

Beading

Days and days of worry
sleepless and restless nights.

Wondering, and pondering
how to make it better to
lighten my heavy heart.

Ooh, wrap it in colours of beads;
giving hope to shine my face
like the bead shining through light.

Bead dawn's first glistening on the icecap;
another one like the plotted, brilliant sculpin
swimming in icy waters waiting to mate.

Allow the colour
of the setting sun as spits its last breath onto the
high mountain tops
before it drowns into the icy waters of the west.

Capture another bead
embodying the precious breath of new born baby.
Include the blue shells of the arctic tern.

Needle the bluest of the hues shun by
breathless, cloudless sky.

Bead the red of fresh kill;
thread the black, shiny feathers of raven.

Empty my heavy heart
like the trickling spring water
dripping good life
allowing the brightness of my spirit
to shine my face.

-Karla Williamson

Sapanngat.

Ullorpassuit ernumaarnerit, anersaalunnerit
unnuppasuit eqeersimaarnerit, erloqimik
eqqarsarnaq qanortoq-una
uummatiga kiviiallaarlara.

Uuu, nuilarmiutut kusassarlugu...

Sapannganik nuijuk
ullup akisunnera
sermersuarmut sequeqaarneratut qillaritsigisumik;

kanassutut taratsumi nillertorsuarmit
aappassaminut piareersartutut qalipperlugu;

imeqqutaallap manninguisut
tungutsorimmik milattallit ilanngukkugit;

inoorlaap anerneqqaanguanik, nalissaqanngimik;

qaqqarsuit noorsui seqinermut ipilersumit
seqertittutut
qalipaatilimmik;

toqullaap kissalaamik aavanik aappillarimmik
ilanngussigina;

qaartuluup qinnarimmik suluinik, ilagigit.

Uummatiga oqimaarsaartoq
puilasunnguutut imaarsaruk
kiinnamik saamasumik nuillugu
neriuuteqalertillugu inuunermut
qaamasumik poorsimaamut.

-Copenhagen/Nuuk 2010.