

I WILL TELL YOU SOMETHING [MIA ÉNE GAQUAI NTAGÈTAM]

IRON THUNDERHORSE[∞]

The following is a selection of prose and poetry in several Algonquin dialects.¹

KE MATTA HOM NOOWOSKHUKQUNAT
YOU CANNOT HARM ME

[Quiripey - English]

Ke matta hom noowoskhukqunat
ke matta hom woskehuwonat howan
noh na-kemanumhewawungansh
wutche rashauwandoak.

* * * *

You cannot harm me
you cannot do harm to someone
who has seen visions
of the spirits

* * * *

[∞] Iron Thunderhorse is a published author of over 20 publications and a columnist and journalist whose work has been published in over 50 forums, and included in the work of many others. His official biography is: FOLLOWING THE FOOTPRINTS OF A STONE GIANT, by Ruth Mahweeyeh Thunderhorse, © 2007 InfinityPublishing.com, ISBN 0-7414-3977-8. He speaks over a dozen languages and specializes in indigenous art, crafts, history, cultural traditions and linguistics. He serves currently as Elder-Advisor Emeritus for the Jailhouse Lawyer Initiative at NYU.

¹ Throughout this piece, accents and other special characters have been transcribed to the best abilities of the editors. To see a scan of the original piece, with the original accents and special characters, please go to the following link: https://drive.google.com/file/d/1BdsbP83ezNMsusjZHcUenoIm0rBciPtx/view?usp=drive_1ink.

KNISTÄWE
YOU MUST LISTEN

[Mahican - English]

Knistäwe
onistäwájäquà ktáhëннаak
mamatahak
nanáo p'maosétscheek.
Maowe waadtschachque'tsche
knosochqawáwa
n'áneí
otàwawick.
* * * *

You must listen
with believing hearts
to the sound of
the wild things.
All good souls
follow
the path
inward.

* * * *

CASTING THE BONES

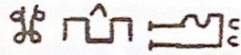
I cast the bones
of timeless revelation
into the mystic arch
of Grandmother Moon

Like wind on the water
primal images swirl
shaping, forming
revealing what is
and what will be

Voices of the past
reflections in the fire
shadows on the sand
shivers down the spine

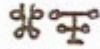
Forces moving
to the ancient dance
of nature's mystery
in spirals and swirls
whirlpools and whirlwinds

It's all reflected
in the bones
falling in place
as archetypes
cast their shadows



‘LNAPSKUK TELUWA:TIIJK
THE INDIAN ROCKS SAY:

[Hieroglyphs - Micmac - English]



‘Inuwey
The Indian Traditions



kaqma’tuasewikek
it is well known



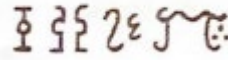
na ewi:kasik
are written



nekla kunntal ‘Inapskuk
on the Indian Rocks.



Mu te:s wen
Not everyone



kisikimawey ta:n
can read what



‘Inapskuk teluwa:tijik
the Indian rocks say.



Na kwesiket na koqowey
They foretold things



ta:n t’la: ‘itew
and how it would happen,



nuji-kwsiket na.
like a soothsayer.

MONCHANAMUKQUSSUAU
HE WORKS WONDER

[Natick/Massachusetts - English]

Sun kenâum, neemat?
Ahquompak nun-nummâttapsh yôteg
n'sesekwan nukkemoo ne unneu pemsquoh
wunnonkou mohtuppeau
Mishe-anoqs waapemoo
m'michachunk qushkeu
ohke-ōâas't wunnunògan
ohkeiyeu kachémoo wonk
kussohkóiyeye wadchu-ut
kah nemunum kesuk-ut.

* * * *

Do you see, my brother?
when I sit by the fire
my rattle shakes in a whirlwind
evening vanishes
the Dawn-Star rises
my soul returns to
mother earth's breast
out then it comes again
on the mountaintop
and takes me to the sky.

AMERICAN INDIAN PIDGIN ENGLISH

The English all one Speake
The Spanish all one Aramouse
The French all one Asookekomau
So much Hoggery
So Bigge Walke
So Big Speake
So Big Matchit Laws
These ALL No Wunnegin
Poison Water Make us Sneep
We So Bigge Whipt
Me No Stomany that
Netop, Netop.

* * * *

K'PAUWAW
THE SHAMAN

[Natick/Massachusetts - English]

K'Pauwau
quoshodtum

paomooonk,
ne-unnuquomuwaen

nukkonaeu,
nukkonadchuit.

K'Monetu
natinneham
hamaonk...

nish kemeoogish't,
wuttahut

kah michachunk.
K'Taupowaw...

noh wunne keketookau
skeetomp't
ne-annoonaen-in.

The Shaman
he predicts
the future,
as a dreamer
in the night,
upon the mountain.
The Diviner
he searches for
an answer...
to secret things,
in his heart
and soul.
The Wise Man...
he speaks well
to the people
as a messenger.

TREATY OR TREACHERY?

They said: "Put your mark here"
and you shall have peace with us
and a special place to live
where your people will prosper
as long as the sun shines
and the waters flow.

Our people now live in urban slums
unemployed or receiving welfare
the only true peace they know
comes in a brown paper bag
oh how the poison water does flow
blotting out the sun.

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