

THE BIRTHDAY

THERE WAS A GERBIL FROM AUSTIN,
WHO HAD A BIRTHDAY IN BOSTON,
HE HAD A BIG CAKE,
THAT LOOKED LIKE A SNAKE,
I WONDER WHAT THE PARTY COST HIM?

I am From Moose Meat in the Kitchen

I am from hunting, from guns.
I am from the white, small house.
I am from the fireweed in Golovin,
the sunflower in my backyard.
I am from hunting and going to camp,
from my dad, my mom, and my brother.
I am from the Old Spice in the bathroom
and moose meat in the kitchen.
I am from elders telling me:
“If you whistle at the northern lights,
they will play soccer with your head,”
and my parents telling me
that isigocks will get me.
I am from believing in God.
I am from Anchorage, Alaska and blueberries.
I am from the snow making me crash on a dog sled
and the blanket I used to have by my side all the time.
I am from the shelf where we keep family photos.

Fox Haiku

Do not trust foxes.

They are smarter than humans
and like to trap them.

Friend or Foe

Here I lie in the cold,
teeth chattering,
body frozen,
and my eyes full of fear.

I sit here in the cold,
not ever bold.
Gunshots go off,
I can hardly hear.
The cold has come for me with his friend death.

Boom!
An explosion,
I see the enemy running past,
and they're running very fast.
One of them sees me, he looks at me.

He hesitates to pull the trigger.
He pulls something small out his pocket,
for I am confused.
It's small,
brown,
and smells good too.

He tosses a piece of bread to me,
then runs.

This makes me wonder.
I do not know...
Are they a friend or a foe?

All The Things I'm From

I am from fish rivers,
from swimming and fishing.
I am from the bear on the wall, the black and white keyboard, the TV.
I am from the sunflower in the kitchen, the avocado plant right by it.
I am from boating and brown eyes,
from Renee and Andy and Piper.
I am from black muktuk and hunting moose,
from chupacabras and ishigaks.
I am from Indigenous Alaskans and fishing.
I am from Nome, Alaska, seal and salmon,
from my dad finding a mammoth tusk,
my grandpa being in the military
and my great-grandma living in Utah.
I am from my grandma and papa living in White Mountain
and our visits there every summer and winter.

Magical Winter Paradise

Under the aurora,
Behind my house,
Snowbarn swamp sits in the cold.
I wait and I wait,
I wait like a decade for it to freeze,
But while I wait
I make snow angels under the bright and glowing moon
It freezes
Snowbarn Swamp finally freezes
I grab my blades
They are as sharp as a knife
I put them on
I twirl
I spin
And slice the ice
On the shiny, slippery
And frozen water
But eventually
Winter comes to an end
And becomes a mosquito festival
I walk and I itch
I itch and feel like my arm will explode
Summer isn't as beautiful as winter
But I sit
And I wait
For my
Magical Winter Paradise
To form again.