



INDiGEzine SALISH SEA HEARTBEAT

Fall 2020 Edition

Introduction

We are a community of Indigenous people coming together to reflect creatively on our experiences as Native people and our continued resistance to colonial occupation and white supremacy.

We want to share these messages with you and pool our communal resources to support the work of Chief Seattle Club - a sacred place to nurture, renew, and affirm the spirit of urban Native people experiencing homelessness.

We chose the title “salish sea heartbeat” in reverence to the land, animals, plants, and people of the salish sea region. These beings provide for the Indigenous communities of this region and anchor many Indigenous people that may find themselves distanced from their home communities and cultures.

As members of urban Indian and tribal communities, our physical and metaphorical heartbeat are a theme that resonated for many artists. In this zine, we share our reflections on salish sea heartbeat through stories and images of personal and collective grief, connections to land and traditional practices, expressions of our sovereignty and culture, Missing and Murdered Indigenous Women, and Black and Indigenous solidarity. Each art piece is a powerful

individual heartbeat. Taken together, these heartbeats invoke a communal drumbeat — reminding us that when we come together, we heal and grow as a community.

In the teachings of our Coast Salish relatives, we raise our hands to all the creatives in our communities. May we remember that we each hold the gift of creative expression. May we continue to hold creative space for each other, share our teachings, amplify our voices, and develop our collective memory. In support of this prayer, we gift the continuance of this zine to Chief Seattle Club who has a long history of nurturing creative healing spaces for Indigenous people.

Land Acknowledgement

LAND BACK.

This zine was created and produced on the unceded lands of the Duwamish, Snoqualmie, Muckleshoot, Cowlitz tribes, and other Coast Salish communities. The Duwamish Tribe is currently seeking federal recognition and accepting financial contributions to support their legal battle.

To find out more visit: duwamishtribe.org/donate

Racism Isn't a New Concept

Celia Delaney (Klamath, Modoc, Tohono O'odham)

Racism isn't a new concept. Racism doesn't even start with America. But it is undeniable that the foundations of America have inherent racism built into its system.

LET'S BEGIN WITH STOLEN LAND

As "settlers" (read colonizers) came to the new world, the quest for land became a sport. Land, in the Native worldview, was not (and still is not) something you own. Rather, it is who you are; it is a relative. But in the European worldview, land was (and still is) power, something to own and conquer. In 1493, Pope Alexander VI gave Spain authority (based solely on Catholic "power") to begin colonizing the Americas and converting Native people to Catholicism.

As more and more "settlers" came to the Americas, conquest for land became more and more important. (I realize there is a lot of history not covered from the last paragraph to this one. I hope to unpack this a little more as I continue to write). There was one problem with the settling of land, the Natives. Native people were in the way of colonizers' hopes of attaining new and fresh lands. To remedy this problem, a young United States of America invented the idea of treaties. In his inaugural address in 1829, President Andrew Jackson stated, "to observe toward the Indian tribes within our limits a just and liberal policy, and to give that humane and considerate attention to their rights and their wants which is consistent with the habits of our Government and the feelings of our people." However,



Liz Rideau (Haida), *AIR Moon*
@brown.bear.lady • 2020 • mixed media: acrylic, paper,
abalone on canvas

this appears to have only been political rhetoric as only 14 months later, President Jackson pushed Congress to pass the Indian Removal Act.

The history leading up to this event is long and detailed. In brevity, Jackson engaged in a violent battle against the Creek tribe in which they were defeated in battle. The result led to the U.S. government forcing upon the tribe a treaty where they “surrendered” to the United States 10 million acres of land. After seeing the devastation in the battles, surrounding tribes attempted to pre-emptively enter into similar treaties hoping that if they gave a large portion on their land, they would spare battle and still be left with some land for themselves. Yet this was not good enough for the U.S. government. This is where we return to the Indian Removal act. This act, implemented in 1830, gave president Jackson the right to offer these tribes land west of the Mississippi for their “relocation.” To make a long story short, there was a lot of resistance met with violence and the ultimately forced removal now known as the Trail of Tears.

The idea of stolen land used government policy and law to implement biases and ultimate harm on an entire race of peoples. The intentional act of removal was not a peaceful act or even one hoping to advance the betterment of democracy. Rather, Jackson intended to clear the land of Native people so he could make way for more plantations and the implementation of more slaves. The system (aka government and enforcement of laws) that allowed for the





removal of Natives from their land, is the same system that supported and allowed for slavery (more on this to come).

Stolen land and broken treaties did not stop in the 1800s. We've seen the Dakota Access Pipeline protests as Natives fight to protect sacred Standing Rock land. Even more recently, the Tohono O'odham people (of whom I'm a descendent) are fighting to protect their sacred land. As our current president insists on building a wall between U.S. and Mexico borders, construction has begun on sacred Tohono O'odham land. The construction has blasted sacred burial sites and dismantled ancestral land. Imagine a foreign nation going to Arlington National Cemetery in Virginia and desecrating it for the sake of implementing their rights and will. It would be a cause for a war. But the Tohono O'odham people are not looking for war. Just simple respect for and rights to their ancestral land. (For more understanding see visit here: <https://culturalpropertynews.org/tohono-oodham-nation-u-s-blasts-a-monument-to-build-a-wall/>)

What does this have to do with BLM? I'll expand more in a moment. But I believe the discussion so far suffices to show how the system has been established to hold down particular groups of people.

LET'S MOVE ON TO SLAVERY

Upon his arrival in the "New World," Christopher Columbus immediately saw the land's current inhabitants as nothing more than obstacles and objects to use in expanding Spain's territory. In fact, on his first day in the new world, Columbus ordered 6 Natives to be seized stating he thought they would be good slaves and documented it in his journal. (You should read his journals. You can see first hand his racism.)

He continued to enact and enforce policies to force Natives into slavery. (By the way, many of us can quote 'Columbus sailed the ocean blue...' and even name the ships he came on but fail to name the tribe he enslaved. They were the Taino people. Say their name.)

During the late 1400s, the slave trade became wildly popular. This was a result of the demand for labor in the West Indies for the cultivation of sugar cane. The practice of enslaving Natives continued into American colonies. One American historian, Alan Galloway, states that between 1670 and 1715, 24,000-51,000 Natives were exported in the slave trade. He further notes that the Indian slave trade was at the center of the development of the English colonies in the American south.

Settlers began establishing policies to enforce and permit slavery. In a Virginia General Assembly declaration of 1705, terms were defined:

And also be in [sic.] enacted, by the authority aforesaid, and it is hereby enacted, That all servants imported and brought into the Country... who were not christians in their native country, (except... Turks and

Moors in amity with her majesty, and others that can make due proof of their being free in England, or any other christian country, before they were shipped...) shall be accounted and be slaves, and such be here bought and sold notwithstanding a conversion to christianity afterward. [Section IV.] And if any slave resists his master, or owner, or other person, by his or her order, correcting such slave, and shall happen to be killed in such correction, it shall not be accounted felony; but the master, owner, and every such other person so giving correction, shall be free and acquit of all punishment and accusation for the same as if such incident had never happened... [Section XXXIV.]

The trade of Native Americans ended in roughly the mid-1700s. This was due to two reasons, the Indian Wars of the 1800s and the rise of African slaves in America.

While Natives were defending land, surviving diseases, dealing with broken treaties, and being relocated, European settlers began using African slaves. The first instances of African slavery began around the same time Columbus set out for the New World. By the 18th century, the African slave trade was booming. Historians believe that half of the entire slave trade took place during this time.

These African slaves were brought to America to do the work the colonizers refused to do. Thomas Jefferson stated, "For in a warm climate, no man will labour for himself who can make another labour for him. This is so true, that of the proprietors of slaves a very small proportion indeed are ever seen to labour." American history shows the nuanced split in ideology surrounding slavery ultimately leading to the Civil War.

The trading of slaves became illegal in 1807. This eliminated the permission of the slave trade but did not ban the owning of slaves. That didn't come until 1863 with the emancipation proclamation. You see, from the late 1400s to the mid-1800s, the system did not see people of color as the same as European settlers. It took over 400 years, disease, war, and millions of lives lost until slaves were considered "free."

There is so much more history to this story and there is no way I could adequately do it justice. (for more detail see here: [history.com/topics/black-history/black-history-milestones](https://www.history.com/topics/black-history/black-history-milestones)). I hope, though, it is becoming clear that the system (again read government) has inherent biases and has oppressed people of color for hundreds of years.

BUT THAT'S OLD HISTORY

- 1865 – 15th Amendment
- 1965 – Prohibition of discrimination of voting for people of color
- 1924-1962 – Native American given voting rights (different years depending on the state)
- 1964 – Jim Crow laws overturned
- 1967 – Interracial Marriage Legalized
- 1978 – American Indian Religious Freedom Act
- 1990 – Native American Languages Act (Native languages permissible again)

This is by no means a comprehensive list. Rather, this list is various highlights that this problem is not ancient history. Some of these events have occurred in my own lifetime.

THE SYSTEM IS BROKEN

Despite all of this, I love America. I pray for America. I see its potential and believe in democracy (true democracy). But I cannot turn a blind eye to the outright racist actions justified by a broken system. I work within these systems. I know that because of the boarding school era, Native youth are more likely to end up in foster care. I study history. I know that because of relocation, reservations, history of commodities, and lack of access to Native foods, Natives have the highest rates of diabetes and heart disease. I'm a counselor to Native families. I know that Native men have the highest rates of suicide among any other demographic.

This writing hasn't even touched on modern day problems with the system. Problems like poverty, the homelessness/housing crisis, the criminal justice system, health care, the foster system, education among so many other topics. I could not do any of those topics justice unless I spent time looking at them individually. Rather, the intention here is to show how the system has historically been setup to be oppressive based on oligarchy and arbitrary rule.

I'm watching history unfold. As a black man unjustly died, people of color are pushing back against the system that more often than not supports and vindicates its own. May I remind you of the trial of Rodney King? The current list of black people who have died without receiving a trial or vindication includes Trayvon Martin, Tamir Rice, Michael Brown, Breonna Taylor, George Floyd, Riah Milton, Dominique Fells, Robert Fuller, Rayshard Brooks and so many more. Yes, I could indeed add Native names to this list like Jason Pero, Paul Castaway, Corey

Kanosh, Raymond Gassman, Zachary Bearheels, Eisha Hudson, Jason Collins, Stewart Kevin Andrews, Abraham Natanine, Reqis Paquet, Everett Patrick, Chantel Moore, and Rodney Levi. Native Americans are killed in law enforcement actions at a higher rate than any other race or ethnicity, according to CDC data from 1999 to 2015.

There has to be a change.

Black Lives Matter doesn't mean other lives don't matter. I also believe and support Native Lives Matter as well as Missing and Murdered Indigenous Women (another topic too big to unpack here). Rather, BLM shows how the system does not allow for black lives to have the same rights as other lives (namely white and/or "blue lives.") BLM isn't necessarily a fight against racism. No movement can end racism for that is a battle each must fight within their own hearts. BLM fights for justice and shows the inherent inequality within the system. BLM is demanding the system to look at itself and challenges its own biases and implement true justice.

If the system can be reformed through the BLM movement, there is hope for the Native Sovereignty pursuit. And the same is true in reverse. The same system has oppressed Blacks, Natives, and people of color since its inception. I support BLM because the system is broken. I support BLM because, well it's pretty simple, black lives matter.

<https://culturalpropertynews.org/tohono-oodham-nation-u-s-blasts-a-monument-to-build-a-wall/?fbclid=IwAR1s24H2ujF3y-6r01X6gOz0J-8y9Oiz3XjcAuUL1zWeIDApCrN8CKU9Pt8>



Selena Kearney (Chehalis), *Indigenous Fashion Takeover*

Dukwibəṭ

A quiet light then, a

small shift in the wind, the way an animal moved
the way things shifted in the firmament on that day

On that one special

day

perhaps a day that still is

The Changer

the one who would come to change

EVERY

thing

in the way that

every

living thing

and

every

being

Do Not Start the Single Story with the Arrows of the Native Americans

Do not start the single story with the arrows
of the Native Americans

Start it at the origin even if you cannot
believe the story

Start it from when they remember first landing on,
coming out of, or being formed from, Earth

Do not start the single story with a theory of
an ice bridge

Do not start the single story with the man
found lost at sea

Start it with the knowledge of the stars

Start it with the first known sign language

Start it with languages that were never meant
to be translated

Start it with oral history first
Do not start the single story with cultural appropriation,
we do not feel honored by our cultures being monetized

Start it with distinct beautiful Native American cultures
whose traditions have been passed down for generations

Start it with the elders who fought their way
through cultural genocide

Start it with tiny fingers, and sparkling eyes
who today have to fight for all that is left
of who they are

— Taryn Charmayne Jim
(Northern Arapaho)
Summer 2020

*Inspired by Chimamanda Ngozi Adichie's (2009)
Ted Talk, "The Danger of a Single Story"*

has *always* been changing
since the beginning
of time

On that one

special day

The Changer came

though The Changer

had always been there

they, The People, realized and The People
who would become and become

The People we are now

The People who now live

They we would and will remember

always when we were all the

wild beautiful things of the earth

all the beings of the earth and though

we may look different now we still are

and do speak the old language

of all those wild

beautiful things

— Sara Marie Ortiz (Pueblo of Acoma)

BRAIDS OF HAIR

As I divide my hair into three parts,
 Wrapping each one around the other;
 I talk with the Ancestors, asking,
 For strength, courage, and wisdom.
 Braided together, I can walk, I can dance,
 My People are braided within me;
 Their strength is woven in every strand,
 With braids that others can see.

My hair braided to its length,
 Each part bound to one another;
 Holding tight, not letting go,
 Just as I am to my People.
 Some braids are wrapped in spirit fur,
 Others are wrapped in red, with honor;
 And though mine have never been,
 My culture can always stand out...
 Entwined within my braided hair.

— Janette K. Conger
 (Crow Creek Sioux)
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Tanya Marceau (Blackfeet & Redlake), *Untitled*



Tanya Marceau (Blackfeet & Redlake), *Untitled*

Iyáaní (Spirit, Breath, Life)

by Sara Marie Ortiz (Pueblo of Acoma)

At Haak'u
 Within the community,
 on the land, in it, and of it,
 there is a way in all things
 that Acoma (Haak'u) children are taught.
 Shadruuka'ātuunísy
 It is a way of saying.
 It is a way of saying our life and the way
 things grow and grow. It is a way of saying
 the children are growing so quickly. It is a way
 of saying the plants, which we so lovingly care
 for in the fields, are growing and growing.
 It is a way of saying neither would grow and grow
 without
 our love.
 Amuu'u haats'i. It is a way of saying our beloved life.
 Our beloved land.
 Our beloved children and community.
 Sráamí. It is not always easy. And we, the People, the
 Hán'u are not always good and right. But the right and good
 way is the way
 that we go that we might live. Srâuts'ím'v. Srâuts'ím'v, say
 the Ancestors, our old ones, speaking up from the land
 from the rivers, in and through the rain, and all the cycles
 of the earth we know. Srâuts'ím'v, children. *Do you know*
 just how much we love you and are praying for your lives?

Halito Salmonberry

In the reclaimed bog
 When the water builds up
 You stretch out
 Take up space
 Now you're knocking
 at my door



Tony and Abe (Choctaw Nation of Oklahoma),
Halito Salmonberry

WE DANCE, WE PRAY

We dance to a beat deep inside the soul,
To pray for so many things;
Each step a message of love,
To the ones that came before.

We dance with our spirit held out,
Giving thanks for the life given;
For Mother Earth and all she is,
In prayer... we dance.

We dance to be happy inside,
Our feet soaring with each step in prayer;
As we give up our spirits in honor,
To the Creator, who brought us here.

We dance to heal the wounds inside,
In prayer we send up all hope;
That we will find renewal of self,
With each step that touches the ground.



We dance unending to teach the young,
That our prayers in dance will never end;
And each step is made with a purpose,
As we send our spirit into the air.

Yes, we dance to pray, to live, to heal,
To show our Ancestors we're still here;
We dance because it is who we are,
For the life we live, we dance, we pray.

— Janette K. Conger (Crow Creek Sioux)

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Art: Megan McDermott (Blackfeet and Cree), *Untitled*

My “Native” Earrings

Most of mine are gifts,
stitched, sewed, and threaded with sinews and wires
that bind generations together.

Each shell, crystal and bead has a color
a meaning
a voice
a story.

Sometimes living in a colonized world is heavy
and those narratives try to weigh me down.

But that blood memory coursing through my veins,
and decorated through my ears,
beats like a drum,
echoes with every step
prayers and songs still ringing out.

— Shanoa Pinkham
(Yakama/Southern Cheyenne)

P. 23 image attributions:

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7, 9: Karen Lizzy (Bay Mills Indian Community)

8: Caitlin Keller (Omaha)



HOPE IN THE WORLD

I see a hope in the world.
 That one day ALL humans will see each other,
 With the eyes of a human being;
 No judgment... only love.
 It is a hope that some may think is made only of dreams;
 A silly idea that can never happen.
 We call ourselves 'people'.
 We are human beings.
 And we ALL live together,
 On this planet, Earth.
 I see a hope in the world.
 That one day ALL human beings will come together,
 With peace and love for one another;
 Sharing in the work that needs done,
 To save this Earth we ALL live upon;
 For the generations, yet to come.
 I see a hope in the world.
 That one day ALL the love within human beings,
 Will come forth reaching out to each other;
 And with acceptance of this gift of love,
 The humans of Earth can be united;

No wars... only peace.
 I see a hope in the world.
 That one day the human beings of Earth,
 Will stand beside each other;
 And with love for ALL life,
 Share in the healing to bring about peace;
 So that life can continue to flourish,
 Without anger... or, greed.
 I see a hope in the world.
 That one day human beings will find true love for life,
 Unconditional and giving... loving and sharing;
 To know peace is real and can be achieved,
 Within ones self and shared to others.
 I see a hope in the world.
 That one day ALL humans will live together...
 With only peace and love.

— Janette K. Conger
 (Crow Creek Sioux)
 Copyright 6-18-2020



Carol Peloza (Haida), *Button Blankets*

Berries

Clysta CryingWolf Cole (Eskimo/Inuit)

Grandmother's son left this earth joining the sky world when the Long Nights moon was to come. Grandmother's aunt whom she is named after joined her son in the sky world during the month of the frost moon, 11 moons later. Grandmother's heart was sad, when her son went to the sky world grandmother began her journey walking in two world's.

As grandmother prepared for the feast of remembrance, the night before the day of preparation she had a dream she went to a woman with berries, the woman said "I will make you a pie with berries, it will have mostly blueberries in it tho" grandmother agreed.

When grandmother woke up she felt that the ancestors wanted her to remember her loved ones with a berry pie, with mostly blueberries. Grandmother believes that the woman in her dream was her ancestor telling her to remember who we are, the berries represent her loved ones in the sky world, but mostly her son Nanuq (polar bear) with the blueberries.

The ancestors knew how much your grandmother Crying Wolf missed her son, knew how much she loved to bake, and knew that her journey in two worlds is difficult, with the berry pie, of mostly blueberries, grandmother would be able to honor her journey, her ancestors lives, and mostly her son Nanuq...



Tanya Marceau (Blackfeet & Redlake), *Untitled*

When Nanuq was home one of his favorite foods was pie, she will remember his big smile as he would sit and eat his pie with a huge dollop of cool whip. And we will honor his memory, his life, and his spirit by always remember he was grandmother's strength to live and will always be a part of her in everything she does.

And so ever since Nanuq's Journey to the sky world, and her Aunts journey to join him grandmother makes a berry pie, mostly blueberries ever day of preparation for the feast of remembrance..

And so it will be that my children will tell this story to their children, my grandchildren as they make the berry pie of mostly blueberries.

It is said that Berries are a traditional food of the Alaskan people, and by this we can rest assured that I continue to bring back to my children what was lost from the historical stripping of our culture as I am a cycle breaker, my ancestor brought to me the berries in my dream to symbolize what was lost, what was taken, what we shall remember, what we need to heal, and the lives in the sky world that guide us on our journeys.....

Let us Remember ALL of our loved ones on our first "Thanksgiving" "feast of remembrance" "family gathering day" or whatever you choose to call it... May their empty chairs always stay filled with their spirits....

Concrete Longhouse

Chelsea Hendrickson (Northern Arapaho and Cup'iq)

the concrete longhouse is my home
it is where I lay my head at night
my relatives ask me if I'll ever have a place to call my own
I tell them I'm going to be forever part of the night.

Before I took this long road to the place I am sitting
I looked to the sky, saw the moons and stars and knew I
had a purpose

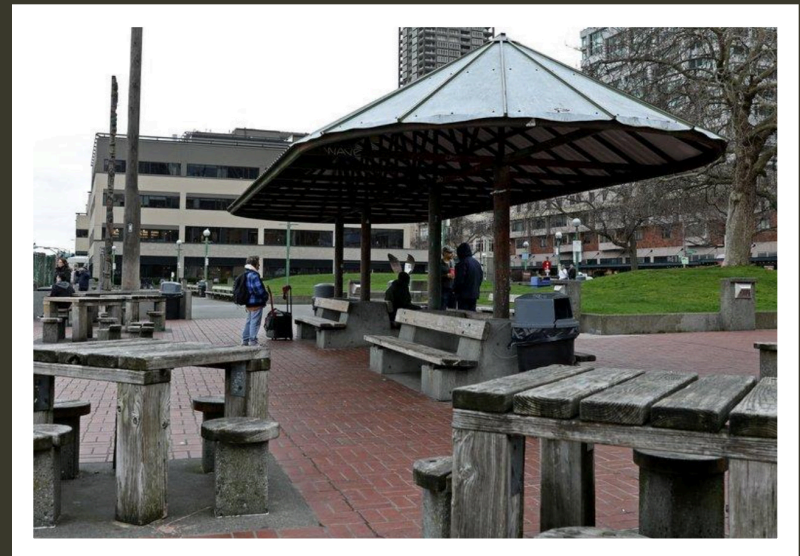
I am not forgotten or invisible
I am your sister, cousin, lover, father, mother, brother, and
uncle

Let's celebrate our kinships and uplift each other

Take the time to pray and strategize
So, the next 7 generations won't have to continue to fight
the people who monopolize

Off of our existence and the inherit right to live life in a
good way

To speak our language, fish, hunt, and teach our children
the ol' way.



"NDN Park-Seattle, WA"

Sometimes I am hungry, sometimes I am sad

But when I think of the love of my ancestors and my
community

I know if we work together, we can come up with a plan

To end urban Indigenous homelessness and
homelessness across all our lands.

*Dedicated to our relatives who have experienced homelessness
and struggle with Mental Illness.*

A Poem in Tutelo

Minosa'ins—Little Moon (Haliwa-Saponi)

Even with my below kindergarten Tutelo skills, I am reclaiming my sovereignty and re-connecting with my language, thanking my *hoacianonc* – my ancestors before me, and to the right and left of me.

Bi'wa Mahone – Thank you Creator



Marina McDermott (Blackfeet & Cree), *Untitled*

Marina McDermott (Blackfeet & Cree), *Untitled*



Sovereignty

"Sovereignty in Tutelo can be translated to "Native Governance" — Egowe Wahtaki

Suhi – Mountain

Oplata – Daylight

Very rare that Tutelo words begin with or are pronounced with 'v'

Enu – Animal

Rarely do we use 'r'

Erutaone – Warrior

Inosik – Bow (like bow & arrow)

Gunha – Cook

Nedewahe – Family

Taksita – River

Yandowasteka – Love

Questioning

Gabrielle Murnan (Shawnee/Cherokee)

Really? I would have never guessed that.
Must be your mom's side you take after.
I see it kind of—yeah, in your cheek bones.
Is that why you majored in
environmental studies?
What percentage?

Reconciling

My tribe doesn't believe in blood quantum.
Yeah, my mom's side is Eastern European.
If only you saw my sisters, you'd understand.

I'm not trying to take away from other people,
I just am what I am.
I'm not looking for attention
—to be different—
I just am what I am.

Thinking

Am I really? If my hair isn't brown
and my eyes are green?
Am I really? If I've only been to the reservation
twice when it's only 2 hours away?

Decision Making

You don't choose and I don't choose.
Liberation over deliberation.
Recognition over denigration.
This is what colonization looks like.



Francesca Murnan (Shawnee/Cherokee), *Three Sisters Prayer*



Alexandria Murnan (Shawnee/Cherokee), *5 Generations* (left); *Cherokee Language Learner* (right)





Salina Kearney (Chehalis), *Bella Bella*

Indigenous is not a survival story

it is a genealogy

an ancestral story of Matriarchs

with bright eyes

long hair

fiery strength

and gentle words

tripping over colonial tongues

the settlers language can't translate the words

it was never meant for their ears

— abigail echo-hawk (Pawnee)

Patriarchy

"As he hit me with each word,
I could never fluently speak his language.
..... For my native tongue is my matrilineal
heart;
the only muscle I have used to speak.
HE is a leader,
A leader of violence, rage, control and
pain.
A leader of emotionally illogical rationality.
A decolonial machismo.



Marina McDermott (Blackfeet and Cree), *Untitled*

Marina McDermott (Blackfeet and Cree), *Untitled*



A revolutionary misogynist.

His capacity for change is the destruction
he makes.

He nurtures his anger through projection.

He births apathy with a 'God's Eye.'

Because his God is not his creator.

His God is himself.

So how can I expect him to forgive
the human in me?

How can I expect him to forgive the human in
himself?"

— Patricia Chookenshaa Allen

(Tlinigit – Xun.aa Kaawu - Eagle/Glacier Bear,
Mohawk, AfroCaribbean)

Quarantine Love

Chelsea Hendrickson (Northern Arapaho and Cup'iq)

Community hour at the Kushman Indian Hospital
The most beautiful Indian woman I have ever seen
I knew we were separated by gender
But I had seen you in here a couple times before,
and I thought looked real keen

Same diagnosis
Same love scar
Tuberculosis, smallpox, coronavirus-
Not even this quarantine could keep our love apart
or afar

I looked down at my hospital slippers
Then looked back up at your chokecherry eyes
You leaned in and softly touched my hand
Told me you liked me too, and then I was hypnotized

Time healed the scars left of our lungs and back
When I picked you up the day you were discharged
from the hospital
I said c'mon baby, its time to grow our love for each other
And we never look back

that was 68 years ago, the day I met you and fell in love
but it might as well be time immemorial
it has created a ripple effect stronger than any disease
bne ken kum ken, biixoo3e3en my love ,
you will always be the only cure I ever need.



*This poem is dedicated to my grandparents,
Phillip Hendrickson Sr. and Lillian Esther Amos. They
met in 1952 Quarantined at the Kushman Indian
Hospital in Tacoma, WA sick with Tuberculosis.*



Louisa "LouAnn" Olebar (Ka:'yu:'k't'h'/Che:k:tles7et'h' First Nation), *Beaded Couple*

Hello, my name is Louisa A. Olebar, but people who know me call me LouAnn. The little beaded people I bead. My grandma, whom I'm named after, and my mom Elizabeth, known as Ann or Liz, showed me how to make them. I was 17 years old when I learned how to make them. The lady was real easy for me to do, but it took me a while to learn the man. I had to teach myself. It took me a few weeks to learn, start, not happy, take apart. But I learned how my way.

— Louisa "LouAnn" Olebar (Ka:'yu:'k't'h'/Che:k:tles7et'h' First Nation)



Kathryn Lam, *Untitled*

once adam fortunate eagle met the pope and adam said i proclaim
this day the discovery of italy what right did columbus have to
discover america when it had already been inhabited for thousands
of years the same right i now have to come to italy and proclaim the
discovery of your country and when the pope gave him his ring to
kiss he extended his hand back with his turquoise ring on top and
the pope grinned and took his hand

— Kathryn Lam (Cherokee)



Remnants

Brown white gold metro buses

Sunny Jim

Rainier Brewery

The Donut Shop

Smith Tower

Boeing

The flight museum....

These are just some
Of the remnants of a Seattle
You will never see again.

— William Hendrickson
(Northern Arapaho and Cup'iq)



Selena Kearney (Chehalis), *Indigenous Fashion Takeover*

I SEE

I see congestion,
Our hope are raised
But so too are taxes
It's hard sometimes to see
Our growing city
As good, fair or is it
A band aid for the
Excuses we hear nightly
Over the TV and the radio
You tell me how you see?

— William Hendrickson
(Northern Arapaho and Cu'piq)



Shana Yellow Calf - Lukinich (Northern Arapaho and Chippewa/Cree),
Pray for Us Mother Earth

When the beat of a drum hits my ears,
When the smell of burning medicines travel through my nose,
When the sight of such beautiful people influences my eyes,
When the gatherings begin,
When the dancing starts,
When nature reveals itself,

Everything changes

I feel calmer,
I see different,
I hear better,

I feel better

BUT IF SOMEONE CALLS US INDIANS ONE MORE TIME

~Nativia Owl Soaring Cole
(Eskimo/Inuit)

Eric Garner | John Crawford III | Michael Brown | Ezell Ford | Dante Parker | Michelle Cusseaux | Laquan McDonald | George Mann | Tanisha Anderson | Akai Gurley | Tamir Rice | Romaine Brisson | Jerame Reid | Matthew Ajibade | Frank Smart | Natasha McKenna | Tony Robinson | Anthony Hill | Mya Hill | Phillip White | Eric Harris | Walter Scott | William Chapman II | Alexia Christian | Brendon Glenn | Victor Manuel LaRosa | Jonathan Sanders | Albert Joseph Davis | Darrius Stewart | Billy Ray Davis | Samuel DuBose | Freddie Blue | Joseph Mann | Salvado Ellswood | Sandra Bland | Albert Joseph Davis | Michael Sabbie | Brian Keith Day | Christian Taylor Manley | Felix Kumi | Keith LaMontez Jones | Paterson Anthony Ashford | Alonzo Smith LaVante Biggs | Michael Lee Perkins | Nathaniel Harris Pickett | Michael Noel | Kevin Matthews | Keith Childress Jr. | Janet Wilson Wendall Celestine | David Joseph Perkins | Christopher Davis | Robinson | Darius Robinson | Demarcus Semer | Willie Tillman Alton Sterling | Philando Castile | Alteria Woods | Jordan Edwards | Stephon Clark | Antwon Rose II | Dominique Clayton | Atatiana Christopher McCorvey | Eric Breonna Taylor | George Floyd | Sean Fuhr | Che Taylor | John T. | Tommy Le | Tony McDade | Jazzaline Ware | Ashanti Carmon | Michelle Tamika Washington | Paris Cameron | Chynal Lindsey | Chanel Scurlock | Zoe Spears | Brooklyn Lindsey | Denali Berries Stuckey | Tracey Single | Bubba Walker | Kiki Fantroy | Jordan Cofer | Pebbles LaDime Doe | Bailey Reeves | Bee Love Slater | Jamagio Jamar Berryman | Itali Marlowe | Brianna BB Hill | Nikki Kuhnhausen | Yahira Nesby | Johana Joa Medina | Layleen Polanco | Dustin Parker | Neulisa Lucian Ruiz | Yampi Méndez Arocho | Monika Diamond | Lexi Johanna Metzger | Serena Angelique Velázquez Ramos | Layla Pelaez Sánchez | Penélope Díaz Ramírez | Nina Pop | Helle Jae O'Regan



| Troy Robinson | Asshams Pharoah Harrison McLeod | Junior Prosper | Brown | Dominic Hutchinson | | Tyree Crawford | India Kager | Marshall | Jamar Clark | Richard | Benni Lee Tignor | Miguel Espinal | Bettie Jones | Quintonio Legrier | | Randy Nelson | Antronie Scott | | Calin Roquemore | Dyzhawn Marco Loud | Peter Gaines | Torrey Kevin Hicks | Mary Truxillo | | Terrill Thomas | Slyville Smith | Terence Crutcher | Paul O'Neal | Aaron Bailey | Ronell Foster | Botham Jean | Pamela Tuner | Jefferson | Christopher Whitfield | Reason | Michael Lorenzo Dean | Manuel Ellis | Charleena Lyles | Williams | Isaiah Obet | Jesse Sarey Dana Martin | Ellie Maria Washtock | | Claire Legato | Muhlaysia Booker |

Francesca Murnan (Shawnee/Cherokee), *Meditation on Black Liberation*

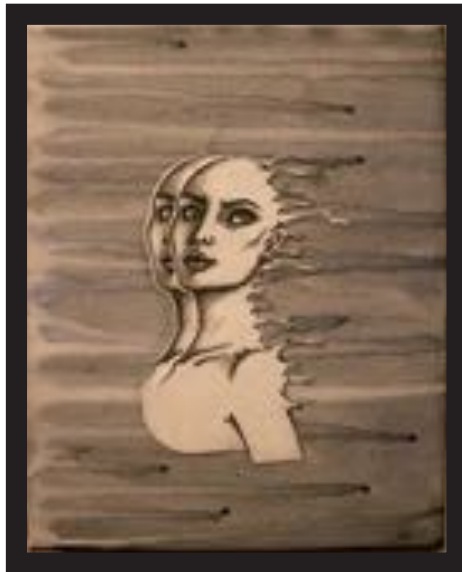
A meditation on Black liberation work and the prairie ecosystems of my birthlands. The names of too many relatives lost to police violence serve as the foundation of our collective action and remind us of our duty to end white supremacy. May they rest in power.

In reverence to the leadership and longstanding resistance to injustice led by Black organizers: Foxtail Grass, known for tenacious and interlocking root structures that holds together the prairieland to create a thriving ecosystem.

In reverence of lives taken too soon by police violence and the continued oppression of Black, Brown, and Indigenous peoples: Morning Glory, a vibrant floral vine known for opening and closing its blooms each day.

In reverence of movements of racial justice and healing led by Black communities: Wild Rose and Coneflower, two prairie plant medicines known for their nourishment, healing, and refuge.

May we always remember the liberation of Black, Brown, and Indigenous communities is bound together.



Ashley Lynn Sorensen (Crow/Apsaalooke),
Baptism

Dedicated to Clarence Seminole Sr.

As I dance along The Milky Way, Maheo has called my name. A warrior screams, a warrior shouts: "I'm going to my people's camp, that's what this journey is about!" At night when you see a shooting star, I have thrown my arrow that far. I'm happy as I dance and stomp, creating a cloud of stardust as I romp. Thunder changes the tempo of the beat as lightning dances at my feet. Mourn one year then let me go, to the land of the buffalo. Celebrate my life and journey, I'm free of pain, I'm free of worry. Look at the Northern Lights from time to time, see me dancing in the sky.

— Bernice Seminole
Northern Arapaho
Wind River Reservation
Wyoming

I know I carry the trauma in my DNA, remnants of violence in my bones. This gift of my ancestors is their resiliency. You do not look at the flesh riddled with scars and think that it is weak, it is healed. I have the methods to heal, I have the strength to not only survive but to live.

— Crisandra Wilkie (Chippewa/Klamath)



Megan McDermott (Blackfeet and Cree), *Untitled*



Marcus Joe (Swinomish & Halalt), *Don't Forget* (above); *La Catrina* (below)



Marcus Joe (Swinomish & Halalt), *Untitled*

Live in Peace

This is a story of death.

This is a story of life.

This season is shaking our communities
and our people are dying.

We as Indigenous people have been here
before.

We've faced countless deaths and sur-
vived—forever changed—always resilient.

I lost my father in May.

He suddenly dropped dead at 55.

Our relationship wasn't perfect.

He had a hard life...a lot of trauma.

What he couldn't swallow and digest, my
sister and I ingested.

But in his next walk, his journey toward to
the hoyane, his medicine has been working
miracles left and right---creating love.

As a Two Spirit, I am so lucky that my father
and I had come to understand one another
before he walked on.

So many in our community don't get that
with our fathers.



While holding his ceremonies and singing his
songs, we washed his earth body...

I looked down and saw my own face, lifeless.

In that moment, something hit me...

The face I see in the mirror, his face, is the
one I always imagined as the embodiment of
my male spirit.

My relationship with my face was as compli-
cated as my relationship with him.

As I prayed over the life he lived, I realized
that my female face looks like him too.

It is the same face.

It represents all the softness he didn't find as
a young person in a tough world.

Medicine for my dysphoria, for my spirit.

This death left me thinking about life.
In the wake of all this death, what medicine
will arise?

I can already see it, can you?

— Itai Jeffries (Yèsah ,
living in Occupied Duwamish
and Coastal Salish Land)



I made my first ribbon skirt in 2018, after becoming involved in MMIW and gender-based violence work in Seattle. I have been sewing for over 10 years, so this was a natural way for me to express my Oglala heritage, and something simple and beautiful I could share with my family. I have made one for each sister and niece, as well as several for dear friends. I never know what colors I am going to choose for the ribbons, and it isn't until the skirt is sewn that I know why I chose those colors, and what each means to the woman the skirt is for. One common theme is the color gold. My family are descendants of a line of chiefs of the Lakota people, as well as being children of the Creator, and gold is a symbol of that royal line. I incorporate it into all of our family skirts. The story of the ribbon skirts is that each one is unique to the woman who wears it, so by wearing them, we are telling the Earth who walks on her. My sisters and I are still here, we are still Indigenous, and we wear that heritage proudly.

— Marissa Perez (Oglala Sioux)



Top left: (L-R) Emma (Siksiká); Corianna (Oglala Sioux); Genna and Isabela (Siksiká), Marissa (Oglala Sioux)
 Top right: For Katelyn (Apache)
 Bottom: All skirts made in cotton and satin by Marissa Perez

Prayer

Pouring rain resounds around us,
Thunder rolling across the sky to the beat of our drum,
Tears they fall proof of our hope,
Proof of our pain,
A healing song begun,

Wounds to deep and vicious to see open,
Bleeding rivers of tears and regrets,
In the darkness of night my heart cries,
Grandfather, can you see me?
Did you know?

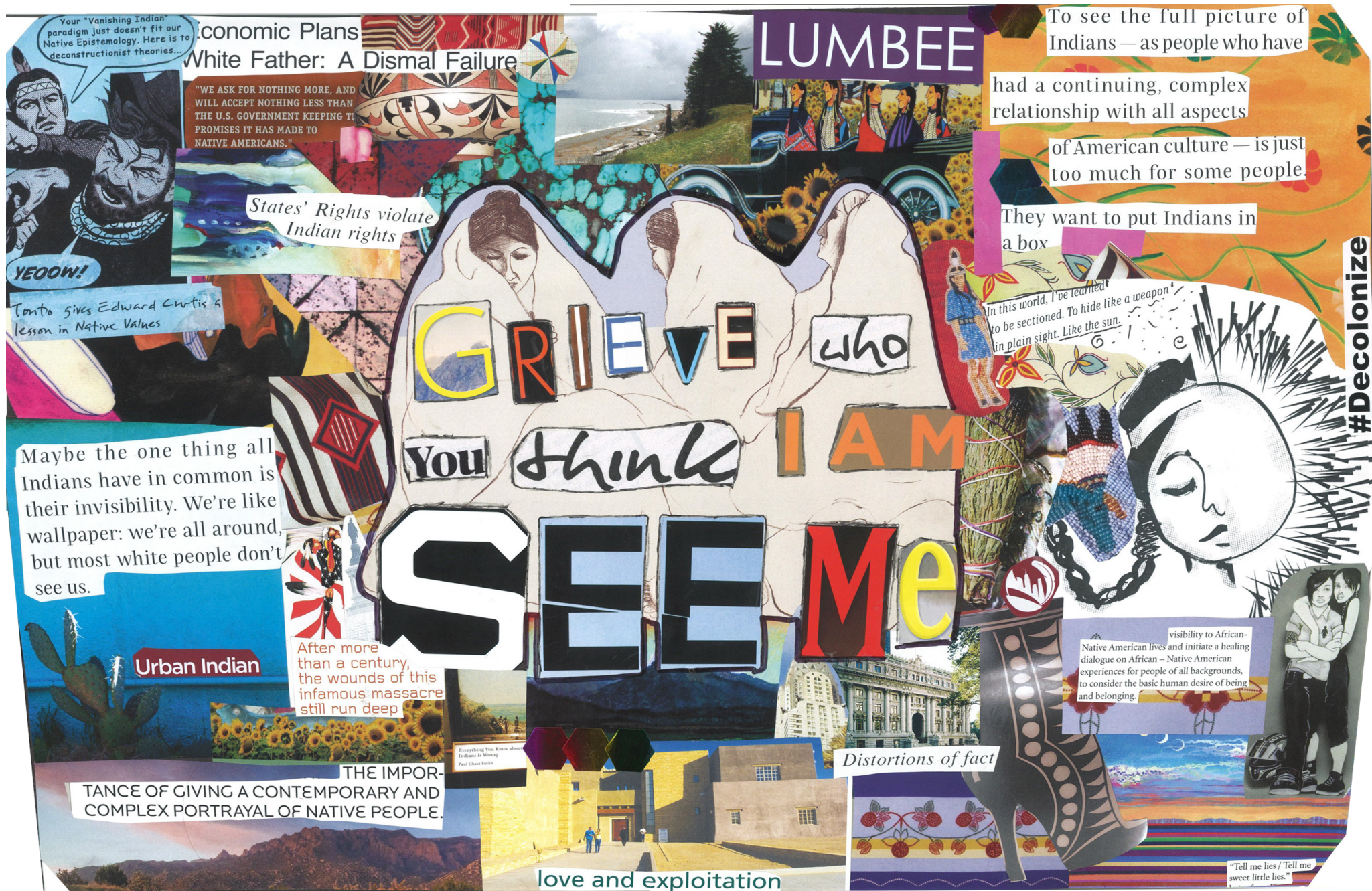
Exposed,
Enduring,

The Season

I struggle against the pressure,
Against my shame,
Every tear carries my pain,
A wish, a prayer, a memory,
Surrounded in darkness,
Embraced by the heat and haze,
My tears turn to smoke,
Rising, to meet the rain.
The season may be green, vibrant
Full of good things to come
The fog, rain
Homeless people doing their shuffle
Then our thoughts
Turn to summer
Sweltering heat
Tank tops
And then the fall harvest moon
Fishing, hunting, getting ready
For another season.

— William Hendrickson
(Northern Arapaho and Cup'iq)

— Rae Rose
(Paiute and Mayan
Native American)

Sofia Locklear (Lumbee), *Untitled*



Megan McDermott (Blackfeet & Cree), *Untitled*

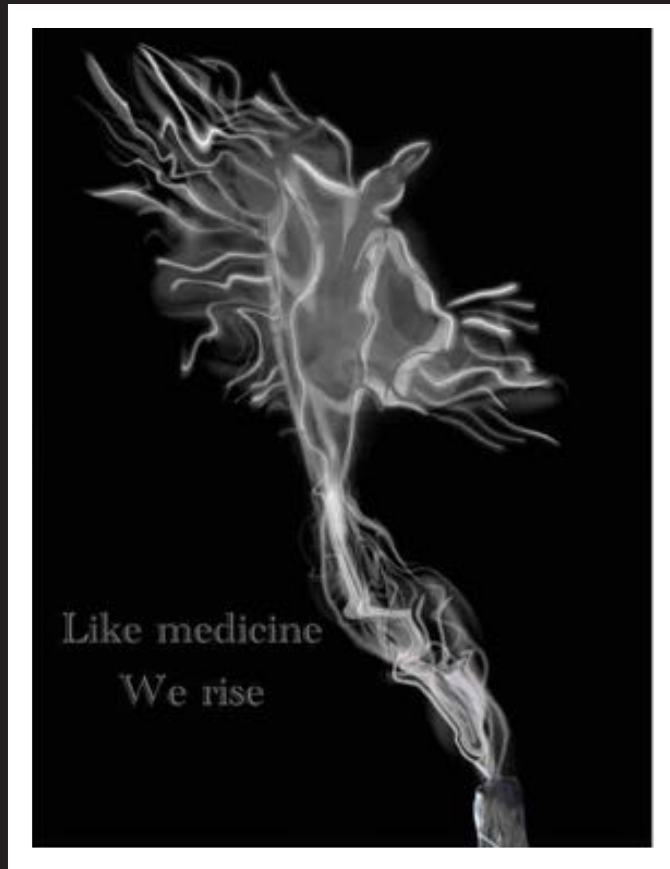
To my aunts, the Pawnee stars that brighten my dark times,
 full of laughter and care. To my auntie who I never knew, but I'm
 etched in her obituary. A symbol of her legacy carried forward. To
 my aunts in Hawaii, the ones who planted kisses on my cheek,
 blossoming as I departed the islands. To the fa'afafine aunts of
 Seattle, you bring me back to when I found out I was not locked
 into how others saw me. To my Nadleeh auntie who taught me how
 to live a long life in this mix and match body. To the aunts who
 care for me as they do their own children. To the aunts who I AM
 their child. To the aunts older than me, to the aunts younger
 than me. To the aunts who are now uncles, and uncle who is now
 mantie. To all the aunts that support Mother Earth. I see you,
 and I love you.

— Raven Two Feathers

(Cherokee, Seneca, Cayuga, Comanche)

Inspired by the Black Indigenous

Two Spirit poet auntie, Storme."



Celia Delaney (Klamath, Modoc, Tohono O'odham), *Untitled*



Raquel Aviles (Pascua Yaqui), *Untitled*

A Letter to my Unborn Child

I'm sorry
 But then again, I'm not.
 You might not understand this now but...
 Your estimated arrival is not yet a thought.
 I have always wanted to meet you.
 But the timing was never right.
 If you knew the world I live in,
 You would know that survival for a brown child
 like you won't come without a fight.
 I've waited and waited for the day,
 That I would meet someone to help me. Help me
 bring you into this world.
 But I don't know how the future will be.
 This world isn't ready for you yet,
 No matter how much I love you unconditionally.
 So until then I block you out of my mind,
 Knowing that you already exist in my heart.
 You must understand, I'm still a child, raising herself
 to become a woman.
 My parents didn't think of my experience when they
 brought me into this place.
 When I was raised by your great grandmother,
 I learned that my scars would turn into a book of lessons.
 I learned that my injuries that kept me from having babies
 during recovery are what kept you safe.

I thought about you many times,
 Anxious with each opportunity that arose,
 And disappointed by the loneliness of expectation.
 Expectation of reliability, or safety and commitment
 with each relationship.
 I had to learn that love doesn't feel forced, nor does it feel selfish.
 I learned this from tragic attempts at love and partnership.
 I learned this from broken children disguised as parents.
 I learned this from drugs and self destruction being normalized
 as self care.
 You will learn that your blood comes from generations of rape,
 assimilation, conquest and patriarchy.
 It also comes from love, compassion and resilience.
 This is why I want your creation to come from love and not trauma.
 Everything I'm going through is what you are going through,
 because you're not born but you have always been in my life,
 with all of its fragility.
 I don't want you mistaken for a criminal.
 I don't want you to be killed by state violence.
 I don't want you to be missing or murdered.
 I'll never be ready to lose something I created.
 You see, my love.
 I have been ready for you.
 But the world isn't.
 That's why we will wait.

—Patricia Chookenshaa Allen

(Tlinigit - Xun.aa Kaawu - Eagle/Glacier Bear,
 Mohawk, AfroCaribbean)



Philip Hutchinson (Bays Mill Indian Community), *Untitled*



Philip Hutchinson (Bays Mill Indian Community), *Untitled*

MY BODY, MY STORY (NETENEYOOO NOH HOO3ITOO)

Chelsea Hendrickson (Northern Arapaho and Cup'iq)

Consent and coercion is the name of the game
Monopoly is what my brown body has been played
the victims are not the ones to blame
no one sees our shame

I have heard the songs of the caged bird
and I have seen the salmon fight the current
upstream

I ask my ancestors for the guidance to help me
heal Sometimes, I pray for that earnestly on
a bended knee

You lift our voices, but do not let us sing a song you
want to hear

I pull out my drum and bang it next to your ear
Do you hear our voice when we say "NO"?

Did you ask for consent before you took her/OUR
home?

Indigenous people are beautiful, strong,
and resilient
It's hard for me to express this in English, because
our Indigenous languages are so brilliant

-NETENEYOOO NOH HOO3ITOO-

You may think that you have taken our bodies
and our land
but what colonization failed to teach you is that
these stories reside deep buried inside our DNA;
just like a brand

*Dedicated to all survivors of Domestic Violence and Sexual Assault
and in acknowledgment of SA Awareness month.*



Jessica Smith (Bois Forte Band of Minnesota Chippewa),
Protector (left); Frontline Warrior (right)

The Artists

Abigail Echo-Hawk (Pawnee)

Alexandria Murnan (Shawnee/Cherokee)

Angee “Wahalcut” Harrington (enrolled Suquamish) is a 2S bone carver and coppersmith. She is also the Collections Manager at the Suquamish Museum.

Ashley Lynn Sorenson (Crow/Apsaalooke) - This painting is a representation of my Wellbriety in every sense of the word. I overcame not only drug addiction, but also “The Life”. I am not religious, but it’s called Baptism, because I believe that’s what happened to me- I was washed/cleansed of my old life, and emerging into my new one.

Becky Black (Quileute enrolled Quinault)

Bernice Siminole (Northern Arapaho and Cup’iq)

Caitlin Keller (Omaha) Caitlin Keller is a Seattle based textile artist with a focus on 2 needle beaded appliqué and over 15 years of experience. As a direct descendant of the Omaha Nation she was raised in the principle of creating with a good heart and carries that on in her practice today.

Carol Peloza (Haida)

Celia Delaney, enrolled member of the Klamath Tribes and a descendant on the Modoc and Tohono O’odham people.

Clysta CryingWolf Cole I am my indigenous ancestors dream, and my Racist white ancestors nightmare. I am a cycle breaker!

Crisandra Wilkie, enrolled member of the Turtle Mountain Band of Chippewa Indians and a descendant of the Klamath Modoc. I am the daughter of Chris and Pam Wilkie, granddaughter of Skip and Millie Moore and Mary DeCoteau and Mike Wilkie.

Cullen Salinas-Zackuse (Tulalip and Spokane)

Dawson Davenport (Meskwaki)

Francesca Murnan (Shawnee/Cherokee) Francesca is a lover of plants and puns. Lettuce peas uplift our Indigenous teachers, celery our elders and sages.

Gabrielle Murnan (Shawnee/Cherokee) Gabrielle is a daughter, sister, partner and member of the Cherokee Nation. She has a Masters in Environmental Management and now works in the wind energy industry.

Itai Jeffries is a Yèsah Two Spirit, nonbinary trans-identified educator from rural North Carolina. They earned a doctorate in Sociology from Georgia State University, and live in the Seattle area. Their work has spanned academic and research settings, public health, clinical service delivery, race and gender equity, and facilitation. Currently, they are working with Northwest Portland Indian Health Board to generate community research toward Two Spirit health Equity.

Janette Conger has been writing poetry since the age of 14 and has two published books of poetry today. She is an enrolled member of the Crow Creek Sioux Tribe in Ft. Thompson, S.D.

Jessica Smith “Gidagaakoons” is a member of The Bois Forte Band of Minnesota Chippewa Tribe. Jessica is a student researcher and an avid dreamcatcher maker. These pieces were created for her sisters who participated in interviews for her research to raise the voices of survivors and grassroots organizations. Research and incorporating dreamcatcher making into her research is a form of cultural healing for Jessica on her personal healing journey.

Jessica Magee is a member of the Blackfeet Tribe and is currently living in Seattle.

Karen Lizzy (Bay Mills Indian Community) Beaded earrings are a new found passion, my spirit goes into the work and my spirit is filled by the work.

Kateri Joe (Swinomish/ Halalt) has long been a lover of traditional artforms. She began beading and sewing in high school in order to create regalia to participate in powwows and canoe journey.

Kathryn Lam is a Seattle-based Agiduwagi (Cherokee) writer and editor. She likes summer, stories, and the sound of glass beads.

Liz Rideau is a mixed-media artist born-and-raised in South Seattle. Growing up in the Pacific Northwest’s urban multi-cultural environment helped her balance a city-minded street smarts with a strong connection to her culture and nature.

Louisa “LouAnn” Olebar (Ka:’yu:’k’t’h’/Che:k:tle7et’h’ First Nation) I am a First Nations from Tofino, B.C. My mother and grandmother showed me how to make these “Little People,” when I was 17 years old.

Marcus Joe (Swinomish/ Halalt)

Marina McDermott My name is Marina McDermott I am descended from the Blackfeet and Cree tribes in Montana. I am proudly Two-Spirit and I reflect my culture through art.

Marissa Perez (Oglala Sioux) My greatest pride and love in life is my role as Tía to many perfect little Indigenous babies. I work every day to create a better, more equitable world for them to grow up in. My sewing machine is my prized possession and my ribbon skirts have pockets!!! My four-legged, Sage, is the boss of the house and is sure she isn’t given as many treats as she deserves. Thank you for including me in this amazing example of #indigenousexcellence!!

Meenakshi Minosa’ins Richardson (Haliwa-Saponi)

Megan McDermott (Blackfeet and Cree)

Tony and Abe (Choctaw Nation of Oklahoma)

Nativia Owl Soaring Cole I am a proud Aunty in training, I watch and learn as my elders teach me. For I am their future, and will make my ancestors proud.

Patricia Chookenshaa Allen (Tlinigit – Xun.aa Kaawu - Eagle/Glacier Bear, Mohawk, AfroCaribbean) - Identifying as multiethnic and

multitribal, Patricia predominantly is Tlingit (Xun.aa Kaa.wu/Hoonah Village - Glacier Bear Clan/Eagle Moiety (Chookaneidi) Alaska Native, Mohawk, Seneca and AfroCaribbean (Arawak, Taína & Sierra Leonen descent). She is currently serving as an elected delegate for Tlingit & Haida Tribes of Southeast Alaska and facilitating the National Coalition to End Urban Indigenous Homelessness as well as the Community Advocate with the Chief Seattle Club.

Phillip Hutchinson (Bay Mills Indian Community)

Rae Rose Stories are sacred to me, they help me make sense of the world around me, the people around me, and my experience as an Indigenous woman of color. It is important to me to learn and grow as an Author so I can tell our stories our way.

Raquel Elaine (Valenzuela) Aviles is a citizen of the Pascua Yaqui Tribe born in Tucson, Arizona. Creating art has always been a part of Raquel's life. She draws upon her love of the desert and the colors of the Arizona skies for her inspiration. She also uses art to explore motions of the challenges of life to find balance.

Raven Two Feathers (he/they) is a Two Spirit, Emmy award winning creator. Their intertribal identity, mixed with various intersections, influences their work to be both a safe haven for people in those communities, and a jumping off point for others in their road to understanding.

Selena Kearney (Chehalis)

Sara Marie Ortiz, MFA (Pueblo of Acoma): Sara Marie Ortiz is an Acoma writer, Seattle-based educator, advocate, and community

builder. She is a graduate of the Institute of American Indian Arts and Antioch University Los Angeles with her MFA in creative writing; she can be found on Instagram, FB, and Twitter @Nativescientist.

Shana Yellow Calf - Lukinich Key Peninsula, WA based Native artist, Shana Yellow Calf - Lukinich, has been developing her artistic and photographic skills since the 90s. She currently specializes in acrylic paintings on wood and canvas in the Plains, Northwest, and Metis indigenous styles, along with custom furniture, wall art, and crafts. Her artistic work can be seen at her website <https://www.10buffalos.com/>. Shana's art was on display in November 2019 at the SOIL Gallery in Seattle, WA as part of a Native American exhibit "Ancestral Journeyz of Coastal Voices." She was one of three female Native artists invited to show her contemporary art. She is a member of the Two Waters Arts Alliance (<https://twowaters.org/>) and participates regularly in their art shows. Shana is an enrolled member of the Northern Arapaho Tribe in Wyoming and a descendant of Chief Yellow Calf. She shares her Metis heritage (Chippewa/Cree) from her mother. Shana is an enrolled member of the Northern Arapaho Tribe in Wyoming and a descendant of Chief Yellow Calf. She shares her Metis heritage (Chippewa/Cree) from her mother.

Shanoa Pinkam (Yakama/Southern Cheyenne) Shanoa grew up between Seattle and the Yakama Indian Reservation. A closeted writer, she also volunteered and organized various Native youth workshops across the greater Seattle area. She graduated from the University of Washington with a B.A. in American Indian Studies and Communication.

Sofia Locklear is a member of the Lumbee Tribe of North Carolina and part of the diverse Seattle urban Indian community.

Tanya Marceau, Blackfeet and Redlake, grew up on her Mother and Grandmothers Tribal land on the Puyallup Reservation.

Taryn C. Jim, Northern Arapaho mother of two and Master of Social Work student of the University of Wyoming. Native American Rights, Disability Rights, and Missing and Murdered Indigenous Women and Girls Advocate.

William Hendrickson (Northern Araphao and Cup'iq)

Front cover: Selena Kearney (Chehalis), *Paddle to Quinault*

Back cover: Marissa Perez (Oglala Sioux)

Image Description: Isabela (Siksiká)

Logo: Rudy Romero of Ar2fakt

Layout: @wynncredible

May we collectively decolonize this water,
this land, our communities, and our hearts.

