

RED MESA REVIEW 2019

Red Mesa Review Collective

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***Red Mesa Review** - Representing the varied voices of the West Central Plateau and the Four Corners Region.*

Justin House
'Knockoff Textile" (Cover Photo)
Photography

"You" Alexis Leekela
"Spring" Alexis Leekela
"I Am Yours When I Find You" Cobin Bo Willie
"I Sing The Body Electric" Tom McLaren
"Language In My Mouth" Carmela Delia Lanza
"Living With Crows" Keri Stevenson
"Love Yourself" Mikayla Gamble

Electric

You're so far away and I can tell you're at war
And I feel the same way
But I'm at peace when you write
Or when I'm your passenger
And you said you've felt similar things

You only call when the stars are out
And I gaze at them while you speak
I wonder what you look at
When I tell you what occupies my mind
I never tell that you're the biggest one

You tell me about the things you love
And I bite my tongue
Hiding that you're one of mine
I'm too afraid to tell you
Because I'm scared you'll stray farther

But I've told the Moon
And She understands

Kyler Edsitty

"Sacred"

Life Rules

Be always in the fight with yourself... and win!



"The Four Elements"
Photography
Clyde Hillis II

Deconstruction in Action

A country road. A tree. Evening.

Over there?

Where?

Here?

Over there?

No, there

Tom McLaren

"Lupton"
Photography
Ashley Miller

Desert Life

"We're in it now, boys! Welcome to the shitshow!"
Our captain shouts at the top of his lungs, but he's drowned out by the helicopter
The blades spinning above us we fly to a unknown destination
We land, sand gets in my mouth
With the sun on my back, I move forward
Sweat pours down my sunburnt face and burns my eyes
I walk pautitslo,

"Skeleton"
Brooch
Copper, Steel, and Silver Fabrication Techniques
Maya Ross

I Am Yours When I Find You

I love the night, here you cannot see my scars....you don't see my tears

I Sing the Body Electric

*I SING the Body electric;
The armies of those I love engirth me, and I engirth them;
They will not let me off till I go with them, respond to them,
And discorrupt them, and charge them full with the charge of the Soul*
-Walt Whitman

I can't breathe
a succubus perched on my chest
hot lust enveloping but not my own
no beauty, like I prayed for as a child
just an outline of black ether
onyx eyes shooting energy, joined at the crotch, eyes, solar plexus
ether tendrils, emanating from a black bat
binding me to the bed
a tribe of black imps surround a ritual brazier of black flame
smoke from censers engulfing me in a translucent black mesh
like those of Strindberg's symbolist stage
Baudelaire's monsters in fixed positions
rear naked chokes and front bearhugs

I sing the body electric

Psytrance parties
Full Moon Black Moon
Anjuna Beach, Ko Phangan, Kun Lun Gardens
Baisa Kenting, Ju Dong Mountain, Suomisaundi Forest
bonfires & lightshows on *The Beach*
magic mushroom shakes while
real ravers drink water
women my own age grabbing my glowstix and trailing in my face
seeing auras red, yellow, green, blue, purple
like California Sunshine
a PLUR utopia?

I sing the body electric

Moon & XS, Surrender on the floor
pressure and Mesmerism
light, anti-gravity, golden;
yellow fog rubs, lingers long upon the pools that stand;
multiple, competing tedious arguments of insidious intent
my chemical romance
two Thai hired gun approach making my

chakra column boil over, exploding red mercury like a cartoon thermometer
and taking my breath away
a headrush

I sing the body electric

Tai Chi Bagua Zhang Xing Yi Quan
Walking the Circle Eight Diagrams the *I-Ching*
Patrick Martin twisting

Language In My Mouth

"I want to thank my parents for placing the Navajo language in my mouth."
Evangeline Parsons Yazzie, at a reading in Gallup, NM

My parents with the rough smell of
grease or laundry detergent,
placed language in my mouth;
a twisted kind of language,
Napolitana with an immigrant New York attitude,
English from working-class neighborhoods in
Westchester County.
My father brought some dialect from his mother
who never learned English,
and my mother who struggled with her tongue for years,
learning English, forgetting Italian,
and what did it matter?
My language never fit.
Two children later and they don't understand me
most of the time,
don't know what I am talking about,
have no idea how my brain works or
what words float through my dreams.

It would be nice if my language was pure,
white as a young girl walking through an English garden,
easy straight lines from one generation to another,
like being George Eliot's grand- $\text{\textcircled{t}}$ 3 (e)-1 (y)TjE

before sitting in college classes, mute,
listening to the words fall out of
their mouths like music I could cry to,
but never create,
not with this rough tongue.

My parents used words for
what happened,
what was going to happen,
and what might happen.
Is that all of it?

Placing a language in someone's mouth
is quite a responsibility,
and no one wants to take ownership of that.
We drive by the cemetery and ignore the graves,
we do not want to see who is sitting beside us,
we do not want to hear any voices.
I take my daughter to the cemetery
and as we drive there the trees make me
feel I cannot breathe,
my daughter asks me why are we here
and why am I yelling at her
and why do I look like I can't breathe.
Seagulls eating through our trash,
the air is too wet and the woods
will not offer any bodies today,
as we sit in front of that almost dead ocean,
like a dream of blacks and blues
and the wave in front of us rises.

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Living With Crows

"Reality is that which, when you stop believing in it,
Doesn't go away," said Philip K. Dick,
And the world is full of reality.
Climate change. Garbage. Water pollution.
Fire and flood and drought and hurricane.
And crows.

Crows are the laughter of the broken universe
That whirls down in flakes of black snow
And clutters up the world
And eats our garbage
And torments our ears
And caws for sheer joy in existing.

We don't like beings that like being with us.
But crows are being with us.
To them, this apocalyptic world is good.
There has never been better.
The garbage is everywhere.
The cities are warm.
The chicks are fledging,
And the nests are bursting,
And humans cannot get rid of them.

Living with them is simple as being.
Breathing in the laughter, breathing their noise,
Watching them fly instead of shooting,
Treasuring the great flocks we can't kill.
They have replaced the passenger pigeon,
The nineteenth-century great herds of bison,
The swarms of blue whales that once filled the oceans.
We hunted them to death from desire.
What we do not desire,
What we wish to ignore,
Instead fills our cities and steals our food.

If the world is broken because of desire,
Crows are teaching us a lesson
In neglect of desire,
In acceptance of being.
We do not want what we have,
But what we have is right:
No destiny but consequence,
No reason but explanation.

Crows wheel above Gallup
In a chaos of wings,
In a clatter of voices,
In a roar of laughter,
Saying with their caws and chuckles
How infinitely superior
It is to be alive,
No matter the world.
We have broken whales and pigeons and bison,
But not them, not crows,
Not the black garbage-eaters,
Our carrion-eaters, our garbage birds,
Who we should honor as omens of life.
Still with us. Still here.
Being.
Alive.

Keri Stevenson



“Abstract Brooch”
Copper, Steel, and Silver Fabrication Techniques
Larson Barney

Love yourself

As human beings we have to grow into loving ourselves.

Our generation is based on what people think of us.

It conveys how we want to deceive ourselves in order to fit in.

We are our worst critic,

And as people we feel the need to change in order to please others.

I find it absurd how crazy people get in this world of free expression,

But it's common in many to find a default in themselves and others.

Us

As the sky cried with rain
As to wash away the pain
The night cold and dark
For it is no walk in a park
Life is something we have to live
For this we hope and give
Give love and care
To encourage others to share
The world is an arduous place
Like a shoe without its lace
We believe things are bad
But when it stays we get mad
Our emotions control us over the line
Which we all know is fine
This is us in a nation
Full of manifestations
This is us full of lust
For lust we bust
This is us

Amber A. Martinez

So Be It

Humans, easily deluded creatures
For human reliance on preachers
Of an idea that cynosure a divinity
The distorted faith in a facade of complete concinnity
Deception takes hold of the brain
Subject to the claws of a beguile rein
Imperception reaps each mind merciless
Exorbitant mortal loss due to our carelessness

Amen

Amber A. Martinez

Childhood

Eyes full of wonder
Laugh loud as thunder
Mind full of dreams
Smile that beams
Hands that play
Words that pray
Light in open night
The fight to get bright
A child that cries
Is an adult that is wise

Amber A. Martinez



"Nature's Reject"
Photography
Kayla Vigil

Nature's Reject

Oh you should be like me

We trees are the best there can be

Look at me and how my branches swing Large and wide I am hard to avoid don't you agree

Why be a stubby and lengthy thing

Oh you should be like me

Oh you should be like me

Oh no there you go

Ripping your chance of being like me

Why must you sow those seeds

Oh no there you go

No longer a chance at being like me

You've become a stubby lengthy bare nightmare

A sight like you is very rare

K

Word Masters

The rapier pen
Sliced through the language
With maneuvering retorts, mastering
Slicing his opponent
Tortless

In mesmerizing language
That held reason at bay,
He could weave a speculating spin
Out of Nothing,
His a-ber-a-ca-da-be-ra imagination
Intended to sway in
Willing aficionados
Of Hope and Magic

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Churn

New Mexico opus
In Wagnerian season
Sweeping winds orchestrate the path
Of Nimbus clouds
To boil darkly, rapturously
At full script,
Tirelessly signaturing
The arching stretches of the sky

Rise Down

I'm still in the dark, lost but no longer scared, crawling through knives searching for faith
Hating everything I am, hating everything I become
It still haunts me, still it hurts me, why do I need pain to love myself?
I still hate myself, please leave me, beat me, show me again how I let you down
You don't need me I never needed me, take it away and stay away

The sun rises brighter without me, I never wanted this but needed this

Slips of the Ear

In the morning while eating my eggs over easy, I said,
Just go ahead and get your speech therapy degree
You said, *What? Fish sandwiches for free?*

The other day, I reminded you that *the stove is on with my soup!*
You responded, *the dog is out of the soup?*

These are slips of the ear, a phenomenon common in linguistics

Yi-Wen Huang

A Very Good Life, Based on the Feet

I said to my husband,

*You will have a good life because the shape of your feet
is slender and long and your toes are also slender and long*

I remembered the first time I met my mother's boyfriend at our home,
She asked him which of us, my sister or me, would have a better life.
He said my younger sister, because her feet were longer and more slender than mine

I guess this is called *foot reading*

Yi-Wen Huang

“Good Luck Necklace”
Silver, Hollow Construction, and Fabrication Techniques
Monte Thompson

Don't Fear the Buckskin

The night was cool and full of excitement. I sat anxiously for the signal to ride at the rodeo. My left hand clenched the saddle bronc rein tight, and my right hand extended high above my black cowboy hat. My lanky legs extended to the side of the saddle and my black boots snugged in the stirrups of the saddle. In my mind I visualized how I would ride out of the bucking chute when the gate swung open.

I had driven seven hundred twenty-eight miles to get to Riverton, Wyoming. The ride took eleven hours in my old Chevy truck. It is amazing that this old blue truck got me there safely, in spite of two worn down tires and with the engine sputtering. Riverton is located in the middle of the state and located west of Casper, Wyoming. There are approximately ten thousand citizens living in this town. There are Natives living in the area and they are members of the Wind River or the Shoshone tribes. This is the sit, in

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" BEFORE YOU WERE WORSHIPPING TOTEM POSTS YOU WERE WORSHIPING THE TRUE LIVING GOD!"

The beginning of a world-wide misunderstanding. The angry man shouted across the crowds. We came in peace to march, freedom of speech, right? What a great rule that came out to be. Freedom to express yourself is an honor, but those who like to misuse the privilege bring so much shame. He calls us children of Israel. We came to march in peace, but this angry man isn't

because you got to understand, I came from an indigenous people gathering. And it was full of

lightning. Being in the moment of interfering, I didn't have a moment to doubt myself. My feet carried me out into the crowd. No question of "what if" came to me. My hand began to feel the beat, my soul woke my song and forced its way out, past my lungs, past my heart and out my mouth. I vomited hope upon the angry crowds. The vomit had chunks of love, healing, hope, and strength.

I am Nathan Phillips. I am the man who got between the young teen men and the men of the Black Hebrew Israelites. My drum was my weapon. I walked into that crowd ready to beat peace among every person in sight. With each pound, waves of love shook through the touching bodies. Clenched white knuckled fists were restrained. My fellow creators held the hands of each person around me that day. For years they all have been victims of great defeat and white lies, but that day, my prayer blanketed the heated area. Like a thick compression blanket, my words wrapped around the hearts of each person. No one will admit it, but each person was touched that day. I can no longer be found. I made myself known, and I had my face shown across the world, but I will never be seen again. People will look high and low, people will claim it was all for the fame, but no one knows my real name.

An old Cherokee man once told a great life battle story. Inside every man there are two wolves. One is a black wolf; it ree hea.54 -1.16 T a-2 (n)11 (t (c)-17p1 (o)3(o)3 (fa)-2 (e ()10. (o)3(1 (nCn)1 lack (o)1.9 (fd)1 ((o)3 (u)1 (t)4 (o)3 lf)1 (t)4 (h)1 (e)3 (fa)-2 (u)1 les o those (n)6 vcolvedinl mgawat ts cer(s)5 eves50 (m)1 (e)-1 cvingwl(a)-3 mpe. n the dr73 (k(s)6 it)3.1 (o)3 lf(n)1 i(g)-2 (h)1 1.16 T on,(b)1 e h t (ci(n)11 gy)-2 (h)1 (a)-1.9 i th to those (n)6 l n(ed)1 . Aant41 hpin towsa(a)-2 efau.

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Morning Lesson

It was a lovely, sunny morning in Jerusalem during spring time. I woke up at the piercing sound of the alarm clock, which brought me back from the dead of sleep. As my eyes flicked open, with my vision still blurry, I squinted my eyes so I could see my sister, already opening the window of our room. The objects that decorated our room such as our vanity, my sister's trophy from the marathon she finished, and random trinkets glistened in the first golden rays of the day. I blinked a few times in an attempt to help my eyes adjust to the illumination; still, sleep dragged me backwards until my sister pulled down my blanket. "Wake up!" she uttered, as I groggily slid out of my bed.

We called her "Morning Girl" since she always woke up early to do her meditation and some morning exercises. She used to urge me to join her, and although I was pretty obsessed with those kind of spiritual things, I still preferred to get more sleep. I stood at the window to smell the breeze rustling the leaves with dew upon them; soon the gentle heat of the morning would send these water droplets back to the clouds. It was a few minutes before we started to smell the fumes of the vehicles, hearing the whir of machines—the only moments where I could hear the heartbeats of the city. Suddenly, a rush of anxiety and agitation came over me as I pondered about my speech that I had to deliver in front of my school that morning.

It was the start of another routine morning. All I needed to do was nod to acknowledge my morning greetings to family, eat, pack my bag, grab lunch, and leave. So I took a shower and quarreled with my sister over which clothes we

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"Tea Pot"
Photography
Ashley Miller

In a Narrow Canyon

It's spring time which is the most beautiful time. It's time of new life especially at my grandpa's ranch. His ranch is hidden within the canyon and I bet most people don't even know it's there. The drive from our home to the ranch is about forty minutes, but it's definitely worth it. We must drive through town and then finally get off the main road and that's where the beauty begins.

The road is bumpy and dusty which makes it hard to drive on but we don't rush because there is no need to. My father is in the driver's seat with one hand on the wheel and the other resting on the window that's rolled all the way down. He is prepared with his Ford Camouflage cap and camouflage bandana already tied around his neck to avoid getting sunburned. He's wearing an old green flannel that he isn't afraid to get dirty. My mother is in the passenger's seat looking out wearing her usual visor and pink flannel too. My sister and I are in the back looking out the rolled down windows. We are both dressed the same with our work jeans, old shirts, flannels, and caps because we know we're going to work today.

The dirt road finally becomes a newly paved road and the drive becomes smooth. There are houses on both sides of the road but they are spread out and there's lots of open space filled with vegetation. There are prairie dogs that are running around. As the road turns you begin to enter a little canyon. Each level of the canyon has trees and loose rocks. As we get closer to my grandpa's ranch the fewer houses there are. Many people have goats and sheep and there are the wild horses that roam in that area. We finally get to the turn off and my mom hands me the keys to unlock the gate. I jump out and immediately feel the warmth of the sun and hear birds and different bugs. I run to the gate and unlock it. Then I swing it open and wait for my dad to pull through. I run to close the gate and get back in.

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“DeEvolution.” And I am very stubborn. When I was fourteen I started training my mind and body to endure extreme cold. When I was sixteen I could walk barefoot in the snow for over an hour. In event of an emergency, I was confident I would have a head start on everyone else who was wasting time lacing up, if they could even find their shoes at all.

As years wound forward, I put myself through some intense turmoil and plain dangerous situations for the sake of endurance. The line between getting stronger and damaging myself blurred. My quest to keep evolutionarily unnecessary things out of my life, especially money, was possible, but left me in constant exhausting hardship.

I once spent winter holidays in the glacial mountains of northern Montana. That year it did not get warmer than 20 degrees below zero for two weeks straight, and I lived in a tent a few miles outside of town. I could not get a fire lit, even when I tried once with a fifteen-minute railroad flare. For a year my big toe was a bright crystal-blue color, and I could feel the wind pierce through it like a hole in the wall. I have had less severe cases of frostbite many

Transcendentalists were some rich white men in the 1800's who wrote about politics and nature enlightening their lives. Many well-meaning people tried to pawn off books by Emerson or Thoreau on me, thinking we were birds of a feather, or kindred spirits, or some corny nonsense like that. Now, the points these men make are the same concepts found in common folk knowledge around the world. Since the beginning of time folks have been able to both express and embody these ideas with more eloquence.

I did try to read their work on a few separate occasions, never getting very far. I am admittedly prejudiced. But anyone who gets a chance to go and visit, for instance, the site of Henry David Thoreau's cabin by Walden Pond will realize that he lived a half hour's walk from his Mom's house. His great wilderness experiment was like a ten-year-old making a fort in the backyard. Imagine he needed a cup of sugar, or was too tired to chop wood for his evening tea, or the rabbits ate all the peas in his pea patch. He could surely walk thirty minutes on flat road to have a feast waiting for him and be applauded for his bravery by his welcoming relatives. He never starved. These guys would have bucks to pay for horse and buggy rides to a secluded mountainside for inspiration. Then they would all sit on couches in parlors of their stuffy lavish mansions and jive talk about how great fresh air feels. Anyone who has seen these mansions, still preserved today as shrines, should not be fooled.

This is not unlike these reality TV stars of today. Those men they drop in the desert, or the tundra, or the jungle, who talk to a camera about how to avoid starvation and access water—the ones who get helicoptered out on command—they return to the studio and get banquets of food, pampering, and pedicures. Or the Dalai Lama living in Beverly Hills.

All of these people who are nearest to mass idolatry are probably the least entrenched in the real lifestyle they promote. This is partly common sense, when we consider refugees, rural farmers, indigenous families, and all people at the farthest reaches throughout time. Real people closest to our innate reality of existence often have their voices heard the least.

It has also been my experience. The more time I spend, especially the deeper into rural areas, the more I find people who think like I do. We can agree, and no contest they have a more profound understanding than I do.

My experience also reflects the hardship that comes with this real reality. But my stubbornness was where my perspective was skewed. Teachings from past generations *in tandem* with family and community lift many burdens. I always ignored or rejected the role of others, and so damaged myself. Community is where my focus has shifted now, but that inner conflict to go it alone still haunts.

In recent years, actually I have noticed more acceptance of a wilder life adapted to the wider American society. Barefoot running has become popularized. Many medical articles have been published, and I found an article on benefits of going barefoot in a hiking magazine. Toe-shoes have become a massive business (but the designer stole the patent I deserve). My brother even told me last year about a man named Wim Hof who is getting widespread recognition and interest for developing physical resilience to cold, and perfecting specific techniques. I was amazed and proud to hear about it.

Thinking of how many people wanted to institutionalize me for my beliefs, I am amazed again at the ignorance of people who think they know everything. I feel at home and at ease

among rural people.

The Struggle of Being Fashionably Broke

I didn't know if it was the fanny pack or the fact that he spent \$140 on it that made him a little repulsive to me. We were parked in his driveway playing a little game of catch up. I

This subculture seemed to keep evolving. As the streetwear rose into fame, there came the “Zipped-up Hoodie Head” in 2006 that led hip-hop into the luxurious world of designer brands. The “Streetwear Survivor” in 2009 wore varsity j

"Yo what the ACTUAL FUCK. TEN THOUSAND MOTHERFUCKING DOLLARS FOR AN UGLY ASS HOODIE?!?!"

"I told you, now quit screaming it's embarrassing."

Time is an Illusion

Many of us have asked the rhetorical question, "Where does the time go?!" in a confused, exasperated manner. It is obvious that we cannot pinpoint exactly where the past settled down. But when we are dwelling on a negative event from our past, we are limiting our reality in this present moment. This is an entirely self-imposed limitation. You choose to dwell or not to dwell, whether that is consciously or unconsciously. Giving your attention to something that already happened is distracting you from this present moment. This beautiful and serene moment is always here for you to tune into; however, you may hold onto what has hurt you. Painful and haunting memories may leave a pained residue in your spine and muscles. You may be attached without even knowing it because your thought, emotional, and behavioral patterns are attached. You may be carrying the energy of trauma you have experienced. This is okay. This is what we do as humans. Life is not easy, as we can all agree on. This emotional baggage needs to be cleared if you wish to reach your highest potential. I believe you can reach your highest potential, no matter your age or stage in life. You must let go of the pain and hurt that still resides in your heart. Let go of the mistrust. The key root of clearing your dark energy is forgiveness. I'm not calling you out, and dark does not imply bad, or evil. It simply is lower vibrational energy. All of us humans go through trials and tribulations. It would be foolish to think that someone lives a perfect life be hij0.00EMC /P A/CID 4 BDC 2 Tw T(v)-2F(o)2 (r)-4 (a)7 g(i)-1 (n a) (chirkransr9nd tevterlkre kees

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In the fall of 2015, Jeff did indeed show up and lecture, although we were unprepared for the response. The lecture and topic were advertised through our UNM-Gallup media department, and we expected at the most to have maybe forty or fifty people show up. This was based on presumptions that Bigfoot sightings were r3 (t)3 (he(i)-1 (g)-2 (m)1 (Nd)1 (w2 ()1 (xc)-0.9 (wer)o)-wer) (h)1

amazing events were associated with a dog - Zor. Zor spent nights on a 60 foot chain behind his owner's house- the same one with the woodshed. During the day he would join his human pack and roam the back 1,000 plus acres toward the NAPI plateau that made up their homestead. He used to be a proficient barker- sending out an alarm at night when disturbed. But lately, his night barking had ceased altogether. Suspiciously, the chewed remains of Tomahawk Steak bones (T-bones from the Casino kitchens) were being regularly found nestled between his paws in the morning light. None of the neighbors claimed to have left bones for Zor, and in fact would be hard pressed to afford such a tourist-targeted treat as a Tomahawk Steak.

When questioned on his treat, Zor was mute. However, confirmation of the source came from one of the residents, who used to work security for the casino. He revealed that a security camera near the casino dumpster had picked up the "furry boys" dumpster diving for steak bones. Apparently, they had befriended Zor with a dog's best friend- chew food! Further – and most dramatic – confirmation came at a later date when the skeptic of the household – let's call her Samantha (Sam) – had taken her dogs out for a run on an overcast March afternoon while driving her mother's electric cart- a prize she had won in a raffle at the casino.

When they reached the back part of the property near deep arroyo cuts, her two female dogs stopped dead, began to whine, and suddenly took off running home. Zor did the opposite, surging forward and disappearing around the bend of the dirt road. Sam followed, and then came to a dead stop. Next to a clump of pinon trees, about ten feet away, was Zor lollygagging upside down and then right-side up, rubbing against the furry legs of a large eight-foot tall red hominid – with two darker-haired companions - an estimated ten and twelve feet tall - overseeing the show.

The red Yet'so was rubbing Zor's belly and fur. This went on for several(er)-36Tc 0.001 Tw [d]11 (eep)1 (s)al

pair of furry legs. He started to run towards the point where the "legs" would come out into the open on the road. Just as they did, he yelled "*Hey*" at what appeared – a large bipedal "furry" who, when he yelled, turned in his direction. At that moment, distracted, it ran straight into a small pine tree, and then just kept trucking downhill. When he arrived at the sight of the collision, he looked

"They would find carcasses of deer and elk, gutted, on the doorstep of the hogans in the morning, with large barefoot prints everywhere. They would take the carcasses and clean and smoke the meat - it kept them alive for a long time. The Yet'so must have known somehow that the adults were gone, and perhaps they were trying to take care of the kids."

The Past and the Present-Navajo and Yet'so

After examining the Witch Wells petroglyphs- obviously hundreds if not thousands of years old, the revelations that Fred imparted about Yet'so feeding humans made me think how little we know about this creatu

A Bump in the Night

Have you ever had an event in your life which has left a scar on you? I have one, that has been acquired and is my favorite. I call it "Kirby's Scar." People will ask who is Kirby, was he your ex, a friend, who is that? Kirby is not a person but might be well known more as an object, so it is more of what it was.

Kirby and I have been friends since way back, probably since I was about 13 years old. Since then Kirby has stayed with me since I had purchased one of my very own many years ago. One night, I believe Kirby and I had a disagreement and I would say Kirby started it. Sometimes, I think technology has a mind of its own and also it has feelings just like the car Christine. Well

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For days after my injury Kirby stayed in his corner and I stayed away from him. But each time I look in his direction I would flash back to the event and would think to myself, how Kirby could have done this to me and would still have feelings of anger towards him. With that said I did not vacuum my house for months. It took several months for me and Kirby to mend our relationship after the situation. Just recently Kirby was traded in for a newer model vacuum cleaner. To this day, I still believe that technology does have a mind of its own so lesson learned. Now I treat my appliances with respect, kindness and tending to their needs.

Harrietta Begay

"Window Rock"
Photography
Corine Gonzales

A Tale of a Navajo Warrior

The sun is just about to come up from the east. It is still dark as he can see the orange sky on the horizon. He pulls out his small leather pouch of corn pollen. He turns in all four directions

something Navajo people don't like to do, talk about death. He just assumed his father got sick and passed away. As the oldest, Pahe is responsible for taking care of the sheep everyday until it is time for him to go to school. There are

"They were okay," he replies. "But something happened before we started coming home" He goes to his bed and pulls out the feather and hands it to his mother. He tells her what happened. She looks at it and smiles at him.

"The holy one has given you sign of the warriors," she says. "You have been chosen to protect your people."

Pahe places the feather back under his pillow and returns to finish dinner. Throughout dinner his mother smiles at him every time he looks her way. When Pahe returns to school he works hard at learning the English language and he starts to teach the other children English. Pahe did all he can to help the other children get over being homesick and learn what they can. When the time comes, Pahe enlists in the U.S. Marine to begin his journey as a Navajo Code Talker.

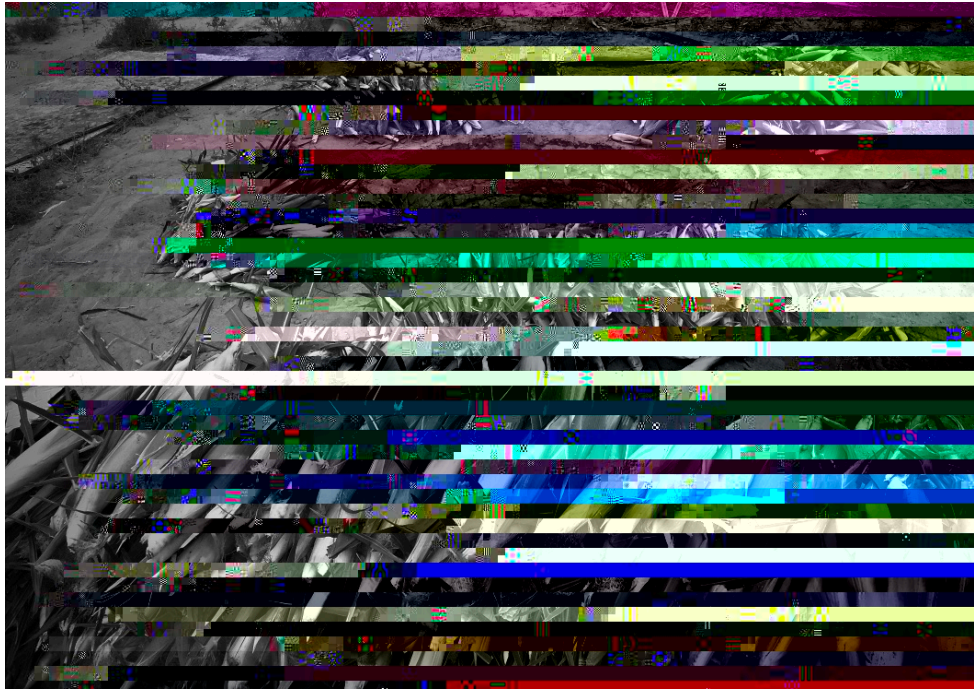
Colleen Yazzie

Contributors

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student at Miyamura High School. Recently Justin has been experimenting with abstractions of representational subject matter pertaining to street photography.

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"Untitled"
Photography
Jose Alfonso Dominguez Apura