing it (*sing you*) back somehow.

Old sacred  
way yah hey  
hallelujah  
sever, singe, sew, and sing  
you back to together  
never again  
(until the *next time*)  
songs.

Earth-stone-hewn heart – to cut, to rip,  
to sew, and burn you back together again  
*somehow.*

The muse of Du Fu.  
Portals as atlas of body.  
Who then? Who  
let the voices of birds in?

*q'wáq'wədz-il.\**

Fear of god and of their own nature  
was what became them, was what  
made beasts of them all.

Winter came and went.

Strangely, the light, it was the light,  
and the unending music of days  
that turned the god food,  
into lesser poisons,  
a lesser light  
and the children into wolves.

\*profanity in Lushootseed

*Untitled*  
Sara Marie Ortiz (Pueblo of Acoma)





*Colville Sisters*  
Frank Andrews  
(Nez Perce / Colville Confederated Tribes / Diné)

## EXT. FOREST – MAGIC HOUR

Gunshots are heard as we focus on two young men (GYM and EMMIT). Emmitt is bleeding out and hyperventilating, while Gym is trying to stop the bleeding. More gunshots are heard. Gym jumps up, Emmitt grabs him.

EMMIT

Don't leave me.

Gym shakes his head and runs into the forest. He hides behind a tree and hears a bush rattle. He leans towards it...

## INT. GYM'S ROOM – NIGHT

Gym awakens from a dream in his bedroom. Above him is a spider-like CREATURE that is hyperventilating just like Emmitt was. As Gym rushes towards the door, his wife SHIRLEY sits up in bed.

SHIRLEY

Another nightmare? Honey, what's wrong?

Gym makes a gasping sound as he looks over at Shirley who is sitting under the creature. Gym runs and the creature follows.

## EXT. FOREST – NIGHT

Gym and the creature run until they get to a cliff. Gym turns around overwhelmed. He looks over the side, then at the creature. Gym jumps, and the camera pans up.

The night sky warps into a dreamscape. The stars turn into lines that twist into Gym's face in pain, then into Shirley's face.

## INT. GYM'S ROOM – NIGHT

Shirley wakes up from a nightmare, she gets out of bed and makes a cup of tea in the kitchen. She sits down at the table and looks over, in fear, at the creature.

Blame not the messengers of bad news  
For they already know what you will lose

Don't fear the Owl or the Ravens few  
It is your faith that they save for you

Names are called and we understand  
How such a thing could be of this land

When the world began we all shared a house  
From the smallest eagle to the mightiest mouse

In the beginning to each was a friend  
And it seems we still are in the end

Raven's eyes that can see through time  
We say thank you for dropping the dime

Stop and think in the most ancient way  
How a friend had something hard to say

*Creature Thing*  
Alana Tiikpuu Walker (Nez Perce)

*How A Friend Had Something Hard To Say*  
Donald G. Kieffer (Spokane)

In this Visitation, SFHQ imagines a meeting in the Specularity between Chief Seattle's daughter Kikisoblu (popularly known as Princess Angeline) and Fanny Ball, a Modoc woman and daughter of Captain Jack (Kientpaush) and an ancestor of Lady HOW. Both women remained behind when their people were forced to leave their homes. In the Specularity, they meet and exchange gifts.



*VISITATION: FROM CHILOQUIN TO SEATTLE  
VIA THE SPECULARITY (text and image)  
Super Futures Haunt Qollective (Klamath)*

F/A: I came to see you Sne'weets. I was lonely. I brought you presents.  
*K: What the hell does Sne'weets mean?*  
 F/A: Don't you get the Klamath Word of the Day newsletter?  
*K: I don't have time to read that poo-mess. \*racous laughter\* Where are you? I can't see you.*  
 F/A: I'm right here. But anyway you don't have to. I will sing to you. Ahh naa waa kaaa ayyy Ahh naaa Waa kaa ayyy.  
*K: Oh that's nice. That's a salmon song.*  
 F/A: Well I just made it up. I brought you a picture.  
*K: You want to take a picture? I can't see.*  
 F/A: If you can't see I won't leave the picture, I have more gifts. Sne'weets I have a question.  
*K: Oh that's good.*  
 F/A: I know why I was left behind. Why did you stay behind by yourself?  
*K: I was never the only one. They love to count Indians on one finger.*  
 F/A: Oh you mean this finger? \*raises middle fingers\*  
*K: I have something for you.*  
 F/A: Oh good!  
*K: A time machine.*  
 F/A: We always say we are going to make one.  
*K: Now you don't have to.*  
 F/A: That's a cool present?!  
*K: Because I know you want things.*  
 F/A: I do. I like wanting things. And non-things too.  
*K: Where should we go? When should we go to?*  
 F/A: You want to leave now?  
*K: It's all the same and I want to Visit. Maybe the Warwick?*  
 F/A: How do we do this?  
 F/A: I don't see it. Is it an invisible time machine?  
*K: We have to go outside.*  
 F/A: I thought you couldn't see.  
*K: You know I'm a ghost. You know you are still a ghost.*  
 F/A: I know.  
*K: Monster.*  
 F/A: I know.  
*K: Bad smell.*  
 F/A: I know.  
*K: Dream after.*  
 F/A: I know.  
*K: You break things.*  
 F/A: I know.  
*K: Your grandchildren are always still thinking about you.*  
 F/A: I know Sne'weets. We love you.  
*K: I don't have children stupid ghost.*  
 F/A: I know. We won't stay long Kikisoblu, we have other things to do.

## section 3

dxw'taóqt

\*toward the land

Raised on a promise. Unified and proud, chopping their white arms in the air over and over, almost in time.

“Like a Tomahawk?”

“It’s tradition. I dunno, it’s what we have done forever. It’s just school spirit. It’s for fun, lighten up. We just renovated the gymnasium, so it really doesn’t make sense to change it now. But, what would our school colors be... Our alumni would be disappointed and stop funding the school sports teams, why do you want that? If you want to fight this fight, you will have to be an eloquent and well-versed Native.”

She puzzled together the pieces of Redsk\*ns she could find: the polyester buckskin “Poca-hottie Indian princess costume” she found at the uptown Goodwill and a plastic bow and arrow, made in China, she got from the gas station for five bucks.

Crafted an effigy of settler colonizer desire, objectification, abstraction, erasure. And lit it up.

Up in flames.  
She let go of that bullshit.

inspired by Deborah Miranda’s ‘Digger I & Digger II’  
from *Bad Indians*

*Lit*  
Ruby Stacey (Quileute)



No. It makes me the expert. Language holds embedded knowledge of application and action. Verb-based languages like Ahtna can be reverse engineered to understand utility. Ts'entel, or bone skin scraper, means 'it looks like teeth.' This tool is used at the fleshing stage of hide tanning. It is usually made from a caribou leg bone.



*Please Use Gloves While Handling*  
Melissa Shaginoff (Ahtna / Paiute)

we grew like sweetgrass through frozen plains  
we are nomadic and we are stubborn  
we are tied down to reservations where our grandfathers warned us  
not to go  
theres oil in the water, soon more like water in the oil  
we got cars that wont start, wish we still had horses  
now the only ponies we ride are Indian brand motorcycles  
theres no heat in the winter, ive lost cousins because of it  
we are brown and red insects the BIA just cant seem to kill  
our chiefs tried to make a home for us and you respond by  
destroying our sacred lands  
now their descendants have to look at the faces of those men  
who hated us  
Fuck george washington and every other Bitch Ass whiteman  
who tries to keep us down!  
WE GOT ARMIES OF ANCESTORS HOLDING US UP!  
Fuck that "this land is your land, this land is my land" bullshit  
this land has always been our land  
and no one else has a claim to it  
You Killed my people  
you shot my grandpa at an AIM protest  
dont you remember Thomas?

.....

Ione...  
what did they do to You?  
who hurt You?  
how can i get revenge for You?  
Grandmothers voice guides me in a language I do not speak.  
still I know that They are saying  
three spirits inhabit my body  
WE have many names  
WE will get our revenge

*Lakota*  
Nataanii Nez Cottier (Oglala Lakota)

Brown skinned girl  
 So naive she thinks she can save the world  
 She lives a life only nature can  
 Connected to her ancestors' plans  
 With skin the same color as her homelands  
 Born with the fight bred from these Dinè sands

Brown skinned girl  
 Yelling at an unjust world  
 With her fists curled  
 "My people will be heard; you will hear our words!"  
 Injustice is everywhere yet so are the seeds of rebirth  
 Diggin into their roots and fighting beside Mother Earth

Brown skinned girls  
 The day will come when we will conquer the world  
 We will continue to fight for stolen treaty lands  
 Forced to suffer in the Oil man's hands  
 Yet he forgets that brown skinned girls still exist  
 And brown skinned warriors still resist

Seven generations and counting..  
 We will not be dismissed.

*Brown Skinned Girl*  
 K. Nalani (Diné)



*Native Rights*  
 Cindy Chischilly (Navajo / Diné)  
 + Tracy Rector (Choctaw / Seminole)

Tuesday was a normal person—just your average Indigenous enby, masculine of center, fem-daddy. In a word, Tuesday was furious.

“Fuck it.”

The words that Tuesday first said when they decided to cut their hair. Their hair was long before, but now their hair would hopefully be an affront to every white, cis straight person within eyesight.

“Fuck it.”

Those were the words Tuesday said as they had chosen their name. Their last name was of course Adams, because Tuesday Adams would burn your village to the ground at least one day before Wednesday.

“Fuck it.”

Those were the words Tuesday Adams said as they walked into the most genderfukt dance party they could find. Tonight they were gonna fuck somebody.

There was the high femme at the bar. Long legs, tight dress, red lips. Definite possibility.

Then there was the queer boi who walked by with a shirt that said “peg me” on it. Not a terrible idea.

Then Tuesday saw them.

Short hair, melaninated skin, tattoos, fishnet tights with skulls, and a cutoff crop top that said “Indigenous as fuck.”

“Fuck it.”

Tuesday walked up to them and said, “Hey, didn’t I meet you at Standing Rock? No? Isn’t your name Water? Because you are givin me life right now—and I would gladly tie myself to a bulldozer to keep any white man from drilling you.”

“Water” looked Tuesday in the eyes.

“Red Skin Girl” by A Tribe Called Red played in the background.

“Water” stepped in close and reached out towards Tuesday’s face. Tuesday could feel the heat coming from their hand as it got close. They touched Tuesday’s face with the tips of their fingers, starting at their eyebrow. As they moved their hand to the side of Tuesday’s buzzed hair, “Water” inched closer. Tuesday felt their heart bursting through their sternum as they could feel “Water’s” chest graze against theirs. “Water” smelled like blueberries and fry bread. As “Water” moved closer, they moved their face to Tuesday’s neck, where they bit playfully on the skin. Tuesday’s whole body felt hot as “Water” looked Tuesday in the eyes again and went in for a kiss. Tuesday put their hands on “Water’s” hips, pulling them in as tight as they could. “Water” pulled Tuesday’s mouth to their neck and let out a moan into Tuesday’s ear. Tuesday bit and kissed their neck, making their way lower towards their chest. “Water” reached low and between Tuesday’s legs, and just as they were reaching an almost certainly illegal amount of public PDA, “Water” pushed Tuesday back against the wall. A tradition of sex 13 thousand years in the making filled the space between them. “Water” opened their mouth and said, “Fuck it.”

And fuck it they did.

In the bathroom at the club, in the Uber on the way home, and on every surface in Tuesday’s apartment.

42 minutes in, with “Water’s” hands tied to a bed frame, Tuesday kneeled above them with two of their right hand’s fingers inside of them, one hand pinching “Water’s” nipple.

Slowly, Tuesday slid their fingers out of them, bringing their hand up so they could look at the wetness on their fingers, and said with a smile,

“Fuck it—water is life,”

And they licked their fingers clean.

*Tuesday Adams Burns Their Village To The Ground*  
Howie Echo-Hawk (Pawnee Nation /  
adopted Upper Ahtna Athabaskans)

section 4

dxwšəq

\*upward

if i like you, i will take you to **Volunteer Park**

if i want to impress you, i will take you to **Olympic Sculpture Park**,  
when the sun is setting

if i like and trust you i will take you to **Dr. Jose Rizal Park**, when the  
sun is setting

if we are high, i will take us to the **Arboretum**

if i don't think we are going to work, i will take you to  
**Cal Anderson Park** – plenty of fish in the sea there

if i want to chill, i will take you to **Seward Park**

if i want to wonder with you, i will take you to **Kubota Garden**

if we both feel gross, i will take you to **Green Lake Park**

if i have a secret to tell you, i will take you to **Freeway Park**

if we just had dimsum and you are gassy, i will take you to  
**Hing Hay Park ~ Chinatown** then **Kobe Terrace**

if i am confused about my feelings about you, i will take you to  
**Waterfall Garden**

if i lifetime fuck with you, i will take you to **Jefferson Park**

if i want to change with you, we will decolonize every park

if i want to build with you, the land must be freed first

if i am angry at you, i will take you to a park with astroturf – we will  
tear it all out

if i feel like healing with you, we will seed bomb native species every  
which way

if i feel bitter with you, i will take you to a parking lot, and chip away  
at the concrete

if i like you like you, we will name every crevice a park

*Seattle parks*  
mario lemafa (Samoan)



I believe in simple math. I had an almost zero chance of meeting you but here we are. In my mind, I have won the 1 in 7.5 billion human lottery and so have you.

My reality was to be here in a daily survival play because what else? A Native woman on traditional land covered with “real estate.” The momentary struggles enabled me to focus on making it day to day, then year to year in a way that only living in the city can make you do.

Now I see that we are at a point of no return for our species and the first step is reaching out and asking, “Are you seeing this!?”

Pause.

“What are we going to do about it?”

Crickets.

It sickens me to know that I can ignore so much that happens all over a planet that is drying out, burning up and losing landmass more than at any time in our Mother’s existence, and we are responsible for it.

I have been able to ignore it, then I thought of the kids.

Death is here always, a part of life. We have to help our future generations survive on this our only Mother earth, a small body of paradise until we were born and born way too much to sustain modern life.

I have been hiding behind my pain and deep anger but it’s “now time” for directing that energy in the only way we know how, with stories and love.

*Cousins*  
Pynekot (Ni Mii Puu)



*Untitled*  
Steph Littlebird  
(Grand Ronde Confederated Tribes of Oregon)

back home,  
 i was taught that my kūpuna saw their world as a great ‘upena;  
 many intertwined relationships all singing together as one.

i learned how the land and water moved in step with each other,  
 how nā ‘āina beckons the coming of the wave,  
 how the river so eagerly races downhill to join ke kai once more.

back home,  
 my bones and the mountain know each other,  
 we share a spine.  
 we drink from the same wai, and feel warmth from the same lā.  
 mauna showed me the ways of patient building and the mana in  
 slowness, that what grows tall must have a firm foundation.

back home,  
 the sun and moon play long games in the sky.  
 they teach me how to play along  
 while Kū and Hina show me their eternal movements  
 as circular bodies in circular motion;

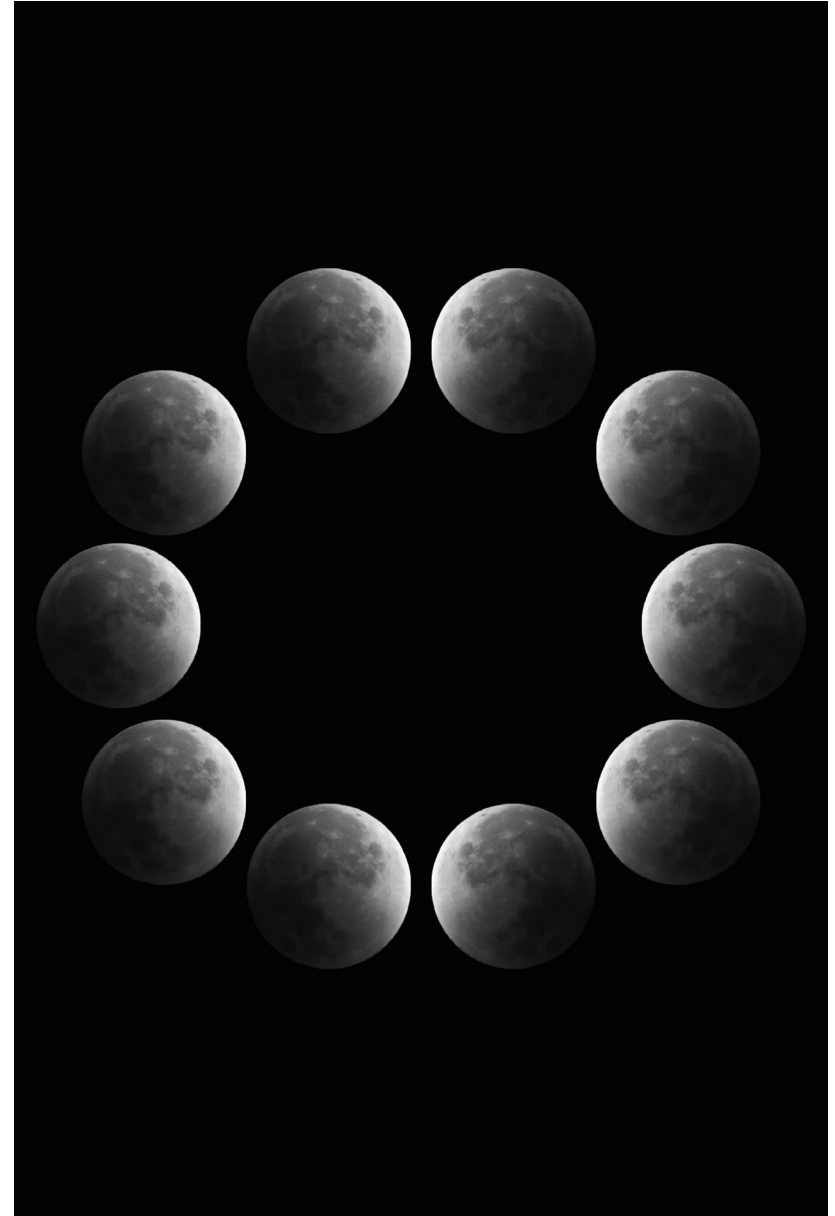
*with darkness comes light, and so with ao inevitably comes pō,*  
 they always say.

so on the summer solstice,  
 the longest day of the year,  
 the day that marks the slow return of darkness,  
 i decided to move

back home,  
 to be entangled in the familiar ‘upena that holds me so well  
 to bend to the rhythm of inhale, exhale from ke kai  
 to remember how the mauna stands rooted in kapu aloha,  
 unwavering to dance with the bringers of night and day  
 and walk where my feet know their path without hesitation  
 to be

back home.

KĀHEA  
 Lehuauakea Fernandez (Kanaka Maoli)



*Super Moon Mandala*  
 Roxann Murray (Assiniboine / Nakota)

ʔal tudi tu haʔk, tu ləʔibəš kʷi  
dukʷibəš

A long time ago, the Creator was  
traveling.

ʔəskʷədad tiʔa qa gʷədɡʷatəd.  
gʷəl ləʔabalikʷ, gʷəl ləʔabalikʷ.

He was holding many languages and  
he was giving them away.

tiʔa haʔl kʷi gʷədɡʷatəd. ---  
tuliid tiʔa dxʷʔal ti dxʷləšucid  
swatixʷtəd

These good languages.  
He arrived at the Lushootseed  
country.

gʷəl gʷəlʰələd ti -- yəxʷti,  
dayəxʷ haʔl tiʔa swatixʷtəd.

And he stopped there, because the  
land was so beautiful, he didn't go any  
further.

ʔəskʷədadəxʷ tiʔa qa gʷədɡʷatəd --  
gʷəl ʔiyqʷidəxʷ tiʔa bəkʷ dxʷčad.

He was still carrying many languages,  
and He just threw them in all direc-  
tions.

gʷəl xʷiʔ gʷədsəsələqalbut həlgʷəʔ --  
gʷəl hiqab gʷəd tiʔa šəqulgʷədʰxʷ.

The people didn't understand one  
another, and the sky was too low.

tuqəcəc itʰ(h)adʔəb tiʔa acitʰalbiʰxʷ.

Some tall people were bumping their  
heads.

gʷəl ləʔigʷəl tiʔa diiču tiʔa  
šəqulgʷədʰxʷ

And there were even some people  
climbing into the sky world.

tiʰ -- gʷəl, xʷiʔ ləhaʔl.  
ʔəsčələxʷ ʔu -- ti qʷiʰid čəl tiʔa  
swatixʷtəd.

That was improper. They weren't  
supposed to be doing that.

xʷiʔ gʷədsəsələqalbut həlgʷəʔ

The people wondered how they were  
going to fix this world (the way the  
sky was too low).

taʔtabə tiʔa siʔiʔab. -- gʷəl ʔu  
gʷəhuyud čəl.  
ʔučəwatil dəčuʔ ti gʷədɡʷatəd čəl.

They couldn't even understand each  
other. So the leaders, important peo-  
ple, came together to talk. And one  
wise elder said, "We can do this!" We  
can learn one word. We can all just  
learn one word.

yəhaw.....  
bəkʷ gʷat čəl gʷəhaydxʷ

yəhaw...! It means proceed, go  
forward.  
We can all learn one word.

ʔu čələp ti, ʔukʷədad čəxʷ -- gʷəl  
uʰədəd čəl -- ti šəqulgʷədʰxʷ.

You go find something to lift up the  
sky.

ʔušədʔal tiʔa bəkʷ gʷat

Everyone went outside.

gʷəl bəlʰkʷ qʷagʷəd - ʔəskʷədad  
tiʔa tsadʔəb gʷədə ʔuʰədəd tiʔa  
šəqulgʷədʰxʷ

And they returned with long  
sticks to lift up the sky.

ʔadəxʷ čələp tiʔa, ʔal šəqəd tiʔa  
šəqulgʷəd gʷəl ʔuʰədəd

You folks brace your poles up  
against the sky and push up.

ʔa ti tu šəqulgʷədʰxʷ, gʷəl cut həlgʷə  
-- yəhaw

They put them against the sky  
and they said yəhaw!

ʔa miʔman šəqil ti šəqulgʷədʰxʷ  
ʰub čələp, ʔuhuyud ʔistə ʔə kʷi  
buusət

And the sky went up a tiny bit.  
Okay, you folks will do this four  
times.

bəkʷ gʷat, gʷəl ʔuʔad tiʔa qʷəlay,  
dxʷʔal tiʔa šəqulgʷədʰxʷ

Everyone put their poles against  
the sky.

- gʷəl tutəb həlgʷə, --- yəhaw

And they all said, yəhaw!

gʷəʔuʰxʷ tiʔa šəqulgʷədʰxʷ dxʷʔal ti  
tu ads sləxil

And the sky went up to where it is  
today.

gʷəl ʔa tiʔa, tu ləxʷiʔxʷiʔ, gʷəl lə ʔu  
- tu saʔxʷəb həlgʷə -- tə šəq gʷəl ʔa  
tiʔa sləxil.

And there were some hunters who  
jumped up into the sky when it  
was lifted and they're still there  
today – the Little Dipper.

gʷəl ʔa tu ləxʷiʔxʷiʔ, dxʷʔal sʔu-  
ladʰxʷ - ʔušəq šəqil ʔal tiʔa šəqtubš  
šəqulgʷədʰxʷ -- ʔa hahəlgʷə.

And there were some fisherman  
who got lifted up into the sky and  
they're the Skatefish constellation.

diʰ shuys səyəhub – diʰ shuy.

That's the end of the story.

### *Lifting the Sky*

as told by Jill + Sasha LaPointe (Upper Skagit / Nooksack)  
after Vi Hilbert (Upper Skagit) + Chief William Shelton (Tulalip)



*AWAPUHI*  
Kali Spitzer (Kaska Dena / Jewish)

*tig<sup>1</sup>wicid.*

\*thank you

We hope that *yəhaw* reflects a nuanced, inclusive narrative that firmly establishes the vital contributions generated by Native thinkers and makers here, and now. By organizing an opportunity for community to speak for itself through a wide range of individual - and sometimes opposing - perspectives, *yəhaw* unsettles assumptions and centers Indigenous action, Indigenous innovation, and Indigenous agency to author our own stories.

We raise our hands to all the artists and partners who have helped to realize this project. Thank you for your trust, your generosity, and your willingness to learn with us.

Together we lift the sky.

*yəhaw* curatorial team  
Tracy Rector, Asia Tail, and Satpreet Kahlon

