

*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 seqeqaarneratut 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  
puilasunnguurtut imaarsaruk  
kiinnamik saamasumik nuillugu  
neriuuteqalertillugu inuunermut  
qaamasumik poorsimaamut.

*-Copenhagen/Nuuk 2010.*