

dáádílkał

1

he R
E
he A
re he P
re R
no re E
no A
li no A
li P
on li R
on E
sh on A
sh A
all P
all R
see E
see E
the se A
the P
fut the R
fut E
ure fut A
ure P
no ure R
no P
l no R
l E
a l A
a P
m a R
m R
b m E
b A
sh b P
sh P
all sh R
all E
all A
P

he
 he re
 lion re no
 will no li
 soon he li on he
 live re on sh re
 no sh all no
 h e li r all see e li
 h h e e on r e e on
 h h e e sh r e
 h h e e the
 h h e e full
 h h e e future
 e h r is see r e
 h e h e e r e harm
 h e h e e r e e oniou
 h h e e e e s(ly)
 h a h e e r e e with
 h e h e e r e e
 h b e r e e
 h b le r e e
 h b sh e r e e
 sh all e re
 Dibé all h e r
 yázhi r e
 e

Our house on the hill.
 They always say in
 Navajo -*up there* or
-in the sky when affixing
 our house but this night
 it sleets from above.
 I have Wrestlemania on
 the television. A tape
 records. The VCR squalls
 after you. This squall
 speaks cicadas.

This sound	I'm referring
to is known	
	as their <i>mating call</i> .
	After cicadas
mate, the male dies.	So does the
female,	soon after laying her eggs.

Their figures then drop to the
ground to help fertilize the fifth world.

Dust. [at

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must flood the shorelines

where
 we we
 lie allow
 with a
 the sin
 lions gle
 in the man
 pass to
 ages write
 of stories
 his call it
 book reli
 they gion
 dev call
 our it
 us re
 in ap
 our
 sleep

This is my denial, my
 dáádílkał *dáá-* squalls *time*
-diit vibrates *blood* a *threat*
 close close *kaal* close
 but Here, you mean *door*. Here,

the translation is not The
 translation but A translation.
 This is what the *door* does.
Door stakes the lion and

the lamb bleats from the Hogan. I,
 a child blood-close. This night
 suffocates *close*. Pulses of plumes
 fall in Safeco Field. On the far

side of the country, twelve Resolutions
 bleat. In four days, I will say good-bye to you.
 I will lie down in my own *close*. I
 will come down from you. *Door* from

Yázhí, from *Little*; does this mean I am
 still your child? Of disarmament. A
 child of Mom manages the last of
 your bills in the kitchen. Of coffee
 whistles on the stove. Of empty glasses
 float. Of clinks in sink water. This
 is the sound of

Good Faith
 under- door