

## goddess greens

there are goddesses in utqiagvik  
stone-faced maidens dressed in tattoos  
intricate waves of ink flow down shoulders to hands

nothing burns their skin  
fire curls around arms and legs  
licking at chins  
as they carry children and other burdens

in spring-they dance  
under neverending sunlight  
bright fur-lined parkas  
left by mother's mother  
each color a story beaded into flesh

cooking pots in cold winter  
stain their hands red  
a sacrifice-they say  
each sings a whale song  
siren in open water  
open mouth harpoon  
they say each carries a spirit  
that flesh is fuel